

**4th
ANNIVERSARY
SPECIAL**

SPIN

THE GREATEST RECORDS OF ALL TIME

Plus: singles,
movies, books,
stories, myths,
fetishes and
our first annual
reader's poll!

MADONNA

REPLACEMENTS

XTC

TERRY GILLIAM

LEGS McNEIL
IN EL SALVADOR

ANNE RICE

Exclusive
excerpt from
her new
novel

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04

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It's worldly.

Geo 
It's roomy.

Geo 
It's smart.

Geo 
It's hot.

Geo 
It's first-rate.

Geo 
It's fun.

Geo 
It's stingy.

Geo 
It's cool.

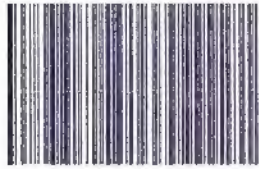
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It's classy.

Geo 
It's protected.

No matter what you're looking for
in a car...

GEO

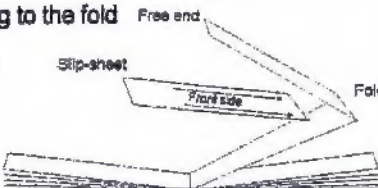
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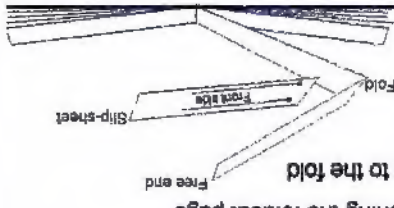
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It's worldly.



It's roomy.



It's smart.



It's hot.



It's first-rate.



It's fun.



It's stingy.



It's cool.



It's classy.



It's protected.

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Volume Five Number One

April 1989

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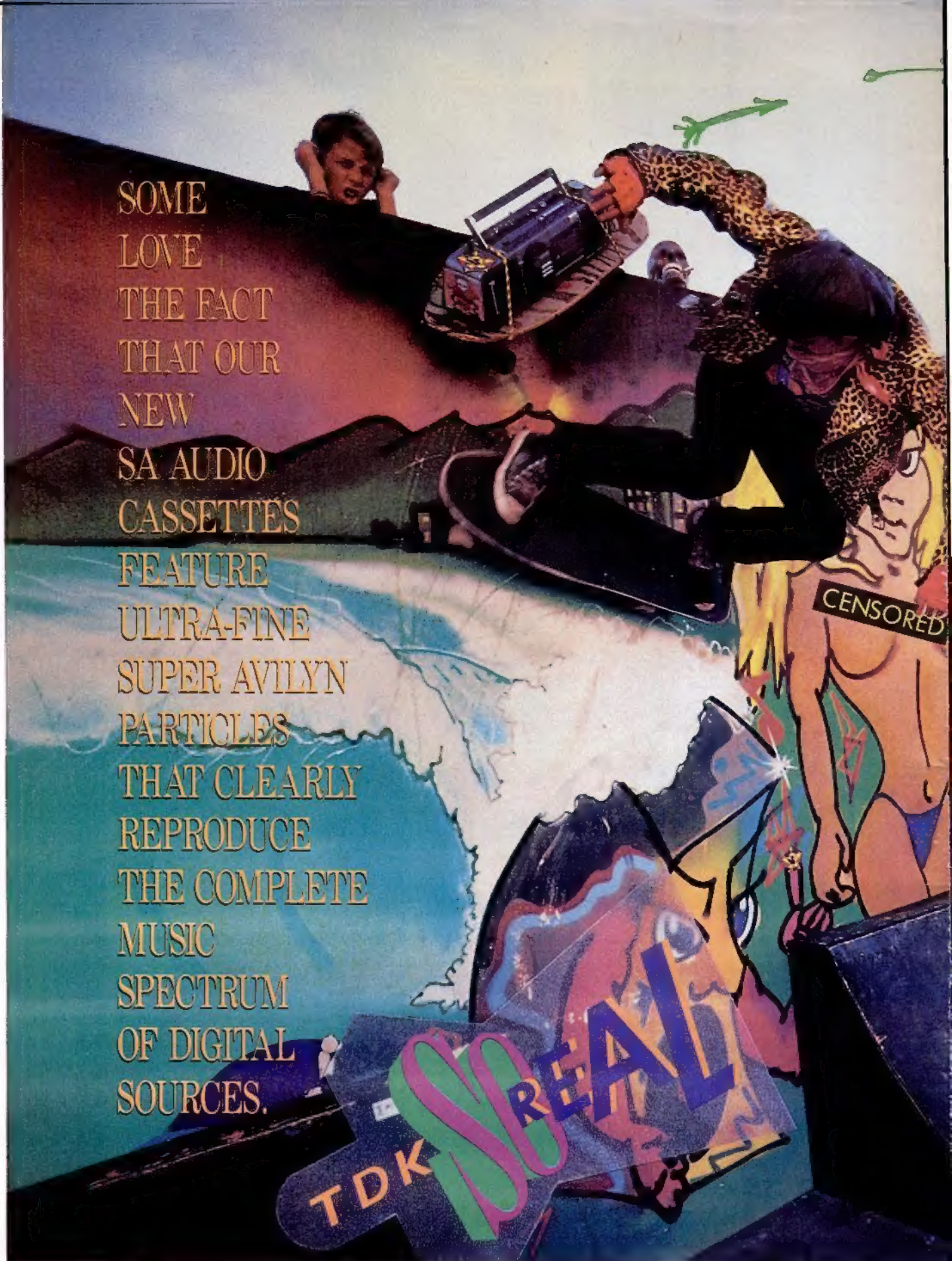
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SOME
LOVE
THE FACT
THAT OUR
NEW
SA AUDIO
CASSETTES
FEATURE
ULTRA-FINE
SUPER AVILYN
PARTICLES
THAT CLEARLY
REPRODUCE
THE COMPLETE
MUSIC
SPECTRUM
OF DIGITAL
SOURCES.



Some just Love the music



This one



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TOP SPIN

In the last four years, so many interviewers have asked me why I started SPIN that I've come to think they know something I don't, and aren't telling me. I've also answered the question so many times that the answer has become glib, so worn smooth that it is no longer useful. The answer requires re-thinking and re-phrasing and is different now, has been made different by the passage of four years. It's an organic question because it doesn't refer to one, absolute moment in time—one specific, unreturned-to crossroads of life. It refers to a continuing journey.

The purpose of the magazine—the reason I started it—is to attempt to define our times, both as they are constantly being defined (artistically), and—often deliberately—not being defined (socially and politically). It was, and probably still is, an unrealistic ambition, but remember, it's the dreamers who ultimately create the most lasting realities. We also wanted to have fun. We did and do. Not always, but probably more than our fair share. And I wanted to get away from writing and have a job where I could wear sneakers to work. I'm 50 percent successful: I get to wear sneakers to work.

How do you sum up four years of any meaningful relationship? In the first place, it's a long time that has passed quickly. In the short, tight space of that experience I have learned and enjoyed more than at any other point in my life, and regretted, finally, very little.

Those regrets are mostly that some of what I learned I learned too late to be of help in situations with people I hurt or offended or neglected or in some way let down, and I'm sorry for that and to them. Those are the scratches and scars gotten in the struggle of life. It makes it a lot easier to live with them and to get over the pain when you recall them, if your struggle is an honest one. Whatever I've done, right and wrong, since starting SPIN was at least honestly, if not always wisely, pursued.

All the considerable pain of this labor of love has been worth it. I wanted the magazine to be a place to somewhat satisfy a voracious appetite of curiosity, yours and mine. And I think SPIN does that. It's a creative, open magazine and often raw, and not always in a way we intend. But the rawness comes from a conscious

decision not to homogenize SPIN, not to play safe. In four years we've managed to piss off more people than I can remember, or can be healthy. But, in the end, I prefer that to the alternative, which is to be scared of our own editorial shadow.

I'm not comfortable with looking back at the previous four years, beyond what I've already said here. I feel that to recount the funniest/saddest/most profound and so on moments of SPIN's first 1/25th of a century is somehow insincere. SPIN has always lived in the slipstream-of-the spirit of rock'n'roll, and to prove it would be to disprove it. Part of the rock'n'roll sensibility is its volatility. It stains but evaporates. The spirit of the Rolling Stones, for instance, is an eternal part of rock culture, but even they can't recreate their own magic, because all rock fires once, and never the same way again. It has its moment, it does its job in the grand scheme of this mysterious universe, and then, like it or not, we move on.

Conventional wisdom since rock'n'roll's first thunder clap in the fifties has always been that it would never last. Now, ironically, the greatest threat to the music and culture is that it has gotten lazy in the security that it will last. It no longer does all its push-ups. It's starting to coast by diluting artistic impact with parts of commercial success, and declaring the culture as a whole healthy.

What's missing in rock'n'roll today (because something is missing) is rock'n'roll. Musicians are starting to guess the game, starting to try to play into the currents. That's the only thing that's wrong with corporate marketing of rock'n'roll—it tempts and often seduces musicians to synchronize their artistry with the homogeneous patterns of society. And what makes rock'n'roll so impactful and refreshing and unique is its conflict with these patterns. Newspapers give us facts, art should give us meaning. Digitalizing music for CDs is one thing, but digitalizing the spirit of music to try to recreate its excitement perfectly every time, whether it's to sell the boxed set of Springsteen live or Diet Coke, dissolves the culture's soul. Nothing is worth that.

—Bob Guccione, Jr.



Like a rock'n'roll version of Halley's comet, Madonna re-appears on our cover every two years in March: March '85, our first issue (top left); March '87, our second anniversary (bottom left) and March '89, this, our fourth anniversary issue. Guess when she's next slated.

We cover-dated our first issue as May '85, and celebrate our anniversary with an April issue, which goes on sale in March. Go figure.

David Lee Roth (1st anniversary, March '86, top right) and Se-Fi (3rd anniversary, March '88, bottom right) have their places in history.

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POINT BLANK



A Quest For Justice

Nice article and interview dissecting Reverend Sharpton's view of the Tawana Brawley case [February]. Once again you've approached a sensitive issue from a fresh perspective. Not so fresh is your race-specific imagery in both the Himoff and Nobile pieces [Topspin and "Bonfire of the Inanities," respectively]. Comparisons to mau-mau or rap masters are offensive as well as historically and culturally irresponsible. The dialogue and debate was informative. The racist undertone reveals the same intellectual laziness and dishonesty of which you accuse Rev. Sharpton.

James Bernard
Cambridge, MA

In his editorial on the Rev. Al Sharpton, Jonathan Himoff claims that Oliver North "lied for the sake of a cause." He states that "the difference between North and Sharpton is that North, for better or for worse, placed his cause ahead of himself."

I am not aware of any facts which would support a conclusion that Lt. Col. North withheld the truth for the good of "the cause" instead of for the good of Lt. Col. North. If SPIN wants to continue jumping to conclusions, please do it in a way that does not make North look like a hero. If I want to hear someone defend North, I'll call Jerry Falwell.

Monica C. Michelizzi
Alexandria, VA

Feedback

I was very impressed with your February issue and found it to be hip, intelligent and informative. I was surprised to find an interesting mix of insight, good journalism and acerbic humor. Witness the Sharpton interview and pieces on Hüsker Dü and Jane's Addiction. Not to mention the Tiffany review.

While the subject matter was (and continues to be) the attracting force in picking up your magazine, in the future I will do it with confidence, knowing I'll be getting unpretentious writing along with intelligence and wit. In fact, for anyone who is not a "musician" I can't think of why they'd pick up another American music magazine besides SPIN.

Jill Reymier
Syracuse, NY

Last night, after listening to "Teen Age Riot" a few times and re-reading "Bring on the White Noise" [January], I felt my theory was finally confirmed—Sonic Youth is the only band that really matters. Music would be an awful lot worse without Sonic Youth. I'm gonna go look for some books by Philip Dick now. I admit that I didn't comprehend the whole article, but I will.

Tom Inskeep
West Lafayette, IN
Pasadena, CA

Noodlehead

I am the guitarist who is responsible for, in the words of Robert Sheffield, the "84 seconds of acoustical guitar noodling" at the end of the new Tiffany album [Spins, February]. I for one think Tiffany and George Tobin are to be congratulated for doing something a little different in the genre. I mean, 84 seconds without drum machine, synths or even vocals for that matter. Then again, how much stock can one put in a music critic, lacking the musical sophistication to identify what is actually a medley of three songs on the album, who labels it "noodling?"

Grant Geissman
Van Nuys, CA

Human Rights Now

I just bought my first copy of SPIN. The article on Northern Ireland was excellent. It's ironic that the country which was the first to establish many, now basic, human rights is now busily suppressing those rights. SPIN is everything *Rolling Stone* should be but isn't. I'm signing up for a two-year subscription.

Mike Scotese
New York, NY

"The Kids Are Not Alright" is an accurate description of a growing problem in Northern Ireland.

I stayed on North Queen Street in the neighborhood you wrote of, during August 1988. Like you I was shocked at how callous and violent the children are. Many kids that I talked to didn't even know how the "troubles" began. They could not even justify their own actions. The kids told me that hijacking was "fun" and that "there was nothing better to do."

However, in contrast to the grim images of New Lodge, the Phoenix Center of Lurgan, 25 miles southwest of Belfast brings Protestant and Catholic people of all ages together at social functions. I spent last July volunteering at the Phoenix Play Schemes. For four weeks children of all religions played together and began to learn more about each other. While not conflict-free, mutual understanding of the two groups began. Each side began to realize that everyone is human.

If you would like to know more about the Phoenix Center, you can write to its founder Wilton Freeburn at: Phoenix Center, Lurgan, Co. Armagh, Northern Ireland, BT66 6ED.

Kathleen Sullivan
Sea Girt, NJ

Public Service Announcement

I applaud your editorial about the condom issue [Topspin, November]. We do need to provide information to people at an early age. I feel that you are doing a great job at reaching that particular audience. We have to educate them instead of letting them explore their sexuality on a tightrope line. Without guidance, they will fall off the rope and

we will have to live with the guilty conscience of not helping them.

Keep up the good work. I'm happy to see that someone is actually printing something about the issues at hand instead of trying to "please" the easily offended.

Melissa A. Caguimbal
Fresno, CA

I have been reading SPIN since you had Morrissey on the cover. I'm glad for the recent mention of Acid House [January]. Nothing beats House for dancing. Please get off your rap/hip hop thang. It's too yang. Unbalanced. Acid House Rules.

I commend you on your fine articles about AIDS and especially for putting a Trojan in your magazine [November]. However, the accompanying literature, "And Play by the Rules," was completely heterosexual. We are always told that male homosexuals are a high risk group, yet none of the literature available in mainstream media attests to that. Homophobia is still the biggest hindrance in the fight against AIDS.

Luna
Miami, FL

Ed. Note: The instructions along with the condom inserted in the issue were not intentionally heterosexually oriented. We felt the guidelines applied to either homosexual or heterosexual sex and that it wasn't necessary to go into further detail. We certainly don't wish to add to the ignorance of homophobia.

I was impressed and intrigued with the editorial and article on Sal Catapano and his controversial treatment for AIDS [Topspin and "AIDS," respectively, November]. This must be truly exciting for AIDS patients. However, my interest in the patented treatment is that it prevents herpes recurrences. I am a facilitator for a Herpes Self-Help group and the group would be thrilled to know that it might be possible to prevent the physically and emotionally debilitating recurrences of the herpes virus.

Michelle Farley
Director—Community Outreach
Birmingham, AL

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MARK

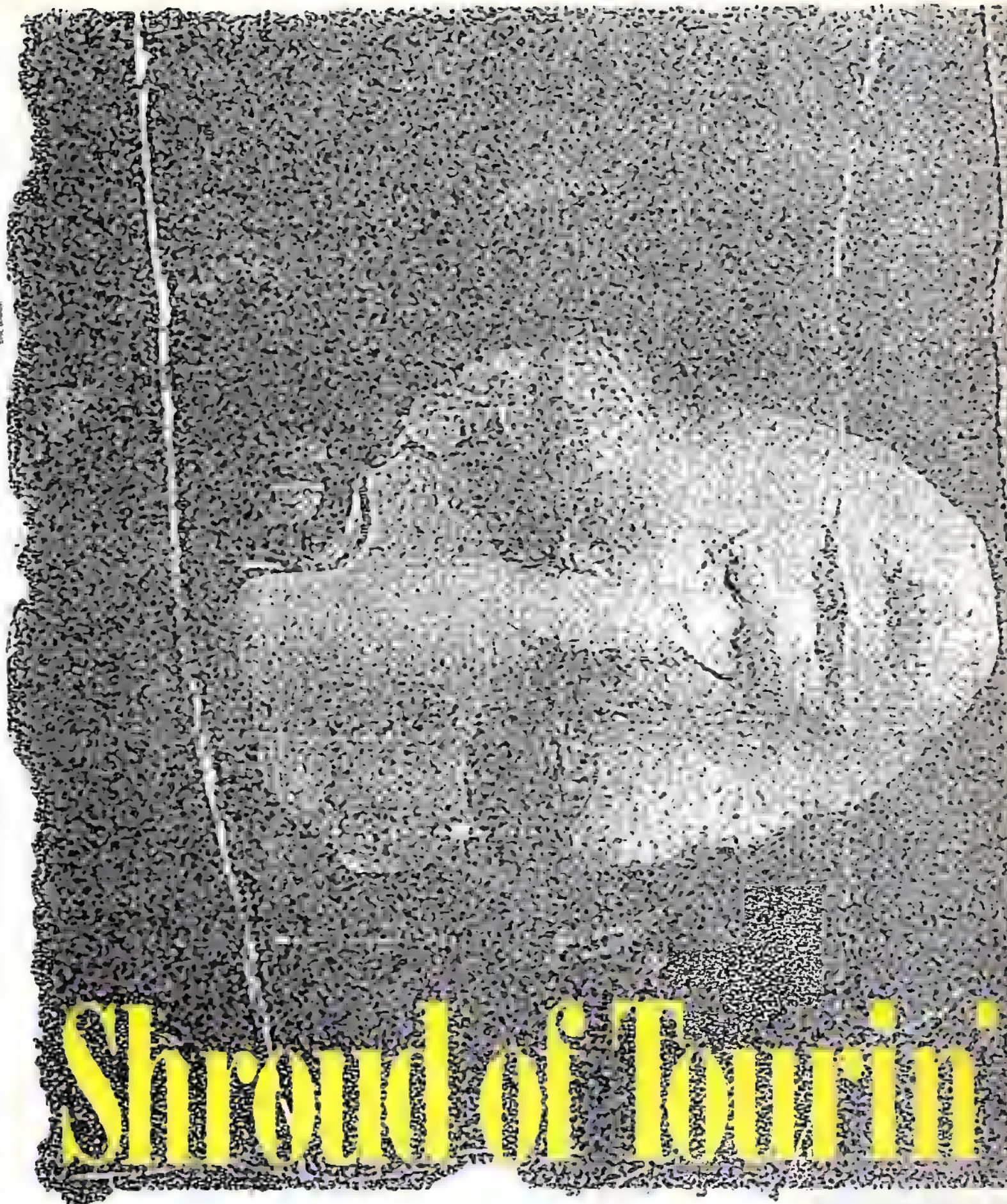
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HOURS

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Shroud of Turin

Topeka, Kansas—The "Shroud of Jackson," the most famous of all Michael Jackson iconography, has been declared a forgery by the three scientific laboratories investigating, sparking a new wave of controversy through the music world.

The Shroud, an ordinary linen bedsheet depicts an impression of Michael Jackson's face, which becomes clearly visible in photographic negatives. It was discovered in 1984 by Holiday Inn chambermaid Muriel Hudson after the Jacksons stayed here on the Kansas leg of their *Victory* tour. Since then, it has only gone on public display twice—once in the lobby in March, 1987, and once in the second-floor ballroom from April through June, 1988. Millions of people filed by the exhibit kept in a transparent oxygen tent.

Pressure to verify its authenticity led to small, postage-stamp-sized pieces of the cloth being submitted to the same laboratories that recently determined that the Shroud of Turin was a fake. Oxford University, Arizona University and the Fashion Institute of Technology in New York. (After the tests had already begun, it was discovered that pieces of the Shroud of Turin had in fact gone to the Federal Institute of Technology in Zurich, not FIT in Manhattan, but a decision was made by the Holiday Inn chain not to "change horses in midstream.")

Using elaborate and highly sophisticated technology to carbon-date the linen, the laboratories were able to determine the sheet was made from flax plants grown between 1986 and 1987. Ironically, it was FIT that set the precise date: July, 1986. "We called the sheet manufacturer," explained Molly Rice, project head at FIT.

Whilst accepting the conclusiveness of the tests, many Jackson followers are unwilling to forsake the shroud as an important artifact for their faith. "We don't believe in Michael because of the Shroud; we honor the Shroud because of our belief in Michael," said Emanuel Cardinal Lewis. Diana Ross, reached on her car phone, once again affirmed the official Jackson position that "the evocative image of Michael has produced miracles and continues to." When pressed to name one, Ms. Ross was silent for a few seconds, said she'd never been asked that before, then recalled: "Mrs. Hudson! After she discovered the shroud, she met Elvis!"

"These tests don't shut the book on the shroud," declared Cardinal Lewis. "We still don't know how the image came to be on that sheet."

Mr. Brian Phil Dondhue, assistant general manager of the Topeka Holiday Inn, offered his theory: "Personally, I think the boy just wears too much damn make-up!"

—Bob Guccione, Jr.

FLASH

THE NEW MUSIC

Staff Selections

Cliccone Youth, *The Whitey Album* (Blast First/Enigma) Even those of us who think that art is not a joke will find something to laugh at, though the only time Sonic Youth attain the pup power they parody, manipulate and fuck with here is on a cover of "Addicted To Love." Kim Gordon's voice swells and cracks with sexuality turned into a supermarket product; the guitars do the same. (Levy)

Elvis Costello, *Spike* (Warner) A combination of so many styles might seem a sort of spitefully schizophrenic episode long in subsiding. Instead, Elvis musters the deep hatred you can only imagine, the piercing love you'll never feel, the wise wit you'll never try to match, the haunting voice you'll never escape—all swirling around in a 1940s cocktail lounge where the drinks are stiff, the trousers baggy, the bosoms fleshy and the bitterness sweet. (Wright)

Erasure, *Crackers International EP* (Mute) Erasure's formula cannot fail: catchy tunes, a strong beat and lyrics that convey more than the ever-tiresome "I Love You" syndrome. It may be synthetic, but your feet won't care. (Reinhardt)

Kool G. Rap, *Road to the Riches* (Cold Chillin'/Warner) The breaks, the rhymes. Produced by Marley Marl (Big Daddy Kane, Biz Markie), this one booms. (Leland)

Miracle Legion, *Me and Mr. Ray* (Rough Trade) You've left the porch light on, hoping someone sneaks across the backyard and up to your room with some excruciating acoustic love song. When it comes, you're transported, delirious—until you realize it's sung to a farm animal. Is this genius? (Wright)

Nitzer Ebb, *Belief* (Geffen) A cross between hardcore and pop music, Nitzer Ebb grinds through songs where the drum beat dominates and the melody is nonexistent—a sort of evil power enveloping your stereo. (Reinhardt)

Lou Reed, *New York* (Sire) Musically and lyrically more ambitious, soulful and confused than anyone would have thought to ask for from this once (and again) great punk rocker gone Jersey homeowner. (Staff)



Morrissey Comes Alive

For the first time in 18 months, Morrissey performed live. One week before Christmas, the show created absolute panic in the streets of Wolverhampton. For the free concert (which was filmed for the forthcoming "Last of the Famous International Playboys" video), Morrissey was joined by ex-Smiths Mike Joyce and Andy Rourke, plus Johnny Marr's former protégé, Craig Gannon. Morrissey's return caused a swarm, chaos and tight security surrounding the city's Civic Hall. It was, in essence, the Second Coming.

By the time we reached Wolverhampton, the second city of the British Midlands (famous only for its soccer team, 70s glam bands Slade and Wizard, and the breeding of Robert Plant), the police had already sealed off the town centre and were turning Smiths fans back at the British Rail sta-

tion. News had rapidly spread of Morrissey's first live performance since the breakup of the Smiths.

At the Civic Hall, young scallywags in compulsory Smiths T-shirts were kicking through basement windows, scaling drainpipes, and sliding down delivery hatches. Most un-Morrissey-like, but people do funny things for their gods. These were the sweet and tender hooligans Morrissey has always pined for. By inviting them to a free concert, he'd finally provoked rioting in the streets of England.

People traveled from far and wide; the most devoted had slept in the streets for up to three nights. But thousands of hopefuls were locked outside. The venue's capacity was a cruel 1,700.

Morrissey arrived in a small green schoolbus that was last used in the classic black-and-white British comedy "The Belles of St. Trinians"—make

connections as you will. Onstage, dressed in charcoal gray 501s and a sparkling black V-neck singlet, Morrissey welcomed the frenzied chaos. Passive whilst the fledgling skinhead support band played, the audience exploded into a flag day of passionate screaming and love unconditional when their celibate Adonis launched the most memorable concert since the very last Sex Pistols show. As he roamed through late Smiths material, from "Stop Me If You've Heard This One Before" to "Sweet and Tender Hooligan," and then through the solo LP *Viva Hate*, the audience leapt, desperate for an embrace, a kiss, a photo, anything, anything they might keep, anything they might possess. By the time Morrissey made it—breathless—to his rampant new singles "Last of The International Playboys" (written about the Kray Twins, Britain's notorious

gangsters) and "Drug," his disciples had reached his shirt, and began ripping it into tiny black rags.

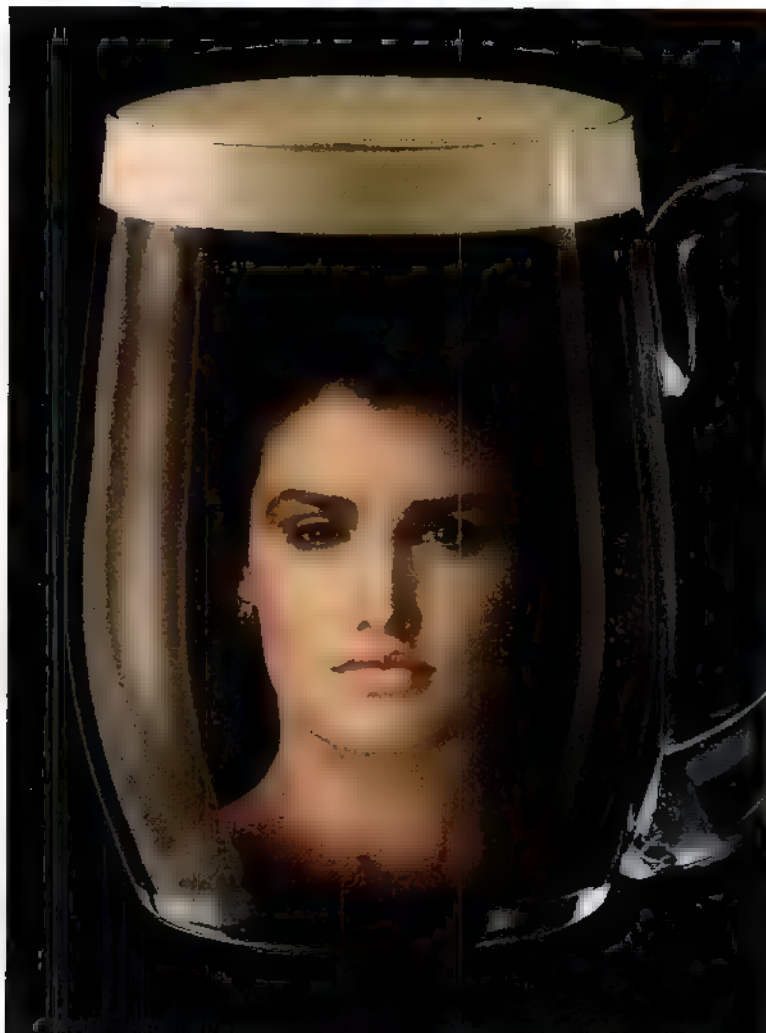
Flashing bare nipples, smiles and a distinct confidence, Morrissey looked around the swaying box of adoration, at the young girls crying and the grown men screaming, and laughed. He then thanked them and was off. Twenty-seven precious Morrissey minutes had transported a crowd to a distant place it won't soon revisit.

Backstage there was no mention of Johnny Marr; there was no need. Morrissey sang the praises of guitarist Craig Gannon, confessed his desire to purchase the house of his favorite and recently deceased film star Charles Hawtrey, and gathered his old Smiths around him. Sweat gone from his brow, Morrissey sipped Evian water.

—Andrew Clarke



Secret Love

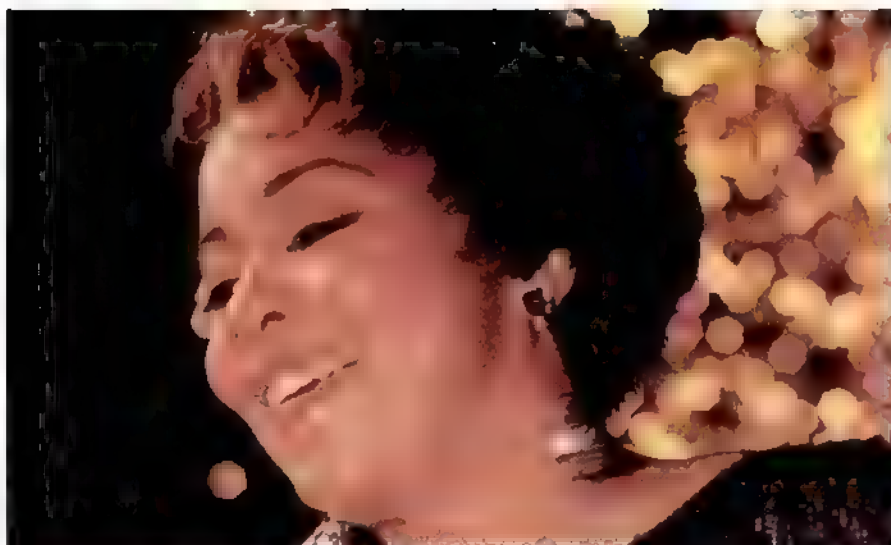


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Secret.





Children, It's A Brand New Day

The latest Prince protégé is not some 20-year-old babe done up in lingerie and stilettos. It's righteous, 48-year-old pop/gospel legend Mavis Staples: a woman holy enough to give Prince's handshake between the sacred and the profane a squeeze it won't soon forget.

If the pairing is not a miracle, it is indeed a wondrous oddity. But Prince does, after all, work in mysterious ways. In late '87, he tracked Mavis down at a show she was doing in L.A. with her family, The Staples Singers, and announced that he wanted to produce her next album. Never mind that Mavis has been unable to get a record contract for the last 10 years, or that, as a certified grown-up, Mavis hadn't the, shall we say, commercial potential of his past disciples. Prince wanted her.

No wonder. Sixteen years ago Mavis Staples shook the pop world with the throaty righteousness of her gospel sound in Staples Singers' hits like "I'll Take You There," "(If You're Ready) Come Go With Me," and "Respect Yourself." Her only major recording since then was a single covering the Talking Heads' "Slippery People" on a label that soon slithered off the face of the Earth. The other mainstream allusion to Mavis (awful though it may have been) was the version of "Respect Yourself" by Bruce Willis.

So say six Hail Marys to Prince for bringing her back. According to Mavis, who refers to herself in the third person, Prince has been a great fan of the Staples Singers ever since their shattering appearance in the 1971 movie "Soul to Soul." "The Staples Singers been coming so long," Mavis says, her voice like a knife scraping a rusty barrel's bottom. "A lot of people grewed up on us. So why not Prince?"

Instead of a rear-view look-see in the old sound, Mavis and Prince intended to turn out a jarringly

contemporary album. Prince wrote five tracks in his inimitable space-age funk style and cowrote "Time Waits For No One" with Mavis, intricately combining her love for portentous ballads with his bent for hyper-percussive production. The LP, not entirely free of the past, was coproduced by Stax legend Al Bell, who worked on past Staples songs. Isn't it hard to imagine Bell and Prince in the same studio? Well, they never were. Prince simply made demos in Minneapolis and sent them to Mavis in L.A. Then she plugged in her vocals in Memphis with Bell at the helm. In the end, they shot back to Minneapolis for last-minute tinkering. "Prince didn't try to hog the album," Mavis says. "He wanted what was good for me."

But the apparent abandonment of Mavis's usual message songs makes you wonder: Is Prince playing profane devil, leading Mavis away from her sacred world? "One night when we were together in England," says Mavis, "he asked me to go into the studio to sing on a gospel song he wrote. He said, 'Mavis, here's your verse: God is coming like a dog in heat.' I cracked up. How does he write this stuff? Now if he was saying something really bad, really cursing, using four-letter words, then using God with that, I couldn't dig that. He does put God with sex, but it's not offensive. He makes it beauty."

Despite—or because of—Mavis's more orthodox perspective, she's found herself maternally drawn to Prince and to his clan. "I feel like I have a new family now," she says. "I may have to take them down to Sunday school one day, like Pops did with me."

"It's a new kind of gospel family," she says. Then Mavis busts out laughing.

—Jim Farber

Mickey Rourke, Soda Jerk

Mickey Rourke has opened a shop in Beverly Hills. "Mickey and Joey's," it's called—a newsstand-cum-soda fountain that Rourke started late last year with his younger brother Joey as a hangout for their Hollywood Harley gang, including aging rocker Billy Idol and former Sex Pistol Steve Jones. "I opened it for my brother," says the actor, though it's difficult to tell whether Joey's his real brother or just his "brother," since the merry men all refer to each other as some sort of relation. In any case, it's all very Cub Scout.

With its tin roof (for the motorbikin' cats to get hot on), jukebox of the best 78s and shrine to Steve McQueen—every day a fresh flower is placed under the dead star's photo—"Mickey and Joey's" is pure retro kitsch. But it stocks all the right magazines: a few biker rags, *Euro Vogue*, the *NME*, *SPIN*, *the Face*, and they're trying to get some Yugoslav publications. Heavy celebrities like Ringo Starr, James Cohn and Rutger Hauer



J. M. Scand/RETNA

often slide their bums onto one of the six stools to partake of a very decent egg cream or a fine ice-cream soda.

Naturally, motorcycle memorabilia abounds. There's a video of Marlon Brando in "The Wild One" playing round the clock, and lining the walls are photos of "Mick" on motorbikes, Mick's pals on motorbikes, and just plain motorbikes. Outside there's a warning sign, "Caution—Male Bonding Ahead." (O.K., that's a lie.)

Adding to the atmosphere, the staff (Whitey, Jason and Angelo—no last names, man) hold boxing matches outside, which thrills the trendier-than-thou patrons of the cafe across the pavement who already have to deal with monster bikes rattling their espresso cups as they thunder up and down the once sedate streets of Beverly Hills.

—Jane Garcia

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The Stuff of Life

Beneath a tousled mop of blond hair and an air of wry detachment, Scott Miller is getting serious. "I wanted to stay away from this art world attitude, like 'Take my word for it, this is brilliant,'" he says of Game Theory's latest album, *Two Steps From the Middle Ages*. "Where what you do is so difficult people can't decide whether it's good or not. I wanted to make a record where it would be clear whether we were making good pop songs that had some sort of direct emotional impact, or lousy pop songs."

Good—even great—pop songs are Scott Miller's specialty. For several years and four albums, Scott and various versions of Game Theory have been creating essential California rock'n'roll for the 80s—tense, bristling energy, ingenious hooks and haunting melodies that ought to spell commercial potential. But the albums have remained stuck in the cultist-critic-college DJ loop.

One problem is that Game Theory's obvious debt to Alex Chilton (who, as the pop *auteur* turned dissolute recluse, launched as many bands as the Velvet Underground) and their association with Mitch Easter (architect of Amer-indie jangle-pop as R.E.M. producer and Let's Active leader) got them lumped in with a whole genre of pop-for-pop's sake smarty-pants, too coyly clever for their own good. But Game Theory has always rocked harder and thought bigger than the other "quirky popsters." "I feel perfectly qualified to

speak for mankind. I feel free to do so," Scott maintains. Though his twenty-seven years put him at the tail end of the baby boom, he sees himself as product and heir of the late 60s—unlike other 80s bands who dabble in paisley fashion for hipness' sake. "I had my first band when I was eight years old in 1969. We were called the Monkees. I didn't know that you couldn't just call yourself 'The Monkees' or 'The Beatles' or whatever you wanted to."

Not that Scott Miller is often inclined to make sweeping save-the-world pronouncements. Miller's songs are more about interpersonal politics, and self-doubt is his hallmark. But he can work up a sort of early-Stones elegant venom, saying curt things like, "Your excellent taste, it's in each look of your face—a fine young member of the white race." *Two Steps From the Middle Ages* is the latest scion of a California line that reaches back to records like *Mr. Tambourine Man*, *Surrealistic Pillow* and *Wild Honey*. Sunny exhilaration plus muscle and spite, shaded with foggy S.F. sorrow.

"There doesn't seem to be anything in our music to stop people from liking us," says Scott. "You know, if you haven't heard any music before, I'm sure that George Michael sounds a lot more appealing. But if you've been around for a while, you see that that kind of music doesn't wear very well, whereas what we're doing has a lot more weight and the stuff of life to it."

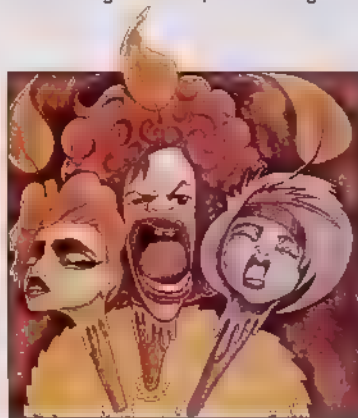
—Christopher Hill

Party Girls

'Twas the pajama party to end all; the invitation read "Night of The Living Negligee—All Girl All Night." Sounded like a cheesy 50s exploitation film, but it was in fact a sleepover that even Gidget, had she known, would have given up her virtue to attend. The chosen guests were an elite few, the most talented, funniest, sexiest girls in Hollywood today, all killing themselves to look fabulous in lingerie for Allee Willis' birthday soirée.

Allee—the Grammy award-winning songwriter (The Pointer Sisters' "Neutron Dance," and the Pet Shop Boys' "What Have I Done To Deserve This?"), artist and alleged Pee Wee Herman squeeze—had taken six weeks off to do her North Hollywood house up like a movie set. Like the Party House at MGM in 1937 modernized by the "North Hollywood Wax Museum" installation, including the figures of Imelda Marcos, Jane Fonda, Yoko Ono, Elizabeth Taylor and Madonna made out of candies and Barbie wigs. Yoko's candle was really white, dressed in camouflage and sitting in a piece of fruit with a strawberry stuck through her eye. Liz Taylor's candle wore a dress of purple flowers, plunging down low, revealing the 30 fake diamonds lodged in her cleavage. The exhibit was entitled "Big Babes in History." Surrounded by homemade "Girl Watcher" buttons and corsages of pink toilet paper, Allee said, "Parties are the central thing in my life—serious business."

The pajama-clad sirens began to arrive, each bearing a dish of hideous girl



food. Cyndi Lauper, Elvira, Carrie Fisher, Julie Brown (the comedienne), Toni Basil, Lesley Ann Warren, Katey Sagal ("Married With Children"), Karen Black (in a plain-Jane flannel nightie and a full-length mink), Irene Cara, Maxine Andrews of the Andrews Sisters (die for those Rice Krispies squares!) and the incomparable Sandra Bernhard sipped Tab and giggled to a continuous tape-to-tape soundtrack of Donna Summer's "Love To Love You, Baby." If anyone took a Vienna sausage from the stuffed cabbage head that had eyes and lips, Julie Brown would scream, and a replacement weenie would be quickly installed by one of the servants who were, of course, all male. Conceptual art in its highest form.

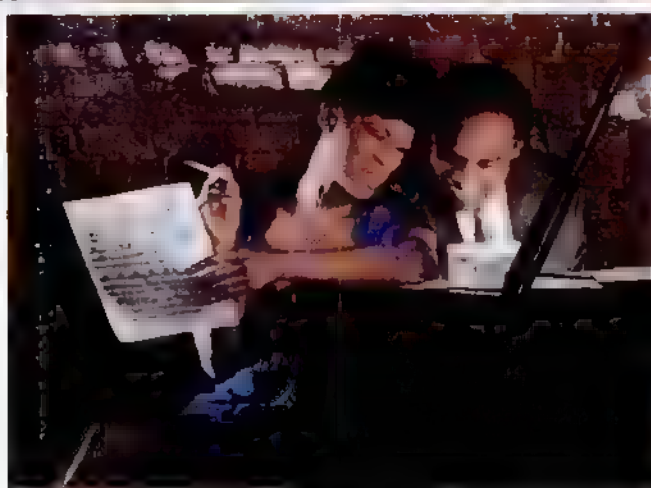
Lots of real girlie things transpired and... well, you kinda had to be there. But the do was laced with the most unbelievable celebrity sex stories which obviously cannot be committed to paper, and the 50s romantic lead Tab Hunter actually showed up, making the gals squeal. Above all, the most scintillating part of the evening was the original "Shrinking Pajama" party game invented by Allee and her assistant Pristine Condition. All guests participated in a contest of truth-telling in the categories of sex, career, female crisis, bad dating habits and life leading nowhere. "Why shell out hundreds, if not thousands of dollars a month," Allee asked, "on the lukewarm coffee and cold shoulder of an expensive yuppie shrink when you can air your tote bag of dirty psychiatric laundry right here before the sympathetic and empathizing ears of your soul sisters, who themselves spin in whirlpools of dementia?" The prizes? The Debra Winger Naughty Nympho Award, The Jacqueline Susann "Anything For My Career" Award, the Bess Myerson "But He Seemed So Nice" Award for dating below the call of duty, and the Susan Hayward "I Want To Live" Award for the spirit to persevere beyond reprehensible female conditions. Despite the rumor of Pee Wee Herman's party raid, neither makeup nor inhibition was worn.

The sleepover might have lasted forever or at least till midweek, but Allee said, "Girls, I've got a Pet Shop Boys deadline," and kits were packed. A girl has her priorities.

—Jane Carrillon



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Straight and Narrow

Joe Crucial of the ultra-straight-edge band Crucial Youth has a positive attitude. "If you're going to clean up your act, you have to start from the mouth and work your way down," he says, as the band launches into its oral hygiene anthem, "Positive Dental Outlook." Joe, whose mom calls him Dave Madsen, hears a word he does not like and jabs the offending skinhead with the four-foot "Youthbrush."

"Those who curse are the worst," he says sternly.

Crucial Youth rocketed to the forefront of the straightedge movement last year following the release of their first EP *Straight and Loud!*. In the holier-than-thou, squeaky-clean straightedge scene, founded by bands like 7 Seconds and Youth of Today, Crucial Youth are first among equals. Following a few plays on John Peel's Radio One in England, the Holmdel, New Jersey teens became international spokes-

men for a new breed of upright skinheads, and Caroline Records is now distributing their new LP *The Posi-Machine*.

"We have yet to see another band that lives up to our standards," Joe opines. "In fact, we challenge other bands to live up to our standards. The only cover included in our live set is 'I'm Straight' by Jonathan Richman and the Modern Lovers."

On their new LP, the band encourages its fans to be both healthy eaters and loyal friends, while warning of the dangers of alcohol, caffeine, jaywalking, masturbating and cursing, the worst offense.

"There are so many people in straightedge bands who try to say positive things with negative language," says bassist Gentleman Jim Norton, previously of the legendary Jersey hardcore bands Adrenalin OD and the Shock Mommies. "And what do you think parents hear? Why waste the message just because you can't think of a better

word?"

Crucial Youth's exacting standards—a new song warns, "Just one beer is all it takes/For your straightedge pride to break"—have become the stuff of controversy on the hardcore circuit. *Maximum Rock and Roll*, the hardcore bible, received a flood of letters after featuring a center spread on the band and its philosophy. "All you straight-edges who think Minor Threat is God, Ian McKay should wash his mouth out with soap," wrote one convert.

Not all responses were so positive. "Who fucking died and made you gods of straightedge? ... During a stiff windstorm, the oak is blown down while the more pliable reed is able to bend with the wind and consequently remains standing. Loosen up, dudes!" and on and on went the letters. One enclosed a condom, others threw words like fascist and Nazi around. Then there are the accusations that Crucial Youth are just pranksters making fun of

the straightedge movement.

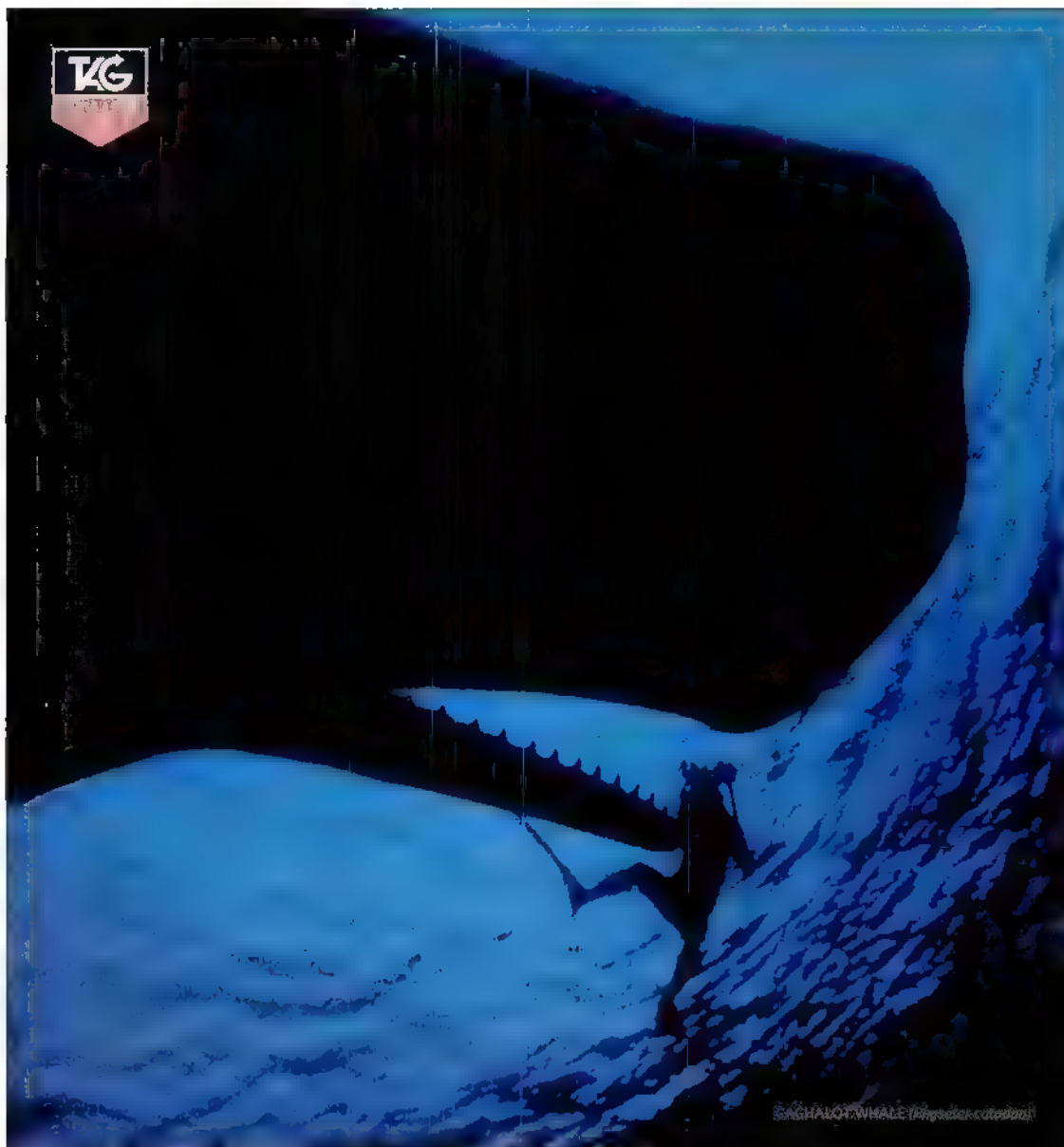
"Dag Nasty started that rumor," says Joe Crucial. "We played with them in Buffalo and blew them off the stage. Then they started rumors that we were drinking with them, that we cursed, and that we were all joking. But they were just jealous."

Crucial Youth's members believe that the time has come for their message to be heard. They've received fan mail from all over Europe, maybe due, Joe Crucial believes, to the plea for world peace in "Youth of the World": "Get together now, don't wait until later! Let's all mosh around the equator."

"They love that in Germany," he says. "We've sold three hundred T-shirts in Germany alone."

In a "kinder, gentler" nation of chair-throwing Nazi skinheads, there must be a need for Crucial Youth.

—Josh Goldfein



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The Night Chicago Died

Mom and Dad gave you 15 bucks and the keys to the Mazda tonight. You're at the most happening club in town, and you're dancing like you're holding an imaginary steering wheel. The DJ's name is Fear 2000 and he's playing Depeche Mode, New Order, Smiths, old Motown, bad 70s—all your faves. You're out there swerving to Donna Summer's "Hot Stuff" when it brusquely segues into something with the same beats per minute that sounds like it was recorded at a meat-packing plant amid the ghosts of a million dying cows. As the maximum thumpus dents leather jackets and the Captain Beefheartian vocalist wails like Saturday Night Fever becoming the Black Plague, you hold your steering wheel tight and dance to Ministry, that little industrial disco band from Chicago. "We're like Depeche Mode's evil twin," says main Minister Al Jourgensen. "I mean, hell, Depeche Mode looks like they just stepped out of a 'Happy Days' rerun."

On his right arm, near the shoulder, Jourgensen has a tattoo of Jesus on the cross. Wait, that's not the Saviour, that's a goat being crucified. "Nobody wants to hear any more love songs," he says. "It's time to go out there and kick some heads with our music. We use a lot of synthesizers, but we use them in a more aggressive direction. We don't wear lab coats and look like Thomas Dolby."

After almost eight years in the hardcore dance scene and a Wax Trax single, "Cold Life," that got to the top of the indie charts, Jourgensen recorded an album on Arista which he calls "the worst piece of shit in the history of man."

"The whole thing was retarded," he recalls. "They signed me because I was unique and had a following, then they tried to make me sound just like everybody else."

Then when Warner initially refused to release *Land of Rape and Honey*, Ministry learned not to compromise. "They wanted us to write hits," says Jourgensen. "And we just said, 'You don't like it? Tough. Goodbye Ministry.' But I've got plenty of other outlets." He says, referring to his membership in Revolting Cocks, 1000 Homo DJs, Lard (with Jello Biafra) and Boxed Set. "Warner just couldn't understand it. They were saying 'But you've worked so hard on this,' and I just said, 'So what, big deal.' We're not in it to get on a big label and get our videos on MTV. We love what we do and when we've been up for three days working on a song and then we play it back and it makes our dick hairs stand up, well, that's success to us."

Furthermore, Jourgensen claims he'd rather be in the studio than onstage. "For the past four years I have never taken the stage without doing massive doses of LSD. It just seemed so ridiculous to me, watching Peter Dinklage over here trying to pick up Nina Nuwave and seeing all the haircuts check each other out. I just found that fucking hysterical on acid. But I've quit doing drugs as of about three months ago. I'm going to try and make it through our entire 40-city tour without tripping, which could be rough because we're set to play in Atlanta with the Butthole Surfers. It should be interesting what I see out there when I'm sober. It could be scary."

—Michael Corcoran

Deja VU

Popular rumor has long held that Lou Reed and John Cale are mortal enemies. In the 20-plus years since Cale left the Velvet Underground, there has been little collaborative effort between the two major architects of that legendary band's sound. Cale has remained on the shadowy fringes of the rock underground, producing piles of verifiably great junk that is incapable of tugging the public's purse strings. Reed's career has been a series of inversely proportional peaks and valleys of artistic and commercial success, maddening to those who have followed him since his artistic apex in the 60s.

The last time Lou and John were involved in any full-blown co-motion was January '71 when they joined Nico for a French television special. Since then—especially in the wake of PolyGram's extensive VU archival release program—there have been frequent rumors of an original Velvets reunion. But each of these reports has proven to be so much smoke blown up the public's ass. Until now, sorta.

The way I heard it, Lou and John ran into each other at the funeral of their former band's pseudo-mentor, Andy Warhol. Kind words passed between the two, and Cale suggested that they write and perform a suite of songs in Andy's memory. Lou agreed, and a prenatal vision of their newly-hatched baby was consequently displayed during the Arts At St. Ann's series in Brooklyn, New York. Consisting of 14 songs "in the style of the Velvet Underground," the show is dubbed "Songs for 'Drella: A Tribute to Andy Warhol'" and is scheduled to make its official debut at the Brooklyn Academy of Music's "New Wave Festival" (Autumn 1989). The performance at St. Ann's in January was of a work-in-progress whose texture is still so tentative that it's tough to imagine how the eventual product will sound. It might be great; it might suck eggs.

Musically, this early version was overwhelmingly Cale's vehicle. Lou played guitar throughout, but he was under-amped and it seemed as if he hadn't really worked out his parts. Cale pumped the keys with the surging, sweetly powerful technique that's always characterized his best work. It was only during those too-infrequent moments when John sang or played viola that the set took on the haunted/haunting air that non-turds had hoped for when word of the show first began to spread. Lou's turns at the mike (12 out of 14 songs) were less satisfying.

Reed has been writing-down to a mass audience for so long that the

subtle emotional content of his best ballads ("Pale Blue Eyes," et al.) was nowhere in sight. For songs purportedly stuffed with longing for a departed friend, Reed's lyrics were numbingly banal. I mean, shit, the guy is a vastly published, even award-winning poet. Surely he could come up with something better than a rock opera that ends with him dying, running into his old pal Andy in heaven, then rambling on about how he wishes he'd spent more time with him while they were both still alive. What's the model for this? Delmore Schwartz or Frank fucking Capra?



Of course, the possibility exists that the apparent lack of deep and raging feeling on Reed's part is a subtle, private comment on the nonemotionalism and brutal anti-intellectualism of Warhol's public persona. If so, he might do well to spell it out a bit more overtly. The lunkheads who were in front of me had no idea that the subject of the slides shown during the performance was Warhol's life and work. They were only hoping (and loudly) that Lou would play either "Sweet Jane" or "My Red Joystick."

If these toads show up at the BAM production, let's hope they're shamed into silence with a mighty word-chord power slam. I'll bet Lou still has a few in him.

—Byron Coley

"Lou Reed is my hero because he stands for all the fucked up things that I could ever possibly conceive of—which probably only shows the limits of my imagination."

—Lester Bangs

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I Had a Dream



"I don't feel that now is the time to be bearing testimonies or putting up museums to civil rights at the Lorraine Motel," says Jacqueline Smith from her sidewalk home in front of the site where Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. was assassinated in Memphis. "It tends to give the impression that everything is O.K., that everything is alright and that we have overcome. Nothing is further from the truth. We are not alright and we are not O.K. and we have not overcome."

Ms. Smith, former desk clerk and the last resident of the Lorraine, has been peacefully living outside the motel since she was forcibly evicted from her room on January 11, 1988. She does not fit anywhere into the \$8.8 million plan for the conversion of the crumbling premises to a high-tech museum devoted to the civil rights movement. Nor is there a place for poor people—properties surrounding the motel were purchased with the taxpayers' money. "Dr. King came here in 1968 to help the poor sanitation workers," says Smith. "And he was slain in the ghetto while doing so. Now the ghetto is becoming the rich man's paradise, poor people are being forced out of their homes, small businesses are being forced to close."

Smith's concern extends to the museum's exhibitions. Designed to place the visitor in situations common during the civil rights struggle, the museum will display a lunch counter replete with insults and slurs, a laser "sculpture" tracing the assassination bullet's path, and a collection of Ku Klux Klan objects. "These exhibits are designed to create fear," Smith complains, "desperation and hatred, and I just don't think that this is the way to teach civil rights."

Despite the mammoth changes proposed, the motel will remain a symbol of America's race/class problem. But in its Easter dress, the Lorraine will have very little to do with the reality that surrounds it. Ms. Smith suggests converting the motel into "housing for the poor, the homeless and the elderly, complete with medical and educational facilities."

Recalling that the slain leader wished to be remembered not for his honors, but as one who spent his life serving people, Jacqueline Smith concludes, "If Dr. King were alive, he would not uphold such a plan of building a museum at the expense of the poor people."

—Robert Gordon



WAS

COOL

IS





Psycho Dirtbag Blowout

Mark Arm and Steve Turner are the Mutt and Jeff of distortion. He's Super Fuzz, I'm Big Muff, they'll say. Fuzz and Muff work for a Seattle outfit called Mudhoney, and the name fits. For "Touch Me, I'm Sick" (the band's scorching first single), and then an EP named after their effects boxes, Arm, Turner, bassist Matt Lukin and drummer Dan Peters just turn everything up, coat the guitars with a filthy shellac of wah-wah and amp gleam, and let fly with the Mudhoney "wall of gunk."

Steve: "All the equipment I have is from the 60s or 70s."

Mark: "Wait a second, we're really moving into this digital technology. We're into MIDI, whatever that is."

Steve: "Mark is like an idiot savant as far as guitar playing goes."

But what drives you, Men of Mudhoney? What makes your hearts soar, your minds falter, your pants drop?

Mark: "In terms of music, I guess the easy answer would be punk rock, like going from the 60s on. That sorta sound and attitude. From the Thirteenth Floor Elevators. Even before that. Kinda basic, raw, two chords. Snotty. Songs about girls who done me wrong. We're working into hot rods."

But maybe that leaves out an influence or two. Mark also sings (imagine your hysterical cousin Billy Bob yelping, "Come on!" over 90 m.p.h. breezes of hurricane Honey) for the band, and like any good unemployed English major, he claims he came up with the lyrics for "Touch Me, I'm Sick" while watching "Hawaii Five-O." Then there's the Stooges thing. On a two-song cassette (available, as are both Mudhoney records, through the SubPop label), Mudhoney remakes Sonic

Youth's "Halloween" as a barbiturate drag, then falls into a wailing, go-to-hell version of "I Wanna Be Yr. Dawg": not too surprising, but not painfully predictable either—the best kind of history lesson.

Mark: "Ann Arbor [one stop on their tour] was really wild. We hung out at Barry Hensler's house and he took us to the Stooges wax museum. It's basically just an old high school gymnasium with this 600-foot wax wah-wah pedal. You can see part of a foot on it, it sort of goes off into the sky. . . ."

Do they wanna meet Iggy? Nah.

Mark: "I would rather meet Ron Asheton."

Steve: "Yeah, talk to him about his guitar playing. And like what the hell he was playing through on the first album."

Mark: "And how come he didn't play guitar on *Rain Dogs*?"

Steve: "And why he started playing too many notes."

But forget notes per second, Mudhoney does two speeds: raceway strafing and the Excedrin stagger.

Mark: "In Seattle, at a good show, there's a ton of people who are all fairly drunk, and they're just sort of rolling around on top of each other and they're all smiling. People lose their backbones, they have no spines. They turn into jellyfish or something. Like they're kind of stuck in a combine and rolling over each other."

The band has thus far ignored the financial lure of endorsing any nightclub pastime involving scantily-clad women and a pit of wet dirt: Mark lists "Hawaii Five-O" as his favorite spectator sport. Nevertheless, it may be said that Mudhoney makes getting dirty as much fun as a tubful of Mr. Bubble. Or Mr. Ouso for that matter.

—Pat Blashill

Talking All That Jazz

The Cure have enough material for a new album and should have it in order for release later this year. **Steve Stevens**, ex-Billy Idol guitarist, has formed his own band with ex-Warrior vocalist Perry McCarty. This month, **Carole King** releases *City Streets* (on which she's joined by Wynton Marsalis, Eric Clapton and Max Weinberg), her first album in a decade. **Terence Trent D'Arby** and **Billy Idol** are both in the studio and will release albums in the summer. Still living on the success of and singles from *Hysteria*, **Def Leppard** will release a live long-form home video later in the year, take a break, and then begin recording their next album. **David Lynch** has been working with **Alberto Badalamenti**, writing lyrics and music respectively, on **Julie Cruise's** debut LP, *Floating Into the Night* (Warner). She sang "Mysteries of Love" in Lynch's film "Blue Velvet." The album's due late this month, and watch for Lynch's ABC TV movie "Northwest Passages" (which may become a weekly series) later in the year. **Prince** has a closet full of Twinkies and other junk food in his house. **Miracle Legion** have recorded their single, "Ladies From Town," with the **Sugarcubes** to be released as a 12"; the song sans sucra appears on *Me and Mr. Ray*. Hope for a new Sugarcubes album in May. Warner Bros. released a backlog of **B-52's** albums on CD in anticipation of a new album—the first in almost three years. **Nile Rogers** is producing them, **Diana Ross** and **Hall & Oates**. Nile's also working with ex-Penthouse pet **Carole Davis**, who's trying to be, well, trying to be. **The Pet Shop Boys** are in the studio writing songs for **Liza Minnelli's** next LP. **John Cougar Mellencamp** and bandmate **Mike Warchick** are producing Larry "Last Picture Show" McMurtry's son, James, reportedly a phenomenal songwriter. **Eric B. and Rakim** perform on a song on **Jody Watley's** summer album. This month, **Simple Minds** release *Street Fighting Years*, their first full-length LP since 1986. **James Brown** may be imprisoned but you can hear him duetting with **Aretha Franklin** on her new album. Because "9 a.m. was too early for **Tammy Faye Bakker** to sing high notes," her diaphragm didn't expand, and it was hard to get air, she and **Jim** have moved their select market cable-TV show to afternoon spots.

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The Replacements haven't really grown up
in public. They've just gotten older.

*Hi, we're the Replacements
And we're playin' in a rock and roll band
And we're having a good time
Rockin' and rollin' 'til the break of dawn*

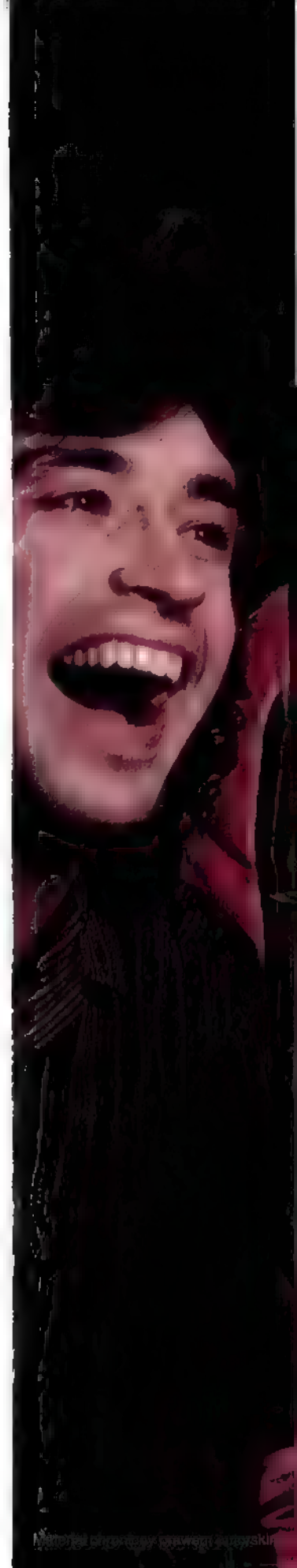
*Hey, where's Tommy?
Someone find Tommy
We're out on the road
Movin' equipment
Where's the equipment?
Soon we're goin' home*

—“We’re the Replacements,” by They Might Be Giants

I WINTER, 1985 'm glad I wasn't driving, that's all I know. We were barely an hour out of Austin, two more hours to Houston, and my forehead was already resting on the van's lime-green shag carpet, with Chef Boyardee and Jim Beam wreaking havoc in my innards. The eight of us were on our second fifth of cheap bourbon, as part of our preparation. We were going to see the Replacements.

We geared up with cassettes of the early 'Mats classics: *Sorry Ma, Forgot to Take Out the Trash*, *Hootenanny* and *Let It Be*—even a side of the aptly-named hardcore LP, *Stink!*, which doesn't sound half-bad when you've got a stomach full of bourbon and Spaghetti-O's. *Tim*, the band's major label debut, had just come out, but we were sure the band would play all those songs that night and we wanted to keep them fresh. Man, we were hyped! When we killed the second bottle and passed it around for each of us to sign, I wrote “P.W.I.G.” There wasn't enough room to write “Paul Westerberg Is God.” I was young and high and brave and going to live forever.

Inside the grimy arts warehouse, it sounded like a wino was plucking at a three-stringed electric guitar while some idiots in the back kept screaming, “the



Article by Michael Corcoran

Photograph by Bonnie Schiffman



letter!" and "cry like a baby!" Turns out that opening act Alex Chilton had taken the stage half an hour early at the promoter's insistence. In the front of the stage was a kiddie's wading pool filled with beige water, and sitting in that pool, fully clothed, were Paul Westerberg and Tommy Stinson, the irreplaceable 'Mats, drinking Jack Daniels from the largest bottle it comes in. A lot of people in the crowd were drinking hooch, openly, and I felt silly pulling our last bottle of Jim Beam from my B.V.D.'s. Then—no warning, no run to the exit or bathroom—I threw up right in the front, stage left. There were no screams of outrage or indignant scowls, however, as I spewed. There only was laughter, great howls of approval. It was as if I was one of those jerks that used to blow fire out of their mouths before Kiss concerts. It was part of the community spirit.

Unannounced, the Replacements, the little engine that could but didn't fuckin' feel like it, staggered onto the stage and bumped into their instruments for a long time. They started a song, either "Love Rollercoaster" or "Paranoid," but abruptly bailed out. Then came another try, Bad Company's "Can't Get Enough of Your Love," which rocked pretty good for its entire 25 seconds. Ten minutes and 14 aborted classics

either driving or getting loaded or else they would've ended up wrapped around utility poles by now. Conversely, both Paul and Tommy credit their marriage licenses with adding to their life expectancy. "I wanted to have some stability in my life, an anchor in the storm." Take your pick on which one of them says that. "We're four sore thumbs trying to get manicured": drummer Chris Mars, wed three months earlier, says that.

*Well she's kinda like an artist
Sittin' on a floor
Never finishes, she abandons
Never tells a soul
She opens her mouth III speak
What comes out's a mystery
Thought about, not understood
She's achin' to be*

—"Achins' to Be"

"While we were making it, I was afraid that this was going to be the wimpiest, most boring record in the history of mankind," Tommy Stinson relates in his usual candor. "It wasn't until we were mastering the record that I understood what Paul was doing. When I

After a brief photo session, made so by the band's embarrassment at being photographed outside on busy 51st Street, we head back inside the Warner Communications building. As the Warners publicist and the photographer head for the elevators, the band ducks into the bar on the ground floor. Westerberg and Stinson order Jack Daniels on the rocks, Mars and Dunlap opt for Heinekens and I have a Tanqueray on the rocks. When in Rome...

SPIN: Is it true that you guys have never done a good show in New York City?

WESTERBERG: No. We raised the roof a couple of times. They've seen our best and our worst in New York.

CHRIS MARS, drums: And they loved our worst the best.

SPIN: Do a lot of people come to see you guys just to see how drunk you're going to be? Is it like the people who go to hockey games to see the fights?

SLIM DUNLAP, guitar: And now, on lead guitar, Wayne Gretzky.

SPIN (to Westerberg; the others are trying to get the bartender's attention for round two): Are you Jewish? WESTERBERG: No. I'm mostly Austrian.

"It seems that for the past three years everyone in the world has wanted me to make a solo record except me," Westerberg says. "He's made seven solo records already," Dunlap intones.

later, Westerberg gave up, telling the audience to get their money back at the box office. He reached into his pocket, pulled out a 20 and a five and threw them into the crowd. A scuffle ensued, as scuffles do, and a girl and a guy got into a shoving match in front. Westerberg leaned over and punched the guy in the face and was pulled into a mass of flying arms and legs.

Next thing you knew, the cops were everywhere. One policeman with a bullhorn ordered the show shut down and everyone out of the building, while two other cops took over the stage. Tommy Stinson, as nonchalant as a short-tailed cat in a room full of beanbag chairs, took off his green Rickenbacker bass and put it around a cop's neck. The cop smiled broadly. Stinson has that effect on people—cops, too. Westerberg picked his guitar back up like he wanted to jam with the cop, but the other cop grabbed him from behind and escorted him from the stage.

Lights out. Th-th-th-th-that's all folks.

*Hold my life until I'm ready to use it
Hold my life 'cause I just might lose it*

—"Hold My Life"

WINTER, 1989

"Whenever I'm trying to assess the life and times of the Replacements," says Paul Westerberg, in the offices of Warner Brothers Records, "I think of that Robert Benchley quote: 'It took me ten years to discover that I had no talent as a writer, but by then it was too late. I was famous.'"

The Replacements are all married now—yes, even Tommy—and from what I've heard they've slowed down a little. But not that much. They still don't have driver's licenses. I guess early on they had to give up

heard all the songs together I realized that this was a great album as opposed to a bunch of songs stuck together. I'd have to say now that this is probably my favorite record of ours. This or Tim."

To call *Don't Tell a Soul* a departure from the usual 'Mats menu is an understatement along the lines of calling David "Son of Sam" Berkowitz disturbed or Ronald Reagan pussywhipped. Though "I Won't" could probably singe what's left of Ron Wood's nose hairs, and "Anywhere Is Better Than Here" probably kept thrash-happy Stinson and Mars satisfied for awhile in the studio, the rest of the album is slower, more melodic, layered. Lyrically, also, Westerberg is less the lunkhead. Witness "Achins' To Be," wherein a girl who you just know looks like Natalie Merchant from 10,000 Maniacs not only escapes ridicule, but receives compassion. You just know suckers are going to call this album "mature."

"I had too much time to think while writing this album," Westerberg explains. "Too many days of sitting around being thoughtful will stifle the rock'n'roll edge." But what of his longtime followers, who've come to expect elegant roughness? "Oh, hell, people have been calling us sellouts since *Stink!*: I could get up there and sing 'Let's party!' 'Let's drink!' 'Let's rock!' but that's old hat. The darigest thing we could've done was make a record like we just did. When they hear that backwards guitar on 'Darlin' One' or the Moody Bluesy intro on 'We'll Inherit the Earth,' 'Mats fans are gonna go, 'What's this shit? They can't do that.' Hey, fuck you. We do what we wanna do."

*One foot in the door, the other in the gutter
The sweet smell they adore, I think I'd rather smother*

—"I Don't Know"

SPIN: Are you Catholic?

WESTERBERG: Yeah.

SPIN: That explains a lot. Did you go to mass when you were a kid?

WESTERBERG: Not religiously. (The bartender brings us new drinks and I lay a 20 on the bar). Thanks. I'll get the next one.

STINSON: Suckerrrr.

SPIN (to Westerberg): I heard that the Young Fresh Fellows played at your wedding.

WESTERBERG: Yeah, I couldn't afford NRBQ.

SPIN: God, NRBQ! Wouldn't they be the best wedding band in the world? (At this point, may God strike me down if I'm lying, Terry Adams of NRBQ waves at me from across the bar. He knows me from an antique clothing store I worked at when I used to live in Albany. For the uninformed, NRBQ is kinda like a Grateful Dead with talent.) Speak of the devil! This is too fucking cool! Hey, Terry, come on over.

ADAMS: What are you doin' here?

SPIN: I'm writing a story on these guys, the Replacements.

ADAMS: Oh, yeah? I heard about you guys. You're like us only sloppy is the way I've been told.

WESTERBERG: Hey, we love you guys. Do you want to go on tour with us? Maybe we can take turns opening.

ADAMS (not sure if Westerberg is serious): How much money do you got?

(Westerberg pulls out a clod of crumpled bills; \$47 tops. Adams likes the kid's moxie and pulls up a stool next to him.)

DUNLAP: I've seen NRBQ about 14 times. I can see those two [Westerberg and Adams] as kindred spirits. You know, Paul is extremely eclectic in what he listens to and what he plays. He's really had to down-

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play that to a certain extent because he's in the Replacements. I think with this new album he's starting to erase the boundaries of what makes one song a Replacements song and one song not. After all, they're both written by the same guy and played by the same band. In a way, this album is very daring because it's virtually untouched by outside pressures like the old fans and the record company. He could've very easily written another *Pleased to Meet Me*, but he did something different. (Terry Adams hangs around for about 10 more minutes then has to go upstairs where they're screening a new Thelonyous Monk movie.)

SPIN: Has Prince ever been to any of your shows in Minneapolis?

WESTERBERG: Yeah, he's been to a couple of shows, not to check us out or anything. I think he just wanted to show off his new shirt. He'd walk in, look at the band, walk out, and everyone in the place would leave with him.

DUNLAP: He doesn't go out much anymore, though. I haven't seen him out in about three years.

SPIN: I lived in Austin for about four years and I didn't see Willie Nelson once.

WESTERBERG: Did you ever see Stevie Ray Vaughan?

SPIN: Yeah, once at the airport.

WESTERBERG: When we were in England a couple years back I read this incredible interview with Stevie Ray Vaughan where he really went into depth about all his drug and alcohol problems. It seemed like a really manly thing to do, to just let it all out like that.

SPIN: That was probably part of his treatment, you know, to testify.

WESTERBERG: Fuck him then.

Ever since Paul Westerberg, Songwriter, started getting sensitive on us with "Swingin' Party" and "Here Comes a Regular" on *Tim*, and especially on *Pleased to Meet Me*'s "Skyway" (a big airwave hit back home in Minneapolis), a solo record has seemed inevitable. "It seems that for the past three years everyone in the world has wanted me to make a solo record except me," Westerberg says. "He's made seven solo records already," Dunlap intones, and survives a nasty glance from Stinson. "I don't have to make a solo record. I already write the songs, sing them and play on them. What am I gonna do, go hire Jeff Pocono [sic] to play drums like Chris?" Westerberg sighs, clearly tired of the subject. As Westerberg excuses himself to "hang 10," Stinson, himself a solo album candidate, adds his two cents. "If Paul would've made this record by himself with studio musicians it would've been a real mushy album." Later, when it's just me and him in the Warner conference room, Stinson confides, "I keep us the Replacements."

Is this just the unfounded braggadocio of a 21-year-old who dropped out of school at 13 to become a professional fuck-up? According to veteran producer Jim Dickinson (Ry Cooder, Big Star, as well as the Replacements' *Pleased to Meet Me*), "Westerberg is the brains of the band, but Tommy is the balls. The fire, the energy I keyed on was Tommy. He and Chris are a great rhythm section, just fabulous. Tommy's this great existential hero, which is a rare breed nowadays. Every morning, or afternoon, Tommy wakes up and decides whether or not he wants to be Tommy. His brother Bob (an original Replacement) used to force him to play the bass when he was a little kid. If he didn't he'd get backhanded, so Tommy hates the bass, but he loves it too. It's that fight between the positive and the negative that creates the tension that

makes great music. The Stones had it [Dickinson played keyboards on *Sticky Fingers*], and so do the Replacements." When I ask Westerberg if he agrees that Tommy is the balls of the group, he remarks, "Tommy's the balls and the dick."

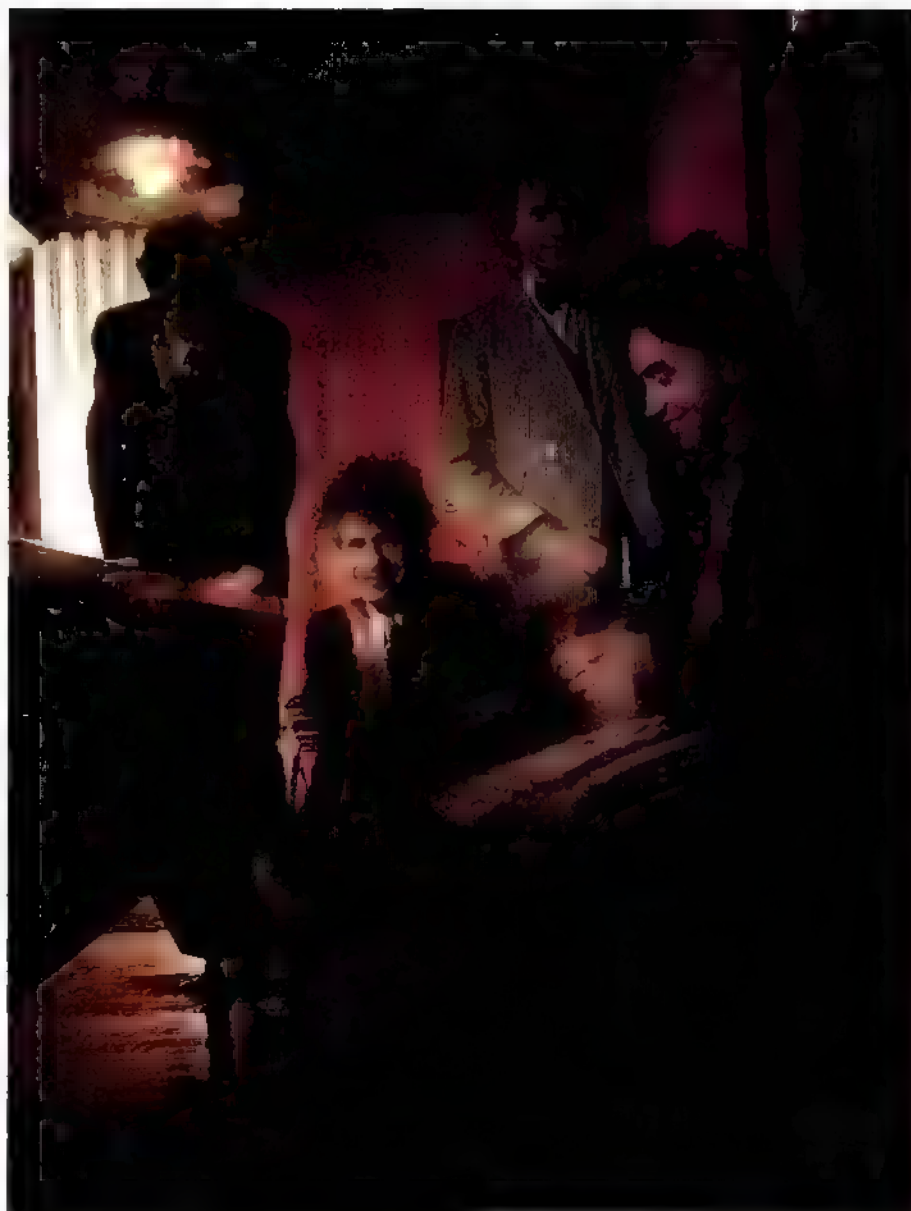
*If you were a pill, I'd take a handful at my will
And knock you back with something sweet and strong*

—"Valentine"

Drawing out Dickinson's Stones analogy, if Tommy is Keith to Westerberg's Mick, banished guitarist Bob Stinson is Brian Jones. Just as the Rolling Stones were originally led by Jones, the Replacements (originally the Impediments) were fueled by Bob's manic lead guitar playing and floppy demeanor at the outset. Westerberg, a janitor at a local high school, used to hear them playing in Chris Mars's basement on his

way home from work. He'd stand around in the bushes, listening while the band played endless, overfast versions of songs like Yes's "Roundabout," until finally he got the courage to lie to them, tell them he was a singer. But at first, even after Westerberg joined, it was Bob's band.

Like Jones, however, Bob started getting heavily into drugs as he ceded the creative reins. By *Let It Be*, the band's fourth LP, he was a walking (barely) wreck, as fucked-up as you've ever seen anyone, night after night. While recording *Tim*, Westerberg had to force-feed Bob his guitar parts or overdub them himself. "Bob didn't have a clue," Westerberg remembers. "He didn't know the key of A from his left foot, so I'd sorta show him where to put his hands. 'Just kinda start there, Bob.'" Bob was such a mess during the



Continued on page 119

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Over the Volcano

Facing the terror on the eve of the presidential elections in El Salvador. And the war rages on.

Article by Legs McNeil

"Are ya sure you're done?"

The Salvadoran Army sergeant looked up from straightening the cartridge belt of the M-60 machine gun he had just finished firing and stared at me. Even though he couldn't speak English, I thought he could understand the drift of the question.

"¿Que? ¿Que?" he asked, looking bored and stupid, and annoyed that I bothered him while he was fondling his machine gun.

"Are ya sure you're finished? Finished . . . ah, acabar?" He looked back up and laughed, his hands still near the trigger. Jim Tynan, ace war photographer, and Beverly, our interpreter, were already starting down the embankment to the field directly in front of us, where 80 new Salvadoran army recruits were crawling in full combat

Photography by Jim Tynan/Visions



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INTO THE NEW ... TOO.



Young boy during demonstration at the Estado Mayor (military headquarters) over "missing" persons.

gear on their bellies through the dirt while instructors tossed practice bombs at them and the sergeant fired live machine gun rounds overhead. The bombs whistled like World War II blockbusters, announcing they were incoming. But every time, the bombs exploded in giant muffled farts, the brush caught fire, the breeze picked it up, and in seconds the flames were racing along the perimeter. Waves of smoke piled up from the ground, making it impossible to see just where the incoming was incoming. But the training officers kept lobbing them at the recruits.

I went to follow Jim and Beverly but froze, the sergeant laughing at my trepidation. More than that I didn't trust him, it was that the El Salvadoran regular army soldiers looked like the biggest bunch of losers on the planet. Like a gang from the South Bronx after a weekend of partying. Hung-over, pissed-off, ragged-ass and inept. They didn't exactly inspire anyone to believe they were a crack, professional fighting unit. And they didn't exactly inspire me to go walking in front of their machine gun. I finally turned around and walked off to join the others, half expecting to feel the last few rounds tearing into my back.

Jim was crouched down low by the short fence of sticks and sandbags, getting shots of the exertion on the soldiers' faces as they crawled over the fence, already exhausted at this halfway point. They were drenched in sweat from the brilliant sub-tropical sun and the weight of their backpacks, no longer even bothering to keep the muzzles of their M-16s out of the dirt. They still had another 200 yards to go. But when they saw us recording their heroic efforts, they'd

stop where they were and look up and smile.

Only a few weeks before, most of them had been *campesino* teenagers, children of peasants without much future. Then the army trucks came and the soldiers rounded them up, and they were in the army now. With even less of a future. And though "Rambo" was a smash in El Salvador, and Jim, Beverly and I represented Gringoland and all the trappings, these kids weren't really into it. As Americans, we were their benefactors, their Guardian Angels, and they looked up with smiles that asked if we would smile back to reassure them that everything was going to be O.K.

They knew that they were only play soldiers, none too thrilled to find themselves in a decade-old civil war with their peasant neighbors—the 5,000-strong leftist guerrillas who consistently kicked the ass of the US-backed 56,000 Salvadoran Army equipped with helicopters, artillery and 12 tanks. An army that kept order for a government that allowed anonymous death squads to literally slaughter at will. An army that had participated in the murder of 70,000 people in a country of 5.5 million. An army these recruits were now the low men on the totem pole of.

So when they looked up and smiled, they were really looking for someone outside the madness to know that they were still innocent, that they hadn't become the killers. Yet. Hadn't become the jaded soldiers. Hadn't become the sergeant on the machine gun. I'd smile back, really wanting to retch and look across the field of the CEMFA Military Training Base, here in La Unión province, the southernmost sector of El Salvador, and gaze past another 80 recruits just up the

road, taking lessons in mortars and cheering each round when it hit its mark and exploded in fluorescent green smoke. Past the telephone lines, down where the brown brush turned to green trees and met up with the blue salt water of the Gulf of Fonseca. Past the bay, to the other side where the dozing volcanoes of Honduras sprouted up from the water's edge. And past the bright green volcanoes in the foreground to the purple ones behind them. Past it all, right to those purple volcanoes in Nicaragua, only 50 miles away. Nicaragua, El Salvador's nemesis. Their Evil Empire. Their Great Satan. The Place of the Godless Commie Heathens. And I couldn't help thinking that these poor bastards, crawling in the bone-dry shit of El Salvador at my feet, would all have given their left nuts to be in Nicaragua if they knew the truth. Knew that while Nicaragua, lurking just across the bay, was inhabited by a bunch of uninspired Marxists playing their own game of revolution and repression, no one there was worried about being dragged out of their beds in the middle of the night by death squads to be raped, tortured, mutilated and murdered. And in Central America, that's about as good as it gets.

As an American, a citizen of the country that has pumped \$3 billion to support this psychopath's paradise, I really didn't feel too deserving of these kids' smiles. I wondered how they'd feel about me after they'd lost both legs to a guerrilla mine or were staring down at their own sucking chest wound. Or after they blew away a house full of women and children fearing they were guerrillas. They wouldn't be smiling then. They'd be wondering how the fuck any decent human



being allowed the madness that is El Salvador to continue.

The Colonel looked like a psychopathic sweetheart. Exactly like the evil prison warden in "Midnight Express." Short, chubby but hard, he had a shock of thick black hair and eyes that pierced and charmed. One of those guys who could be thinking wonderful thoughts about his mother while he was disemboweling school children. There actually was a picture of his mother in his office. A big, black-and-white photograph that looked like an El Salvadoran version of Whistler's Mother. Something out of another century and out of place up there among the garish awards, degrees and merits of his military career. The huge plaque from the Defense Intelligence Agency. The letters of commendation. The degree from Northeastern University for a two-week course in public relations that the Colonel evidently passed with flying colors. When the tea arrived, I knew his instructors would have been proud.

The Red Zingerhippie brew came in the tiniest, most delicate little cups. The kind of bone china cup where the handle is too small to even get one finger through so you have to pick it up with the tips of your fingers, lending a very proper, civilized air to the schmooz session. The Colonel had just showed us a hundred-page booklet he was having printed up so that every soldier could learn how to treat people decently. A refresher course in humanity. Real hearts and minds shit. Vietnam all over again, only this time it wasn't your girlfriend's older brother coming home in a body bag. Not yet anyway. But you could write all the nice-sounding words in the world and distribute them to everyone in the goddamn country, if no one believed them, if death squads still roamed the shadows, if the dictatorship of the rich always rigged the rules in their favor, then the well-intentioned words didn't mean shit.

Which they didn't. Earlier we'd taken a ride in the back of a pickup truck on a specially arranged psy-ops (psychological operations) assignment, which meant we followed the water truck around, the one the army used to sprinkle the dirt roads to keep the dust down, as it stopped at peasant hovels and deposited water. Half-naked, shell-shocked people would appear from the darkness of the insides of their squalor and stare shyly as the soldiers ignored them and mumbled to themselves while they smoked cigarettes waiting for the water barrels to fill. Jim, Beverly and I would walk up to them, knowing we were rudely intruding, and scrutinize the depths of their poverty. We offered cigarettes as if that would make it O.K., stuck our fingers in the wounds and then, hold it, grabbed some quick shots. At one of the stops, three young women allowed us into their home of hammocks and laundry and blankets and palm fronds for walls and a roof. We asked how often the water truck came. They stared back at us as if they didn't understand. Beverly repeated the question. They kept staring. Finally the one in the soiled CEMFA T-shirt spoke up. She told us the water truck had never come before and was wondering why it was here now.

Yeah, things sure had changed from the days when Ronald Reagan joked over a live microphone that he had just outlawed Russia and the bombs were flying in five minutes. Remember when the Contras were still "Freedom Fighters"? When the Sandinista Menace



was just a few miles away, waiting to attack Dallas?

Now the Russians are our new best friends. The Contras are unemployed mercenaries looking to expand their drug smuggling connections. The Sandinistas are about to declare bankruptcy. And the Costa Rican President, Oscar Arias Sanchez, got the Nobel Peace Prize for bringing all the warring factions in Central America together and making them cross their hearts and hope to die if they ever acted like assholes again. All the papers were signed, all the public relations work done. There was only one problem. After a decade of smoldering, screaming death, El Salvador is on the brink of exploding.

Not that the horror and killing and torture in El Salvador is new. It's been going on since the very beginning. "El Salvador shares with all of Latin America problems as old as the discovery of the New World. Our lands were not only discovered and colonized; they were conquered . . . and the right of the conquistador precludes competent administration or economic planning; it is based on obedience and whim, not law. This state of things requires a standing patrimonial army—thugs, mercenaries, death squads responsible to no law save that of the caprice of the ruling clan . . . [This has been the] style of governance in Latin America almost constantly, from the Indian empires to the Spanish colonies to the Republican nations," Carlos Fuentes, former Mexican Ambassador, novelist and political philosopher, wrote of the roots that are El Salvador.

It was in 1932, though, that the standard for the horror in El Salvador was set. The peasants finally got fed up enough to pick up their machetes and sickles and hack apart their masters. In retaliation, the ruling class sent the army out to massacre 30,000 of their countrymen.

The uprising of 1932 has been called the first Communist Revolution in Latin America, but it wasn't until the Marxist Sandinistan National Liberation Front overthrew the brutal dictatorship of Anastasio Somoza Jr. in neighboring Nicaragua on July 19, 1979, that the United States started caring about El Salvador in a big way. The US was terrified of any

As Americans, we were their benefactors, their Guardian Angels, and they looked up with smiles that asked if we would smile back to reassure them that everything was going to be OK.

Above:
Soldiers in Morazan during 15-day operation in FMLN-controlled countryside.

Left:
President Duarte at military graduation, July 1987.

more Cubas popping up in the Western Hemisphere.

Under Jimmy Carter, the United States backed a bloodless coup which overthrew the brutal dictatorship of General Carlos Romero and replaced it with a junta lead by José Napoleón Duarte, who became acting president until elections were held. El Salvador finally had a civilian leader for the first time in 50 years.

By the time Carter's presidency came to an end, El Salvador was in the midst of a bloodbath. The death squads—off-duty army and security forces—took it upon themselves to annihilate those suspected of subversion. Which meant anyone dissatisfied with life in El Salvador. Bodies of death squad victims began turning up everywhere in San Salvador. Mutilated bodies were left as a message to intimidate: cocks chopped off and shoved in victims' mouths, arms and legs hacked off one and placed with another amputated corpse on the other side of town, sending the surviving family members on a macabre body hunt. But the worst was the bone-chilling practice of decapitating pregnant women, sticking their heads inside the slashed womb, and then sewing the body back together.

Although the world was watching the slaughter take place in El Salvador, it wasn't until Roman Catholic Archbishop Oscar Arnulfo Romero was assassinated while saying mass, on March 24, 1980, that the outrage and condemnation came. Bishop Romero was a highly respected man of the people who urged Jimmy Carter to end all aid to El Salvador until the madness stopped. They blew him away as he held the chalice overhead, consecrating the wine. Bishop Romero's public murder announced that the death squads would stop at nothing. And the US watched while it bankrolled the insanity. In November, 1980, all the different guerrilla groups came together under the banner of the Farabundo Martí Front, better known as the FMLN. On December 3, three nuns and a layworker were raped and murdered along that highway from the airport. Finally the death squads had gone too far, and the following day, when the bodies were unearthed, Carter at last suspended all aid to El Salvador.

On January 11, 1981, sensing the hour was right for revolution, the Marxist guerrillas of the FMLN announced a general offensive, which the media nicknamed "The Final Offensive." Suddenly, in the US's eyes, the rape and murder of the nuns became a lesser issue. Terrified that Salvador would fall to the communists, the US resumed military and economic aid on January 14, and for the first time, also sent US military advisers to help the army in their war against the guerrillas. Then came Ronald Reagan, who with his brilliant rhetoric against the Russians and their Evil Empire, unleashed the Contras on the Sandinistas while promoting "democracy and free elections" in El Salvador. If Salvadorans could only decide for themselves, it was reasoned, they would pick the good guys. In March 1982, elections were held to elect a constitutional assembly. The following year, with the help of \$10 million from the CIA for moderate Christian Democrat José Napoleón Duarte's campaign, a Salvadoran law making it a crime not to vote, clear plastic ballot boxes, and the entire process overseen by the military, the right good guy was chosen. Duarte.

Beverly, Jim and I met up at the hangar where two men stood arguing over a pitifully small plane sitting in a puddle of fuel.

"What are they arguing about?" I asked Beverly.

"Oh, one guy says there's water in the gas and the other guy says there isn't," she answered, completely unfazed. The two guys suddenly stopped arguing, shrugged their shoulders and opened the doors, calling for us to get in. Beverly and Jim climbed right into the six-seater plane. Like an idiot I followed them in. It was a mistake.

I had forgotten about the volcanoes. The whole country is littered with them, and from the ground they make for great backgrounds to the tropical panoramas. Up in the air, they just get in the way.

"Why does the pilot keep flying right into the volcanoes?"

"WHAT?"

"Why is this guy heading right into that volcano?"

"WHAT?"

Suddenly it seemed like the engine had grown a lot louder straining to keep airborne and no one could hear me. The bumps grew more violent. I was sliding way down in my seat, only there was nowhere to go.

"Ha, ha, look at that . . ." Jim said pointing to another small plane that was standing still in the air, about a thousand feet to the starboard and at exactly the same altitude.

"Wow, it's just like in 'The Wizard of Oz.'"

He was right though, even if it didn't make any sense. The other plane was just sitting there while we passed it.

"It must be caught in some wicked air currents." And just then we found them. The air currents and down drafts. The plane felt like an angry mob was trying to tip us upside down. Throw us over. It looked like we were going down. This country was just too fucking much. Jim, Beverly and the only other passenger, a Salvadoran Food Inspector, just stared at me as I cringed—a pathetic, screaming ball of raw nerve endings, trying to bury myself in the seat.

"You are in God's hands now," the Food Inspector offered. I stopped yelling and looked up at him, and all I could think was, *There ain't no fucking God in this place.*

It took the coffee bean pickers two hours to climb up the volcano in the morning to where the air temperature was cool enough for the best coffee to grow. Hundreds of men, women and children, peasants who trudged up the steady 45-degree incline of the mountain, and spent the day in the short trees picking the ripe red beans. For this killing work they were paid a dollar a day. The owners of the *finca* (coffee plantation) used to serve them lunch, but not any more. Now the vendors, women with bowls of corn and cinnamon bread, and kids with bottled soda, made the hike up the volcano alongside the pickers in order to sell them lunch for a few centavos. But most of the pickers brought their own. Breads and fruits mostly, and maybe they sprung for a soda. But on a dollar a day, a soda was a luxury.

By the time the jeep made the hour-long drive up the dirt road that snaked back and forth up the mountain, pockmarked by eroded ravines, to where the coffee grew, the pickers were popping out from the trees with huge hundred-pound sackcloth bags on their backs. They'd silently emerge on the road and walk down to where the flatbed truck was waiting. There, men from the Finca Isabel, a huge coffee plantation on the Volcano San Miguel, insisted the pickers sort through the beans and throw out all the unripe green ones, then weighed the sacks and paid them. The peasants gathered anxiously around the scale as the beans were dumped out, weighed and rebagged. It was as if they weren't ready to give up their bounty after putting all that labor in collecting it. In their eyes, the only time they were worth anything to anybody was when they had those hundred-pound bags heaped on their shoulders. There to prove how indispensable they were, were soldiers from the crack ARCE Battalion, a well-disciplined rapid deployment force who actually knew what they were doing. Lean, tough and older than most of the regulars, these guys were re-enlistees, used to dealing with the shit. Ban-



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Salvadoran "mountain dancing" in San Francisco Gotera, El Salvador.

dannas tied around their foreheads, small rucksacks carrying only the essentials, and their M-16s always at the ready. Two nights before they had caught a band of 10 guerrillas armed with old hunting rifles and homemade grenades on one of the trails and zapped them. None of them were sure how many they killed, since the guerrillas, like the Viet Cong, try not to leave behind any of the dead or wounded. But they found enough blood trails to know they did some damage.

The irony of the ARCE troops, seasoned fighters who were guarding the coffee pickers in the worst Salvadoran coffee harvest in 30 years, was that they were there to protect the same people they were sworn to kill. For some of the coffee pickers anxiously weighing their beans were guerrillas. During the day they performed their jobs as humble peasants, but when the night came, El Salvador was up for grabs.

During the night, I was woken up by someone standing there shaking me. It was no longer a dream, they had finally come to get me. I was suddenly wide awake—staring into the dark, waiting for them to drag me out of bed. No one was there, yet something was still shaking me, even more violently than before. I

leaned over and hit the light, and when it didn't go on I remembered that the guerrillas had blown up the power lines, again. I couldn't find my cigarettes. So I just lay there bouncing in the bed, and then broke out laughing when I realized it was an earthquake. Only a fucking earthquake. The death squads hadn't come for me yet. I laughed for a good half-hour after the five-minute-long tremors subsided until I realized that I was losing it. I was going mad.

The cheap rotary hotel phone next to the bed rang. It was Felix Green, an American journalist. "Did you hear what happened?"

"No, what?"

"The Death Squads murdered a worker from the Christian Democratic Party last night."

"Where?"

"Just outside the city, in the working-class suburb of Soyapango, near the Ilopango Air Force Base. Apparently the guy was doing some canvassing door to door and they got him. There's a press conference at ARENA headquarters at 12:30. I'll pick you up at the hotel at noon."

A few minutes later the first rays of sun hit the Volcanso San Salvador right outside the hotel window. The volcano broke through the gray and turned into a giant green boil of rage. Yeah, it wouldn't be long now.

If the victim, Francisco Eduardo Bonilla Campos, hadn't been a member of the Christian Democrats out canvassing the working-class neighborhood of Soyapango when he was blown away, the event would have been ancient history already. ARENA, the Republican National Alliance, didn't hold press conferences every time their death squads struck, otherwise they would have had to hold them around the clock to explain their percentage of the 70,000 dead. The death squads were usually anonymous, and they didn't necessarily involve ARENA. But ARENA was founded by Roberto d'Aubuisson, and he had more than enough blood on his hands. The intricate machinations of the death squads always lead back to d'Aubuisson. The fact that the mayor of Soyapango and the chief of police, both leading ARENA party members, along with six of their cronies had surrounded Bonilla and shot him at point-blank range while they were flexing their muscles didn't help. Even if this was El Salvador, it still was an election year. And if the Salvadorans wanted to keep getting their nearly one million bucks a day in aid from the good old USA, they had to go through the charade of free elections.

Continued on page 118

OLD GRAND-DAD



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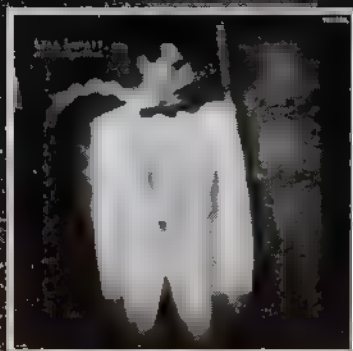
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lovet lyrics say it all

Look
 I Understand Too Little Too Late
 I Realize There Are Things You Say & Do
 You Can Never Take Back
 But What Would You Be If You Didn't
 Even Try
 You Have To Try
 So After A Lot Of Thought
 I'd Like To Reconsider
 Please
 If It's Not Too Late
 Make A Cheeseburger...

— "HERE I AM"



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The 25 Greatest Albums Of All Time

1. James Brown *Sex Machine* Polydor, 1970

From the extended credit roll before Brown's entrance to the knuckleheaded instrumental version of "Spinning Wheel," this live double album is as mean as Brown gets: no real interaction with the audience, no showmanship for its own sake, no false humility. For all his experience as a great entertainer, he seems more bent on impelling the audience than pleasing them. And impel he does. *Sex Machine*, divided into a handful of long jams, anticipates the dance music of the decade to come, delivering the funk without footholds. Instead of jumping through hoops on his command like Brown bands of old, this band finds the groove and presents it as an act of God: inevitable, unstoppable. On the extended title song, Brown asks Bobby Byrd's permission to take the bridge to nearly every major city in America; when the bridge finally arrives, it is wide enough to reach all those destinations.

2. Tom Waits *Swordfishtrombones* Island, 1983

You begin to see Tom Waits, who claims to have been born in a moving taxi, as a slight white man, growling through a jazzy saxophone breeze in a voice that may or may not be several sheets in the wind. He's enlightened. He's celebrating the shabbiness of American life, the "bathing suits and bowling balls," the thin soles of a working man's shoes, the prettiness of the mundane. Waits is a storyteller—"In a Hong Kong drizzle on Cuban heels, I rode down the gutter to the blood bank . . . and I shot billiards with a midget until the rain stopped, squeezing all the life out of a lousy two-day pass." Like Kerouac or Bukowski, he centers his tales on fragments of overheard conversation, random episodes, and the images floating in a short glass of whiskey.



3. Bob Dylan *Blonde on Blonde* Columbia, 1966

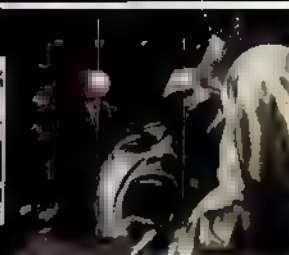
Dylan, according to Richard Meltzer, was the first rock star to "attempt to free man by rescuing him from meaning, rather than free man through meaning." Awash in blues and symbolist poetry, drenched with acidic insight, this double record capped the electric trilogy begun with *Bringing It All Back Home* and *Highway 61 Revisited*. It opens with the recommendation that everybody get stoned, offers up sweet melancholy as a hit single ("Just Like a Woman," written for Edie Sedgwick), and ends with a side-long epic of love and mysticism ("Sad Eyed Lady of the Lowlands," written for Dylan's new wife, Sara Lowndes). When Dylan snapped his neck in a motorcycle accident on July 29th, 1966, shortly after *Blonde on Blonde* came out, fate sealed things: he'd make simpler records, more beautiful records, but he'd never make a better record.

4. The Smiths *The Queen Is Dead* Sire, 1986

When Morrissey sings, "She said, 'Eh, I know you, and you cannot sing/I said, 'That's nothing—you should hear me play piano,'" it is with the confidence that a nation considers his froggy, artless voice the best of his generation. With *The Queen Is Dead*, Morrissey faced the challenge of remaining innocent when success made innocence untenable. He could no longer be the awkwardly pretty, unloved boy for all the other unloved boys. As a result, he learned about his power: how to use it, to spoof it, to avoid being eaten by it. *The Queen Is Dead*, its title a wry puzzle, is rife with camp and irony, allowing Morrissey to play the pop star and lost boy at once. Quitting his dreary job, he sings, with no wink, "I want to leave, you will not miss me/I want to go down in musical history." Morrissey proves that you can have it both ways—just like you can advocate celibacy while flashing a sexy nipple.

5. Led Zeppelin *Led Zeppelin II* 1969

The birthpond of 70s super-rock was a puddle of piss, spilled Bloody Marys, cum and sweat. Sequins and bits of shark flesh floated on the surface. Recorded on the road in America and England, *The Brown Bomber* is a tour diary of lust. "All the so-called Led Zeppelin depravity took place the first two years in an alcoholic fog," said tour manager Richard Cole. "After that we got older and grew out of it. It became a realistic business." But before they slid off into business and Celtic mysticism, Zeppelin celebrated the raw and the stupid: monkeyshine fuzz blues ("The Lemon Song"), pelvic power rock ("Heartbreaker") and dippy pop beatitudes ("What Is and What Should Never Be"). Robert Plant's belief that the world wanted to hear him simulate an orgasm on "Whole Lotta Love" was as charmingly naive as it was humorous.



6. Television
Marquee Moon
Elektra, 1977

Having lied their way into the then-new CBGB (they told owner Hilly Krystal they were a bluegrass band, then literally built his stage), Television combined two New York traditions: the smart garage band (New York Dolls, Kiss) and the pretentious wanker (Patti Smith, Velvet Underground). Like the Patti Smith Group, they were more hippies than punks, but they made tautly urban music. Their violence came from tension that never resolved itself; they directed it against themselves. *Marquee Moon*, the best and most enduring record from the CBGB era, is about urban mythology. Over his own and Richard Lloyd's swirling guitar figures, Tom Verlaine's strident voice brings a sentimental romanticism to the Bowery, making legends out of the mundane. Seldom has a man's voice sounded—and felt—so much like a guitar string. His voice, biting, rains down images alternately lofty and concrete: Lines like "I remember how the darkness doubled/I recall lightning struck itself" give way to "And then Richie, Richie said/'Hey man, let's dress up like cops/Think of what we could do.'" Then he stops, and the guitars slash everything to bits.

7. Sly and the Family Stone
Fresh
Epic, 1973

Coming a full two years after *There's a Riot Goin' On*, this album was so late that Columbia president Clive Davis temporarily suspended Sly's contract. Sly responded on the closing lines of "In Time," the album's first song: "Two years, too long to wait/Two words will get it straight/In time." Bursting with arrogance and literary ambition, *Fresh* weaves cagey word games inside complex funk rhythms. There are no invocations to dance to the music here, nor even forthright bile, as on *Riot's* "Family Affair"; if anything, this is a kiss-off, with Sly already removed and untouchable. On "If You Want Me To Stay," a putative offer of love, he sings, "How can I ever be late/When you're my woman taking up my time?" And the cover of "Que Sera, Sera" seems by turns Sly's most naive song and his most manipulative.

8. Elvis Costello and the Attractions
This Year's Model
Columbia, 1978

"Sometimes I think that love is just a tumor/You've got to cut it out," sings Declan McManus, fingernails chewed to the nub, the spittle of distaste gathering at the corner of his mouth. Twenty-three years old—knock-kneed, spastic and hating the whole world—Elvis wrote the greatest spiteful/insightful love songs ever to get under your skin or into your shower. His homemade 45, "Honky Tonk Demos," showed Elvis intently scribbling with a gigantic fountain pen on one side, and on the other a woman in fishnets and black leather, spread-eagled and blindfolded. Sums it up, really, if the lyric, "I don't wanna be your lover/Just wanna be your victim" doesn't. He once said he was inspired by "revenge and guilt." He left out neuroses, sexual insecurity, hostility, obsessive aggression, disappointment, doubt, fear, contempt, clear spirits, and the constant battle to keep his heart far from the soiled sleeve of his dress shirt.

9. Rolling Stones
Exile on Main St.
Rolling Stones, 1972

"While I was a junkie," Keith Richards once remembered. "I learned to ski and made *Exile on Main St.*" Pushing 30 (a milestone in 1972 if it isn't now) and facing down the respectability that came with Jagger's marriage to Nicaraguan model Bianca Perez Morena de Macias, the Stones made a haphazard album of collective decadence, a country- and blues-tinged foray into their own myth of rusticity. After *Altamont*, where real danger showed itself as something much bigger and badder than the Stones, they weren't dangerous anymore, except to themselves. *Exile*, which the band originally planned to call *Tropical Disease*, is awash in lethargy and, it seems, spontaneity: even Jagger's postures seem more private amusements than theatrics. Forthright in its indulgences in sexuality, pleasure and ennui, this is the Stones' most open record; it's as if they finally went the extra yard to connect with their attitudes, and let us watch.

10. New Order
Low-life
Qwest/Warner, 1985

Already the world's greatest rock 'n' disco band, with *Low-life*, New Order became sexy. Despite the long, somber instrumental tribute to Joy Division (New Order's former incarnation, which ended when singer Ian Curtis hung himself), *Low-life* is generously sensual. Still tightly restrained, the band extends its palette, becoming at the same time more deeply electronic and more organic. Harmonica and strummed guitar glide over sequencers and drum machines, creating a kind of technological idyll where pleasure holds both warmth and fascination. The machines retain their power, they just lose their sentimental air of menace. And over it all, Bernard Sumner's voice stretches and whispers, creaking, licking the lyrics, a less mystical but richer instrument than Curtis's ever was. When Sumner sings, "Let's go out and have some fun," it could mean anything. When he sings, "Tonight I should have stayed at home/Playing with my pleasure zone," he means just what he says.





"Huge brains, small necks, weak muscles and fat wallets—these are the dominant characteristics of the 80s—the generation of swine."—Hunter S. Thompson, May 1986.

TELEVISION



MARQUEE MOON



11.
Run-D.M.C.
Run-D.M.C.
Profile, 1983

Openly suburban and collegiate, Run-D.M.C. brought at least two innovations to a sluggish hip hop scene: humility and a romance for the b-boy. Call it downward mobility or just self-esteem, it came down to this: their beats were harder than anybody's, their warmup suits were cooler, Run's rhymes were smarter, and D.M.C.'s glasses dominated. From the definitive putdown song, "Sucker M.C.'s," to the heavy guitar of "Rock Box," *Run-D.M.C.* is aggressive musically, but even more aggressive socially. As obvious and crucial as it might seem, this is the first rap album to invoke the nobility of guys just hanging out. When Run rapped, "Cold chill at the party in a b-boy stance," the skies opened. Hard from end to end, this album reinvented rap music in the b-boy's image.

12.
The Replacements
Let It Be
Twin/Tone, 1984

There was no doubt that the Replacements could rock. There was no doubt they could be icky. On *Let It Be*, they proved that they could do both at once, as Paul Westerberg became one of America's great singers. The last album on which guitarist/exhibitionist Bob Stinson made a difference, *Let It Be* butts dumb fun against dumb melancholy with a sensitivity they never found before or since. If it hit underground fans as a pinnacle of bluster and sadness, it hit the mainstream otherwise: Warner A&R man Michael Hill tried to get Rod Stewart to record "Sixteen Blue," which would have been just a pale imitation of a very good Rod Stewart imitator.

13.
Aretha Franklin
Lady Soul
Atlantic, 1968

It begins with a wiry little guitar figure, a funky tribute to the increasing urbanization of Jerry Wexler's late Sixties Memphis soul productions. Then the guitar just sort of dies in mid-mumble, and Aretha Franklin, process and all, swoops down and tears the thing apart. "Chain chain chain," she sings,



and the chorus spits her words right back at her, just like in church, until she finishes her thought: "Chain of fools." She's as excessive as ever—"(I) You Make Me Feel Like A Natural Woman" straddles both magnificence and unlistenable, probably tending toward the latter—but her material puts the excess to good use; she has to sing that hard to keep up with the music. Jon Landau's liner notes claim that "she has the capacity to breathe new life into the oldest and tritest pop tunes." And though she seems to have an annoying need to prove this, her version of the Rascals' "Groovin'" could make you weep with joy.

14.
George Michael
Faith
Columbia, 1988

"I'm very proud of the music I've made, but it's had very little to do with my personality. . . it was a reflection of my craft." With these words George Michael could have summed up all of 80s pop. With this record he did. It swings from faux-Prince to faux-torch song, and the people who complained it was fake missed the point. Obsessed with delivering pop pleasures, he even alters his voice on "Hard Day" so he can sing the role of his own lover.

15.
Depeche Mode
Black Celebration
Mute/Sire, 1986

Singer David Gahan said shortly after the album's release that a black celebration was merely a few pints after a long day's work, or a more extended bender after a long period of personal introspection. *Black Celebration* has been called a concept album, all songs sounding vaguely the same, all songs about doing everything today, because tomorrow you might die. But broken down, lyrics like "Death is everywhere/ There are flies on the windscreen" aren't as serious as they at first appear. Just like the great sounds that Depeche Mode makes—despairing, gargantuan, end-of-the-world, artificial—all based on the accidental clink of a kitchen utensil.

16.
Al Green
The Belle Album
Hi, 1977

In October 1974, after rejecting the marriage proposal of Mary Woodson, Al Green stepped into his bath. A few minutes later, Woodson threw a pan of boiling water on him, then took his gun to her own head. "Belle was Mary," the Reverend Al Green says of the album he made three years later. Part secular, part religious, *The Belle Album* is both focused and confused, the troubled work of a man not quite given over to God. "Belle," he sings, "It's you that I want but it's Him that I need," as if singing it would make him whole again. It doesn't, at least for the duration of the album, and even his guitar playing doesn't seem to help. Green, who had already bought a church in Memphis and been ordained as pastor of the Full Gospel Tabernacle, never made another secular album. *The Belle Album*, it should be noted, was a commercial flop.

17.
Echo & the Bunnymen
Ocean Rain
Sire, 1984

Released a year after the experimental *Porcupine*, *Ocean Rain* melds subtly majestic music with angry, melancholy lyrics. Songs like "Crystal Days," "Silver," "Seven Seas" and "The Killing Moon," (Mac's personal favorite) support McCulloch's claim that "Echo & the Bunnymen is the greatest band in the

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Adrian Hirsch
Stereophile, Sept. '88

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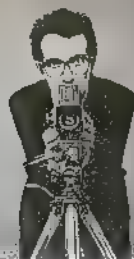
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"I don't really want to be a pop star all my life. I could see myself balding and a bit rotund, working as a Jungian analyst."—Sling, December 1987.



world," and prove his tortured, stuttering voice a rival of Jim Morrison's. Morrison's complacency was so internal it choked him; McCulloch's existential crises forced him to his knees. And he looked unbelievably good there, pleading, "Man has to be his own saviour/My hands are tied," striking his groin, violating himself from behind, jerking his hips as if there was nothing to hold them in place, and smoking incessantly through the ordeal as if none of it mattered.

18. The Velvet Underground & Nico
The Velvet Underground & Nico
Verve, 1967

"I was very lonely when I was 15 years old," Jonathan Richman once said. "Then I heard the Velvet Underground's 'Heroin' and I said, 'Oh God, this is beautiful.'" Even if they hadn't worn black turtlenecks and wraparound sunglasses, and Andy Warhol hadn't designed their first album cover, the Velvets would still have been rock's coolest band. In 1967, this album put Lou Reed on the street, uptown, waiting to buy heroin, weaving sadomasochistic fantasies more concrete than belonged on vinyl. The subject matter wasn't entirely new, the Velvets just got specific about it. With John Cale's viola screeching across Reed's and Sterling Morrison's guitars, the group locked into one chord and stayed there, became all rhythm, as Reed dryly recited, "Up to Lexington one two five/Feel sick and dirty, more dead than alive," and "When I'm rushing on my run/And I feel just like Jesus' son/Then I thank God that I'm not aware/And I thank God that I just don't care." And then the thing broke, and Nico, beautiful, blonde Nico, sang, as clear and stunning as a junkie's guardian angel can get, "I'll be your mirror.../The light in your darkness/So you won't be afraid." It was salvation. And it was temporary. Arty and grimy, this album drew the blueprint for the modern rock band. Nico later said that "the Velvet Underground's songs should be sung by Frank Sinatra—he would sing them beautifully." On the other hand, on hearing the band, Cher remarked, "It will replace nothing except suicide."

19. Leonard Cohen
Songs of Leonard Cohen
Columbia, 1968

Leonard Cohen, as he points out in song, is not just some Joseph looking for a manger. He was a scholar, a noted poet and novelist before recording *Songs of Leonard Cohen*, his first album, at the age of 34. "Suzanne" appeared as verse in *Parasites of Heaven* (a 1966 collection of poems) before Judy Collins recorded it and brought Cohen on stage with her during a concert in Central Park. Cohen's talk-singing has the melancholy effect of a parent reading aloud to a child awakened by a bad dream, or a lover whispering that it isn't, it really isn't over. Backing his singing with simple melodies, Cohen makes modern poetry ("When we met we were almost young/Deep in the green lilac park/You held onto me like I was a crucifix/As we went kneeling through the dark") accessible for the Naval officer, for the heavy-drinking matron, for the suicidal adolescent.

20. Big Daddy Kane
Long Live the Kane
Cold Chillin'/Warner, 1988

By the summer of 1988, Public Enemy, KRS-One, and Rakim had raised the intellectual level of hip hop to the point that any single might be a science class, history lesson and manifesto—and get your girl hot—all at the same time. Kane, born Antonio Hall, takes it to another level, souping the intellectual rapper into a sex god and warrior. Popping dense rhymes that slide from brutality to schoolboy manners in one beat of producer Marley Marl's state-of-the-art crack age soundtrack, Kane raps, "I'm a damager/Not amateur/But a professional/Unquestionable/Without a doubt superb/So full of action my name should be a verb." A cool head on a crazy body.

21. Van Morrison
Moondance
Warner, 1970

After the obscure mysticism of *Astral Weeks* (inspired by his retreat to Belfast following the success of "Brown-Eyed Girl"), Morrison made one of the most generous records of the decade. Producing himself for the first time, he took from everywhere—jazz, soul, country, gypsy-blues, Tin Pan Alley—and gave back music with the power to heal. The great white soul album, *Moondance* remains true to the imperatives of both camps. It is wordy but grounded, an unraveling skein of concrete images that get put through changes twice: through Morrison's literary conceits and through that amazing, amazing voice. The paradox is that he finds as much meaning in gibberish as in his verse. The strength of the album is that he runs with it. As on "Caravan," where he focuses the full force of the record in the line, "La la la, la-la la."



Gerard Malanga



"I'm still not sure who my audience is. I have a terrible feeling they might be yuppies."—Billy Bragg, August 1985.



22. Prefab Sprout *Two Wheels Good* Epic, 1985

Released as *Steve McQueen* in Europe, *Two Wheels Good* is a collection of meandering songs confessing chronic fornication ("Horsin' Around," "Appetite") and lost loves ("Bonny"). Producer and temporary fifth member Thomas Dolby focuses the music around Paddy McAloon's increasingly concise lyrics, creating witty, incisive trips through the male ego: "I deserved to be kicked so badly/You deserve more than I sold you for." With its airy vocals and simple arrangements, buoyed by bossa nova and country-western influences, this is background music with foreground acuity. The *Melody Maker* predicted that *Two Wheels Good* "will ultimately rank as the finest pop album of the decade."

23. Neil Young with Crazy Horse *Everybody Knows This Is Nowhere* Reprise, 1969

A brooding hippie or a deluded Dylan disciple, Neil Young is distinctly Neil Young. On *Everybody Knows This Is Nowhere*, his first album as a bandleader, he took complete artistic control (lyrics unedited, record self-produced). He wrote "Cowgirl in the Sand," "Down by the River," and "Cinnamon Girl" while sick in bed with a fever of 104—fitting because delirium is integral both to love and hate, and in the way his whining, wracked voice cuts, twisting in deeper and deeper. Behind him, Crazy Horse jam like dogs.

24. Sinéad O'Connor *The Lion and the Cobra* Chrysalis, 1987

The Edge was drawn to Sinéad O'Connor (recorded the single "Heroine" with her, actually) because of her shyness and the raging pain, the rejoicing wonder lingering just below. She'd been singing with In Tua Nua when a record exec offhandedly suggested she come to London. So she did. There she made a few demos with Karl Wallinger (World Party, Waterboys) and was immediately signed to Ensign. Call her post-punk, post-U2, or 70s-styled-guitar-artfunk-Irish-traditionalist-crooner if you must, but Sinéad's wailing, serenading,



bellowing, and swooning arrives like two dozen red roses in the dead of winter. She's at once tentative and cocksure, glamorous and severe, a kid and a mother. If Collette had recorded pop songs, she might have sounded like Sinéad O'Connor.

25. Minutemen *Double Nickels on the Dime* SST, 1984

Forty-five songs in 78 minutes, *Double Nickels* is a sprawling mass of fragmentary funk, beat poetry, notebook jottings and political petitions. In the end, the Minutemen were the best

American underground rock band simply because their scratchy dance beats were the funkiest. These were the glory days: Prince, Bruce, Cyndi, Chaka and Madonna on the radio; Zen Arcade, *Let It Be, Meat Puppets II* and *Double Nickels* in the record stores. In "History Lesson (Part II)," D. Boon sang simply, "Our band could be your life, real names will be proof. Me and Mike Watt played for years, but punk rock changed our lives." It was the last time you could ever believe shit like that. On December 23, 1985, Dennes Boon died in an auto accident near Tucson, Arizona. American underground rock stopped mattering right about then.

100 Greatest Singles of All Time

1. **Rob Base & DJ. E-Z Rock**, "It Takes Two" (Profile, 1988)
2. **Jessie Hill**, "Ooh Poo Paa Doo" (Minit, 1960)
3. **The Rolling Stones**, "Tumblin' Dice" (Rolling Stones, 1972)
4. **Irma Thomas**, "It's Raining" (Minit, 1962)
5. **Guns N' Roses**, "Sweet Child O' Mine" (Geffen, 1988)
6. **Prince**, "When Doves Cry" (Warner, 1984)
7. **The Chiffons**, "One Fine Day" (Laurie, 1963)
8. **Rod Stewart**, "Maggie Mae" (Mercury, 1971)
9. **Dionne Warwick**, "Walk On By" (Scepter, 1964)
10. **New Order**, "True Faith/1963" (Warner, 1988)
11. **The Beach Boys**, "Don't Worry Baby" (Capitol, 1964)
12. **The Shangri-Les**, "Remember (Walking In The Sand)" (Red Bird, 1964)
13. **Doug E. Fresh and the Get Fresh Crew**, "The Show/La-Di-Da-Di" (Reality, 1985)
14. **Credence Clearwater Revival**, "Green River" (Fantasy, 1969)
15. **Elvis Presley**, "One Night" (RCA, 1958)
16. **The Smiths**, "There Is A Light That Never Goes Out" (Sire, 1986)
17. **Temptations**, "Just My Imagination (Running Away With Me)" (Gordy, 1971)
18. **Donna Summer**, "Bad Girls" (Casablanca, 1979)
19. **David Bowie**, "Young Americans" (RCA, 1975)
20. **Public Enemy**, "Bring The Noise" (Columbia, 1987)
21. **The Cure**, "A Night Like This" (Elektra, 1985)
22. **Bad Company**, "Can't Get Enough" (Swan Song, 1974)
23. **Madonna**, "Borderline" (Sire, 1984)
24. **Elvis Costello**, "Lipstick Vogue" (Columbia, 1978)
25. **Gwen Guthrie**, "Ain't Nothing Goin' On But The Rent" (PolyGram, 1986)
26. **Lou Christie**, "Lightin' Strikes" (MGM, 1966)



"Listen, I know for a fact that a lot of ladies go to these aerobics classes and use the machines in health clubs to jack themselves off. I've seen it."—Debbie Harry, January 1986.



27. **Modern English**, "I Melt With You" (Sire, 1982)
28. **Aerosmith**, "Walk This Way" (Columbia, 1976)
29. **Smokey Robinson and the Miracles**, "Ooh Baby Baby" (Tamla, 1965)
30. **Depeche Mode**, "Behind The Wheel/Route 66" (Sire, 1988)
31. **Hank Williams**, "I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry" (MGM, 1949)
32. **Marvin Gaye**, "What's Going On" (Tamla, 1971)
33. **Lloyd Price**, "Just Because" (ABC-Para., 1957)
34. **Pebbles**, "Mercedes Boy" (MCA, 1988)
35. **Aretha Franklin**, "Respect" (Atlantic, 1967)
36. **Madonna**, "Where's The Party" (Sire, 1986)
37. **Jay Division**, "Love Will Tear Us Apart" (Factory, 1980)
38. **10cc**, "The Things We Do For Love" (Mercury, 1977)
39. **Led Zepppelin**, "Whole Lotta Love" (Atlantic, 1969)
40. **Lou Reed**, "Satellite Of Love" (RCA, 1973)
41. **Public Image Limited**, "This Is Not A Love Song" (Elektra, 1983)
42. **The Shirelles**, "Tonight's The Night" (Scepter, 1960)
43. **Rod Stewart**, "Tonight's The Night (Gonna Be Alright)" (Warner, 1976)
44. **AC/DC**, "Back In Black" (Atlantic, 1981)
45. **R.E.M.**, "Don't Go Back To Rockville" (I.R.S., 1984)
46. **Bruce Springsteen**, "Glory Days" (Columbia, 1985)
47. **Jimi Hendrix**, "Foxy Lady" (Reprise, 1967)
48. **Echo and the Bunnymen**, "The Killing Moon" (Sire, 1984)
49. **Van Halen**, "Running With The Devil" (Warner, 1983)

50. **Betty Everett**, "The Shoop Shoop Song (It's In His Kiss)" (Vee-Jay, 1964)
51. **The Kinks**, "Lola" (Reprise, 1970)
52. **Sam Cooke**, "Bring It On Home To Me" (RCA, 1962)
53. **Jackie Wilson**, "Lonely Teardrops" (Brunswick, 1958)
54. **The Replacements**, "On The Bus" (Sire, 1985)
55. **Bob Seger and the Silver Bullet Band**, "Night Moves" (Capitol, 1977)
56. **Mott The Hoople**, "All The Young Dudes" (Columbia, 1972)
57. **Gladys Knight & The Pips**, "Midnight Train To Memphis" (Buddah, 1973)
58. **The Pretenders**, "Braas In Pocket (I'm Special)" (Sire, 1980)
59. **The Who**, "Can't Explain" (Decca, 1965)
60. **Martha & The Vandellas**, "Heat Wave" (Gordy, 1963)
61. **Janis Joplin**, "Me and Bobby McGee" (Columbia, 1971)
62. **The Robins**, "Riot In Cell Block #9" (Atco, 1954)
63. **Chuck Willis**, "It's Too Late" (Atlantic, 1957)

64. **World Famous Supreme Team**, "Hey DJ" (Island, 1981)
65. **U2**, "Pride (In The Name Love)" (Island, 1984)
66. **The Sex Pistols**, "Anarchy In The UK" (EMI, 1976)
67. **Tom Jones**, "It's Not Unusual" (Parrot, 1965)
68. **David Bowie**, "Heroes" (RCA, 1977)
69. **Time Zone**, "World Destruction" (Celluloid, 1984)
70. **The Velvet Underground**, "Waiting For The Man" (MGM/Verve, 1967)
71. **Bob Dylan**, "Knockin' On Heaven's Door" (Columbia, 1973)
72. **Bobby Brown**, "My Prerogative" (MCA, 1988)
73. **The Four Tops**, "Standing In The Shadows Of Love" (Motown, 1966)
74. **Iggy Pop**, "Lust For Life" (RCA, 1977)
75. **Tammy Wynette**, "D-I-V-O-R-C-E" (Epic, 1975)
76. **Sinbad O'Connor**, "Troy" (Chrysalis, 1988)
77. **Squeeze**, "Slap And Tickle" (A&M, 1979)
78. **Edgar Winter**, "Free Ride" (Epic, 1973)
79. **The Feelies**, "Away" (A&M, 1988)
80. **Jackie Wilson**, "Lonely Teardrops" (Brunswick, 1958)
81. **Black Sabbath**, "Paranoid" (Waner 1970)

82. **Exposé**, "Point Of No Return" (Arista, 1987)
83. **Dixie Cups**, "Iko Iko" (Red Bird, 1965)
84. **Jethro Tull**, "Aqualung" (Chrysalis, 1971)
85. **The Jackson 5**, "I Want You Back" (Motown, 1969)
86. **Elvis Presley**, "Jailhouse Rock" (RCA, 1957)
87. **Peter Dinklage**, "Do You Feel Like We Do" (A&M, 1976)
88. **The Clash**, "White Riot" (Epic, 1977)
89. **The Supremes**, "Someday We'll Be Together" (Motown, 1969)
90. **The Sugarbushes**, "Motorcrash" (Elektra, 1988)
91. **The Raspberries**, "Go All The Way" (Capitol, 1972)
92. **The Smiths**, "Please Please Please" (Rough Trade, 198)
93. **The Beatles**, "Please Please Me" (Vee-Jay, 1964)
94. **The Cure**, "Why Can't I Be You" (Elektra, 1987)
95. **The Grateful Dead**, "China Cat Sunflower" (Warner, 1969)
96. **Michael Jackson**, "Don't Stop 'Til You Get Enough" (Epic, 1979)
97. **The Doors**, "People Are Strange" (Elektra, 1967)
98. **The Emotions**, "Best Of My Love" (Columbia, 1977)
99. **Joe Cocker**, "Delta Lady" (A&M, 1969)
100. **Killing Joke**, "Eighties" (Virgin, 1986)



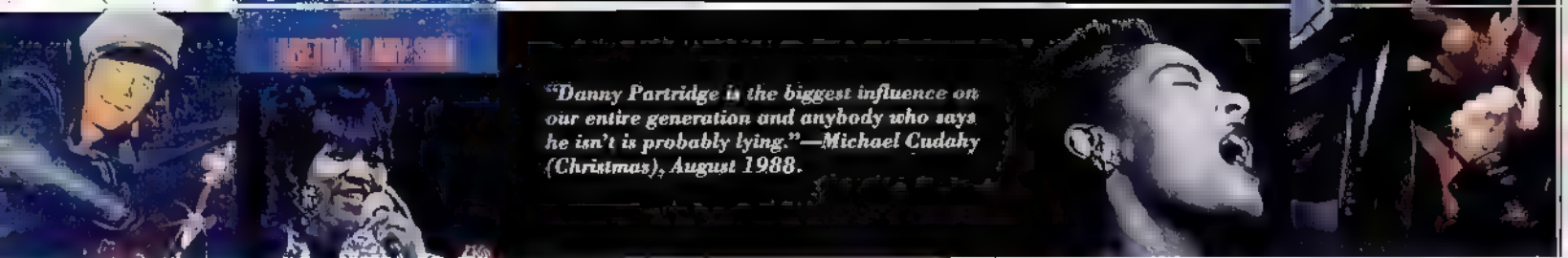
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20 Coolest Movies

1. *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* (1931)

Unlike later versions, Rouben Mamoulian's thriller, starring Fredric March, is frankly sexual, the story of a prudish Victorian chemist who, having discovered a formula that separates good and evil in his soul, becomes the violently libidinous incarnation of his repressions. Harlots beware.

2. *Chinatown* (1974) Roman Polanski's classic noir period piece, with Jack Nicholson as a cool breeze Los Angeles private dick. With rare cameos by John Huston as a daughter raper and Polanski himself sticking a knife up Nicholson's hooter.

3. *All About Eve* (1950) Six Oscars and Bette Davis as a faded stage star. The most.

4. *Blowup* (1966) Unraveling the onion skin of London pop culture when morality and amorality converged, and hedonism was the only reason to get into or out of bed, Michelangelo Antonioni studies a famous photographer's (David Hemmings) apathy and desperate search for something of worth. When Hemmings crosses paths with society dame Vanessa Redgrave, he begins the seduction with a smoking tutorial: her manic headbob subsides as they pass the cigarette between them in almost choreographed slow motion. The film speed never changes.

5. *Yojimbo* (1961) An unshaven, money-seeking samurai with no name wanders into a frontier town and plays two rival gangs against each other, forcing them into a war for his amusement and profit. When nearly everyone is dead and the town is in flames, he remarks, "Now maybe this town will have some quiet," and wanders off.

6. *A Room With a View* (1986) Elaborating on E.M. Forster's novel, Merchant/Ivory go on location to Italy and England to bring to life a bizarre love triangle. In the process, they capture a breathtaking kiss in the Florence countryside, and three grown men running naked around a pond.



7. *Rebel Without a Cause* (1955) Before the chicken run, James Dean asks Buzz, "Why do we do this?" To which Buzz responds, "You gotta do something, don't you?" With dialogue like this, Jim Backus didn't need to wear that amazing apron, and Natalie Wood didn't need to look anywhere near that good in her sweaters. But he did, and so did she.

8. *My Life As a Dog* (1985) When you are 12 years old, problems often seem bigger than they are. But not in this case. With his mother ignoring him and his family debating whether they should keep him, it's only natural for a boy to start acting like his dog, the one thing in his life getting the attention it deserves.

9. *To Be or Not To Be* (1942) Ernst Lubitsch's slapstick black comedy (set in occupied Poland—critics condemned its bad taste) blurred the distinction between the real and the fake so successfully that you had to wonder if casting Jack Benny as the world's biggest ham was an accident or a stroke of brilliance. Casting Carole Lombard as Benny's sexy wife was, more simply, Lubitsch's usual erotic triumph. And making a movie about a troupe of bad actors that hoodwink the Nazis was just a good idea.

10. *Vagabond* (1985) What starts out to be a carefree trip turns into a fight for survival. "Vagabond" follows Bonnaire, a free spirit wandering through the small

towns of France, encountering a world very different from what she expected: hitchhiking about, sleeping wherever. She wins bonus points for ingenuity, but demerits for hygiene, even by European standards.

11. *RoboCop* (1987) The ultimate superhero is a cybernetic swish with the personality of a carrot and eyes the color of cobalt. The ultimate sadistic villain is named Clarence. In Paul Verhoeven's futuristic Detroit, where private industry has taken over the police force and stupid dirty television shows dominate the airwaves, violence is so common as to become like wallpaper. Sort of like real life.

12. *Breathless* (1959) Jean-Luc Godard's postcard from Paris, received by all aspiring avant filmmakers. Jean-Paul Belmondo—smoking, perusing the newspaper whilst leaning in highwaisted trou against a doorjamb, sprinting through an open field, arriving sweaty and disheveled in a girl's flat—is the reason John Lurie is the way he is.

13. *Road Warrior* (1981) The good guys are unlovable postnuclear blonde Vikings; the bad guys are homoerotic biker punks, led by the ayatollah of rock'n'rolla. This low tech vision of the future, set in the Australian outback, features the world's greatest (and possibly longest) big truck chase scene, and is hard enough to end the thing with an empty payoff.

14. *Jean de Florette* (1987) When a city man moves his family to an inherited farm in the French countryside, it seems like a great idea. Except for one thing—there's no water. And why won't anyone help him? Because he's a hunchback.

15. *Evil Dead II* (1987) If the Three Stooges had really gouged each other's eyes out, it might have looked something like this.

16. *The Man Who Loved Women* (1977) Francois Truffaut's silliest movie got its name by way of Alfred Hitchcock and its air of lazy eroticism from Ernst Lubitsch. Objectification never seemed so harmless, so simple, or so necessary as in this story of a man whose roving eye leads him from sex to romance and back to sex again and again.

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"The whole idea of that is a little ironic, a little laughable. That someone could do this and actually make a career out of it."—David Lee Roth, December 1986.



17. Videodrome (1983) In director David Cronenberg's wildest fantasy, a mutant television technology projects its special effects into the real world, causing pornophile James Woods, whose flesh opens to receive a videocassette, all sorts of problems. Woods does, however, get to seduce Blondie's Debbie Harry on a TV talk show, and later stick a pin through her earlobe. Cool.

18. Blue Velvet (1986) David Lynch's perverse coming-of-age movie. No better perversion than Dennis Hopper—sucking on a corner of a robe and crying "Mommy" or brutally beating curious Kyle while Roy Orbison sings "Love Letters" and the most misshapen, vile woman gyrates on the roof of an American-made car.

19. Hammett (1982) Wim Wenders pretends that Hammett's life must have been as full of wisecracks, whiskey and blackjacks as his fiction. The main character is Hammett himself—as well dressed as Nick Charles and as nasty as Sam Spade.

20. Repulsion (1965) In Roman Polanski's hallucinatory first nightmare in English, Catherine Deneuve's sexual repression leads to an acute fear of intimacy and too much time spent alone. Her boyfriend has a really cool car, but Catherine cannot go outside because everyone will look at her. She can't stay in because the walls have hands that want to touch her. "Repulsion" is like a documentary of how hard it is to be a girl.

Rock the Screen

Rock'n'roll on television or in the movies is frenzy made sensible. Or insensible. Mick Jagger still owns one of rock's finest moments when he says, in Performance, "I don't like music." With this, even "Miss You" can't compare. Some other highlights:

1. "Tra-La-La," the theme from "The Banana Splits." "Four banana, three banana, two banana, one/All bananas playing in the bright blue sun," a voice sang while men dressed in

fluorescent post-meltdown chimp, dog and elephant suits rode around on tricycles. Television asserted its own logic; there were no justifications and no limits. A generation of minds was freed and deep-fried in cathode rays, made crispy-crunchy and ready for the white noise and retro-shit of the Butthole Surfers and Redd Kross. Or at least Josie and the Pussycats.

2. James Brown on "The T.A.M.I. Show." Gone, real gone. Brown shuffles across the stage on one foot, taking the rhythmic attack tap dancers gave beboppers and slamming it deep into the funk. Elvis used to rent out a Memphis movie house so he could sit by himself in the dark and screen this segment over and over. Brown said later it was the fastest he ever danced.

3. Marlon Brando in "The Wild One." An apotheosis of cheap rock'n'roll existentialism and cool leather wear. When asked, "What are you rebelling against, Johnny," Brando replies, "Whaddaya got?"

4. Screamin' Jay Hawkins performing "I Put a Spell on You," from the soundtrack to "Stranger than Paradise." When John Lurie grumbles about the music, his Hungarian cousin, Easter Balint, tells him, "Screamin' Jay is a wild man, so bug off."

5. Ed Sullivan on "The Ed Sullivan Show." People always talk about the Beatles and Elvis, but these were only nice guest appearances. Uptight but not out of sight, Ed was cool every week.

6. Dean Stockwell singing Roy Orbison's "In Dreams" into a utility light in "Blue Velvet." The glare gives his pancake makeup a hideous, beautiful sheen. Maybe that's why his performance makes Dennis Hopper cry.

7. Michael Jackson's Pepsi commercials. They gave new meaning to the expression, "fried hair."

8. Lulu singing the theme song in "To Sir With Love." A contradiction: a rock'n'roll song celebrating authority and discipline. But Lulu pulls it off.

9. Crispin Glover on "Late Night With David Letterman." He is the only guest ever removed from the show



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"We were just four people singing some easy, simple songs with no pretensions of being avant-garde."—Tina Weymouth of the Talking Heads, June 1985.



for threatening to kick the host, then invited back for a rematch. **GLOVER:** Guess some people are turned on by Brylcreem. **LETTERMAN:** Yeah, well, I dunno. **GLOVER:** And then they . . . I don't have these . . . **LETTERMAN:** You seem to be distraught. **GLOVER:** People make me, make me, make me, make me a lot weirder and I'm strong, I'm strong. I can arm wrestle. I, I, I, I, do you arm wrestle?

10. Jeff Beck of the Yardbirds

smashing his guitar in "Blowup." David Hemmings fights a crowd of rabid dope fiends for the guitar neck. Then, having survived the struggle, he tosses it away, worthless.

11. "Shaft." Who was the man who would risk his neck for another man? That Shaft, he's a bad mothafu'. Shut your mouth.

12. Pit on Tom Snyder. He told them they were making asses of themselves. They hit on him for smokes.

13. "Rock'n'Roll High School."

"Does your mother know you're Ramones?" leers Mary Woronov as evil Principal Togar. In response, Johnny, Joey, Dee Dee and Marky sing "Sheena Is a Punk Rocker" while the school building goes up in flames. Porn star P.J. Soles, as their biggest fan, rocks wildly and the credits roll.

14. Kenneth Anger's "Kustom Kar Kommandoes."

Now it looks like a rock video, but back in 1965 this stuff passed for art. A stud polishes a bright red car with a feathery puff while the Parris Sisters breathe "Dream Lover" in the background. Three minutes of this, and the American screen never saw anything sexier.

15. The Way-Outs on "The Flintstones."

They invented the modern pop group before Duran Duran ever even considered posing. Bonus points for being cooler than the Beau Brummelstones.

16. "Ocean's Eleven." Sammy, Dino, Frank and Joey make their debut as the Rat Pack. To folks in the know, the fact that this culturally deprived film stretched well over two hours was a pure bonus. As was the presence of Angie Dickinson.



17. Guns N' Roses' "Sweet Child O' Mine" video.

If you were to define cool, you'd say something about untouchability, abuse, speed, pointy boots, and you'd definitely film it in black and white. Bad girls toss masses of hair while handling camera lenses, Izzy's got shades on and a cigarette (no doubt filterless) hanging from his lower lip, Slash manages not to look doofy in a doofy hat while fingering his guitar, Axl's doing his inimitable serpentine thing wearing black leather hiphuggers accentuating his buttocks and his serpentine thing. Reckless and rank without concern for consequence or Jim Morrison.

18. The Bangles' "Hazy Shade Of Winter" video.

A great remake of a

shitty song from the 60s. A great video from a shitty movie about coke addicts that was duller than a qualude binge. All those TV sets, all those guitars, all those Bangles.

19. Peter Gabriel's "Shock the Monkey" video.

Gabriel wearing his tribal makeup, crawling around on all fours, swarmed by a tribe of midgets. Just the way you like him.

20. Public Enemy's "Night of the Living Baseheads" video.

Lionel Martin directs like a scratch deejay, cutting pieces of a mock news broadcast into Chuck D.'s righteous rap. Like Fab Five Freddy's video of "Talkin' All That Jazz" for Stetsasonic, this is a rap vid with rap rhythms. MC Lyte steals the show as a cub reporter.

Great Moments in Recording Studio History

Michael Ochs Archives

1. In 1972, Gene Simmons and Paul Stanley's pre-Kiss band, Wicked Lester, recorded at New York's Electric Lady Studios with engineer Tom Werman. Simmons stepped out to get a hot dog, and returned with a 6'2" Amazon he'd met on Eighth Street.

After awhile, Werman noticed that Stanley, Simmons and their new friend were missing. He asked about them and was told they were in the drum booth. As Werman tells it, he approached the drum booth, peeked in and saw "what my parents had said rock'n'roll was all about. It was just amazing, the things they were doing in there."

2. While recording their version of "Walk This Way," the members of Run-DMC told everyone in the studio that they were down with their friends Joe and Steve from Boys in the Attic.

3. For *Highway 61 Revisited*, Bob Dylan hired Michael Bloomfield to replace Al Kooper on guitar. Bloomfield walked into the studio with a vintage Fender Stratocaster guitar wrapped only in a paper bag, took off his shirt, and used it to wipe the snow from his guitar, much to the disgust of Kooper.

Bloomfield asked Dylan, "What do you want me to play?"

"Play anything you want," Dylan replied. "Just don't give me any of that B.B. King shit."

4. R.E.M. guitarist Peter Buck played drums on "Untitled," because drummer Mike Mills refused to play the beat the band called for. According to Mills, "It was impossible to play that badly for that long."

5. During breaks in the recording of last year's *If You Can't Lick 'em, Lick 'em*, Ted Nugent terrorized Conway studios with a hunting bow and the kind of arrows that can go through a man. In the yard behind the studios, the Nuge fired 13 or 14 arrows per minute at lifesize styrofoam bear and deer targets. Ted never missed, and the neighbors, whose child often played within range of the targets, only complained about the noise

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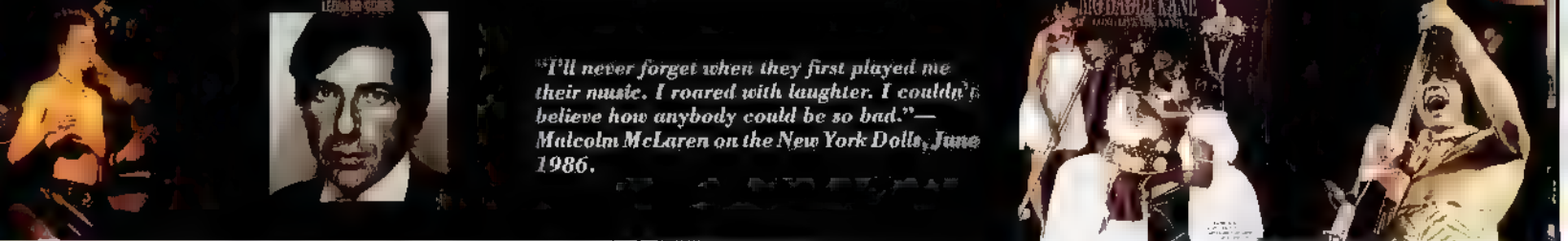
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"I'll never forget when they first played me their music. I roared with laughter. I couldn't believe how anybody could be so bad."
Malcolm McLaren on the New York Dolls, June 1986.

from the occasional basketball games between the band and the studio crew.

6. In 1969, Jerry Lee Lewis went to Memphis's TMI Studios to record an album called *Southern Roots*. Producer Huey Meaux persuaded three of the M.G.s—Steve Cropper, Al Jackson and Donald "Duck" Dunn—to play the session, even though the three weren't speaking to one another.

When Lewis arrived at the studio, he demanded that his son, Jerry Lee Jr., play drums. Meaux, having struggled to get Jackson, refused, so Lewis Sr. and Jr. stayed in their limousine for an hour. Finally, Meaux offered to pay the kid to play tambourine and the Lewises entered the studio.

Some time later, as Jerry Lee Sr. and Meaux were sitting in the recording booth, Carl Perkins walked in to play guitar. A 300-pound woman who'd been hanging around the studio peered through the glass and cried, "Blue Suede Shoes! Play 'Blue Suede Shoes!'"

Lewis stared at the woman and said, "Look bitch, the Killer is appearing here tonight."

7. During the initial recording of Noel's "Silent Morning," producer Aaron Hanson put a gun to Noel's head and threatened to blow his head off if he didn't sing the song Hanson's way.

8. In the middle of the Rolling Stones' "Brown Sugar" session, piano player Ian Stewart stopped things dead, and told Charlie Watts that his tom-toms were out of tune with the bass guitar.

"I never tune my drums," Watts told him blankly, and they started playing again. But a bit later, Stewart stopped everyone again and looked at Watts.

"What do you mean you never tune your drums?"

"Why tune something I'm just gonna go and beat the shit out of?" Watts answered. "I'll hit them for awhile and then they'll be in tune again."

9. When Patti Smith sang the lyrics, "Go, Johnny, go," in "Horses," she was looking at a picture of Johnny Carson and masturbating.

10. At a recording session in Orlando, Florida, producer Tom Werman grew accustomed to Molly Hatchet members coming in with black eyes and broken hands from barroom brawls. One afternoon, after two-and-a-half hours of waiting for guitarist Dave Lubeck, they got a phone call and learned that he'd been arrested for doing high velocity donuts around the gas station in his 'Vette. When these wild times were over, the only real casualties were art and the studio owner's born-again wife, who ran off with a Molly Hatchet roadie named Jughead.

Great Moments in Rock'n'Roll

The real events that shook the world

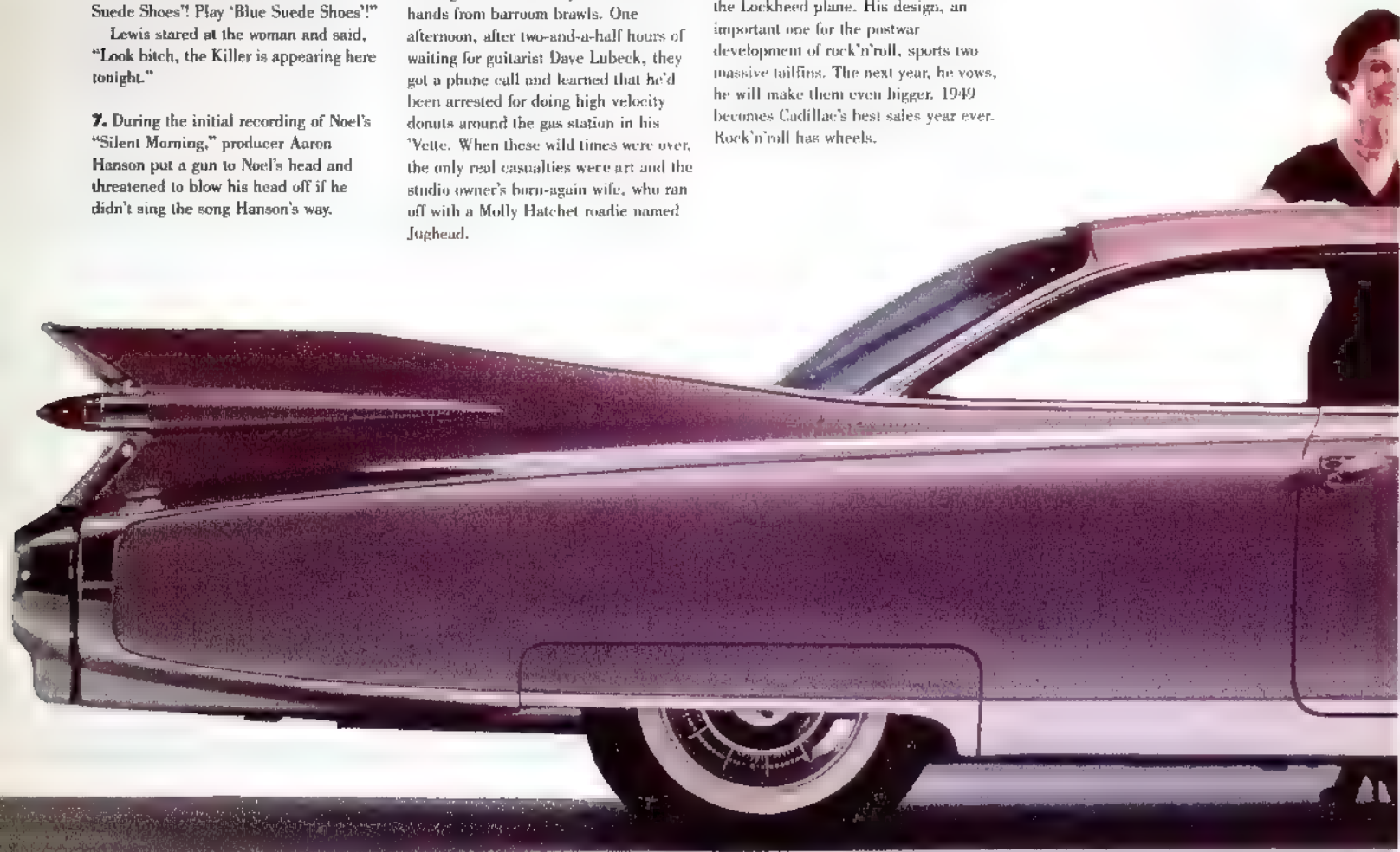
1. December 7, 1941, Pearl Harbor Day. Without it, and the mess that ensued, we wouldn't have the leather bomber jacket. And where would rock'n'roll be then?

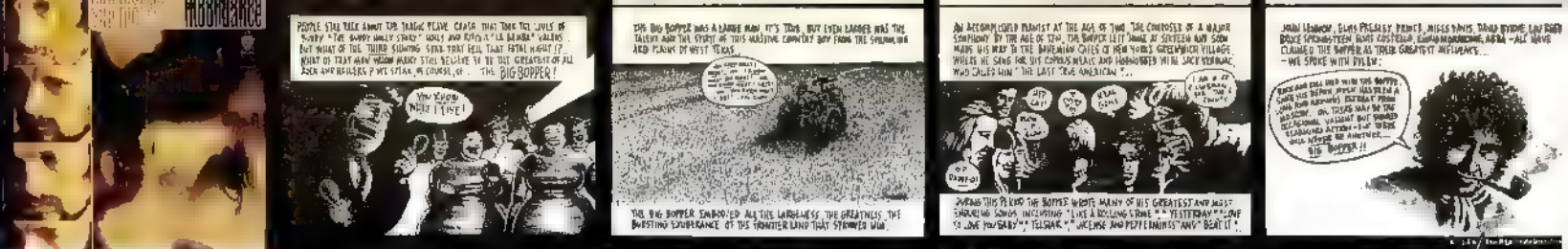
2. In 1947, a year of postwar stagnation in car design, General Motors vice president Harley Earl visits Selfridge Air Force Base, near Detroit, where Lockheed is working on its top secret P-38 fighter plane, known as Lightning. Kept at a distance of 30 feet as a national security precaution, Earl becomes fascinated by the fighter's enormous twin tail booms. He returns to his offices and creates a design for the 1948 Cadillac, which he calls the Interceptor, based on the Lockheed plane. His design, an important one for the postwar development of rock'n'roll, sports two massive tailfins. The next year, he vows, he will make them even bigger. 1949 becomes Cadillac's best sales year ever. Rock'n'roll has wheels.

3. 1959. William Burroughs publishes *Naked Lunch*, in which he coins the term "heavy metal." A major rock'n'roll source, the book also features a dildo named Steely Dan. (Later, at Bard College, it would take two dildoes to make up Steely Dan.)

4. January, 1965. Edie Sedgwick moves to New York, launching the partnership of models and rock stars which has become the lifeblood of the industry. Pimpily suburban adolescents now actually take up the guitar to "get models."

5. 1976. Following a bad review, Sex Pistol Sid Vicious attacks rock critic and ex-Pistol Nick Kent with a bicycle chain, and threatens him with a Bowie knife.





6. In tribute to Bootsy Collins, whose star-shaped rhinestone glasses were one of the Seventies' key fashion innovations, the Bootsy nightclub opens in Japan in 1976. Its patrons dress like Bootsy. Pop music entrenches itself as a form of cultural imperialism, and Japanese rastas with dreadlocks and big glasses finally have someplace to go at night.

7. 1979. Following his arrest in Toronto, Keith Richards gets his blood changed. The rock'n'roll equivalent of anabolic steroid treatments—or maybe the anatomical equivalent of a remix—blood changing offers the possibility of indefinite life on the classic rock circuit.

8. In 1981, the Rolling Stones accept more than \$1 million from Jovan, a perfume company, for sponsorship of the band's American tour. In doing so, they launch the modern marriage of rock and advertising, and make possible the California Raisins. According to Jay Coleman, president of Rockbill, the company that put together the deal and subsequently many others like it, "It caught a lot of people by surprise. Here was a group that was very much associated with the counterculture getting involved with a corporate sponsor. It really put the concept on the map."

9. Not content with the Bootsy nightclub, a Japanese corporation, Sony, buys Columbia Records in 1987. For years an adjunct to the advertising business, rock'n'roll now becomes an adjunct to the hi-fi equipment trade.

10. Perhaps in advance appreciation of all George Bush will do for the blues, a stunning lineup of R&B artists perform at his inauguration on January 21, 1989, including Etta James, Percy Sledge and Eddie Floyd. The California Raisins, the stars behind "I Heard It Through the Grapevine" and other R&B classics, do not attend.

Greatest Guitar Moments

1. Eric Clapton's riff on "Layla," by Derek and the Dominoes.
2. Clapton's solo on Cream's "White Room."
3. Keith Richards and Mick Taylor trading solos on "Sympathy for the Devil," from *Get Yer Ya-Ya's Out!*
4. Jimmy Nolen's chicken-scratch riff on James Brown's "Cold Sweat."
5. Neil Young's repeated note on "Down By the River."
6. Joe Perry's thigh-licking solo on Aerosmith's "Walk This Way."
7. Jimmy Page's riff on Led Zeppelin's "Kashmir."
8. Jesus and Mary Chain's feedback riff on "Never Understand."
9. Beastie Boys' sample of AC/DC's "Back in Black" on "Rock Hard."
10. The Kinks' "You Really Got Me."
11. Jimi Hendrix's "Foxy Lady."
12. Johnny Marr's imitation of Keith Richards imitating Bo Diddley on the opening of "How Soon Is Now?"
13. The Edge's imitation of God on U2's "Pride (In the Name of Love)."
14. Jimi Hendrix humping and then burning his guitar at Monterey.
15. Tum Verlaïne and Richard Lloyd's solos on Television's "Marquee Moon."

You Can't Go Home Again

1. Rolling Stones and Jovan sign first major, modern rock endorsement deal.
2. Walter Carlos becomes Wendy Carlos.
3. Ian Curtis leaves Joy Division's first American tour hanging.
4. John Mayall's legendary porn collection goes up in flames, leaving him with a lot of time on his hands.
5. MTV.
6. James Brown decides that yes, he can outrun the Georgia state troopers.
7. CDs.
8. Phil Collins, Steve Winwood and Eric Clapton make Michelob America's most popular rock video producer.
9. Sting's hairline. Oops, that actually did return.
10. Rolling Stone publishes corporate tipsheet, *Marketing Through Music*. Perception: Counterculture is dead. Reality: So what else is new?



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flavor is.

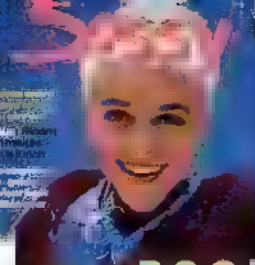


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"You see, Maurice Chevalier, who is one of the great international performers, has been a role model for me. And he was able to conquer every country."—Tony Bennett, February 1988.



Courtesy Edgewater Management



Ten Great Rock Hotels

As Nabokov's Humbert Humbert observed of his travels with *Lolita*: "To any other type of tourist accommodation I soon grew to prefer the Functional Motel—clean, neat, safe nooks, ideal places for sleep, argument, reconciliation, insatiable illicit love." These 10 hotels made rock'n'roll history.

1. Continental Hyatt House

(8221 Sunset Blvd., West Hollywood, CA, \$95-\$109 per night)

Locals renamed it the Riot House during Led Zeppelin's stay in 1972, when they reserved the whole 11th floor. As Stephen Davis wrote in *Hammer of the Gods*: "At slack moments [tour

manager] Richard Cole would roar down the corridor on a big Honda motorcycle that he had sneaked in via the freight elevator. . . . Entire suites of furniture went over the balconies. After the lads had been upbraided by the owner of a Lincoln convertible onto which they had been pouring their drinks and then their glasses from the 11th floor, someone threw a table over the side and demolished the car. The televisions went next."

2. Chelsea

(222 West 23 St., NYC, \$65-\$95 per night)

When Leonard Cohen sang, "I remember you well at the Chelsea Hotel/ You were talking so brave and so sweet/ Giving me head on the unmade bed/ While the limousine waited in the street," he spoke of two rock legends: Janis Joplin died in 1970; the Chelsea, haven to junkies and artists, still stands. Dylan stayed up all night writing "Sad Eyed Lady of the Lowlands" there. Edie Sedgwick, who met Leonard Cohen

there, torched her room in 1967, 12 years before Sid Vicious torched his. A good, cheap, depressing *piéd-a-terre* to Dylan Thomas, Tennessee Williams, Thomas Wolfe, Arthur Miller, and Gore Vidal. It was the last hotel Nancy Spungen ever saw.

3. Holiday Inns

(Nationwide, rates vary)

Sun Records pioneer Sam Phillips helped found this legendary chain. On August 24, 1968, Keith Moon capped off his birthday celebration by accidentally driving a Lincoln Continental into the swimming pool of the Holiday Inn in Flint, Michigan. The Beastie Boys are banned from the entire chain for, among other offenses, drilling a hole between their stacked suites so they could talk with each other.

4. Hacienda

(South Figueroa, LA, CA, \$3 per night, 1964 rates)

On December 11, 1964, Sam Cooke forced 22-year-old Elisa Boyer into a \$3-a-night room. She fled, taking his clothes with her; dressed only in a sport coat, he pursued her to the registration desk, where he was stopped by three shots from night manager Bertha Franklin's .22. His last words were, "Lady, you shot me." The police found a copy of *Muhammad Speaks* in the back seat of Cooke's cherry-red Ferrari.

5. Edgewater Hotel

(2411 Alaskan Way, Seattle, WA, \$90 per night)

The Edgewater takes convenience to its unnatural limits: you can fish in Puget Sound from your balcony, a real thrill for the bored rock band on tour. Best known as the site of Led Zeppelin's infamous '69 Shark Episode, in which they supposedly caught a sand shark from their balcony and amused a groupie with it. Tour manager Richard Cole disavows the story; he says it was a red snapper.

6. Circus-Circus

(2880 Las Vegas Blvd., Las Vegas, NV, rates vary)

Hunter S. Thompson, from *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas*: "The Circus-Circus is what the whole hep world would be doing on Saturday night if the Nazis had won the war. This is the Sixth Reich. . . . The place is about four stories high in the style of a circus tent, and all manner of strange County-Fair/Polish

Carnival madness is going on up in this space. Right above the gambling tables the Forty Flying Carazito Brothers are doing a high-wire trapeze act, along with four muzzled Wolverines and the Six Nymphet Sisters from San Diego. . . . so you're down on the main floor playing blackjack, and the stakes are getting high when suddenly you chance to look up, and there, right smack above your head is a half-naked 14-year-old girl being chased through the air by a snarling wolverine, which is suddenly locked in a death battle with two silver-painted Polacks.

7. Palace Hotel

(Bowery, NYC, \$6.50 per night)

The flophouse above CBGB. In the late 70s, personae non gratae regularly flew from the roof, never failing to catch the attention of the punks loitering below. Two nearly hit Dee Dee Ramone in the same day. Without the Palace, there'd have been no one to throw up on the Barnard students who came downtown after reading about punk rock in the *Village Voice*. No one, that is, except Legs McNeil.

8. Landmark Motor Hotel

(La Cienega Blvd., LA, CA, now closed)

On October 4, 1970, Janis Joplin failed to pick up her fiancée, Seth Morgan, at the Burbank airport. Her road manager John Cooke spotted her car in the Landmark parking lot and went to her room. He found her face down on the carpet, dead of a heroin overdose.

9. Chateau Marmont

(8221 Sunset Blvd., LA, CA, \$95 to \$495 per night)

Led Zeppelin liked to stay in the spacious bungalows here until the Manson killings scared them away. On March 5, 1982, in spacious Bungalow No. 3, John Belushi died from prolonged and intensive drug use.

10. Heartbreak Hotel

(Down at the end of Lonely Street, the corner of Lonely Avenue, on the dark side of the street, Anytown, USA, no charge; single rooms only)

Before Mac Axton and Tommy Durden wrote their tribute, Robert Johnson wrote "Love in Vain" here. Little Anthony left teardrops on his pillow. Clapton composed "Layla," and Irma Thomas sat by her window watching the rain come falling down.

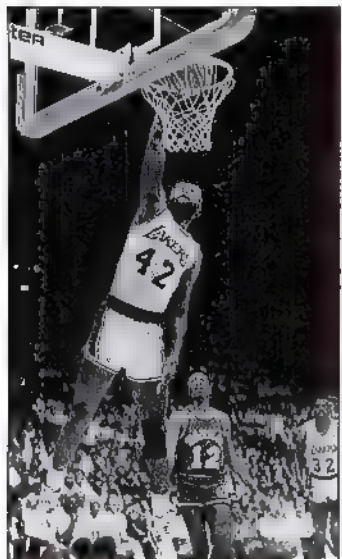


State of the Art

The best in rock'n'roll fetishes

1. The Los Angeles Laker fast break

Not as indomitable this year as in the past two, this is still the most beautiful sight in sports. So graceful it takes on the air of inevitability, the Laker fast break rattles its own ghost, becoming a dense blur of speed, skill and power. In A.C. Green's blind outlet pass, you can already see James Worthy's grand, gliding, one-handed slam dunk. Even before Worthy gets the ball from Magic Johnson, the break is like an instant replay: a flourish in which the beginnings broadcast the ends so unequivocally that they could be contemporaneous. Like great rock'n'roll, it breaks down the continuity of time into a repetitive, multi-tiered instant.



2. The Marlboro cigarette box

Some purists prefer the Raymond Loewy-designed Lucky Strike pack (compact and deadly, a kamikaze approach to smoking), but the real apex of American design is the Marlboro box: sharp and deadly, a phalanx of primary color, its sturdy shell protecting the earthy brown filters inside. Like the classic green Coke bottles—ideal receptacles for nasty chemicals—the Marlboro box makes no pretense of being good for you: it is like a beacon for tar and nicotine. Built for speed, it makes the Gitanes pack look wimpy.

3. New Order

The band of the decade, New Order not only offer better bass lines than the competition, they do a better job of being an Eighties band: something nearly intangible, just out of reach. The failures of the decade aren't bad songs, but over- or underexposure. Bands play for their lonely hearts clubs or else become as common as water. From their cryptic covers to their computer grooves, New Order has remained an enigma, a shifting relationship between product and humanity, with technology informing both camps. They are a fetish that refuses to be consumed.

4. Sassy magazine

Dumb, catty dish for girls too smart for the other teen magazines, *Sassy* exploits a paradox grownups are generally too earnest to catch: that sweetness and hostility are often two sides of the same coin. But really, we love it for the peroxide suedehead on the cover of issue No. 8. *Sassy*!

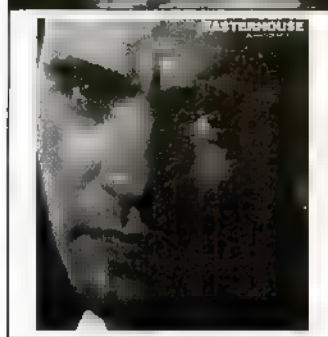
5. The Ninja motorcycle

The Harley hogs pack more historical punch, but nothing turns banal humanity into legend as quickly as a Ninja. Powerful and efficient, these superbikes turn every bend into a potential dead man's curve, and even make the transitional stage between humanity and legend, namely pain, seem an anachronism. If they seem unsentimental, it's just a front. As you accelerate into a blind curve, don't think of yourself as large-scale equivalent to the detritus on a flyswatter; think of yourself as your girlfriend's first single.

6. "The Terminator"

Positing technology as the perfection of humanity, this movie plays out the fetish of the electric guitar to its logical conclusions: a lethal loving machine, sexless but cruelly beautiful, come to control the future by devouring the past. What could be more rock'n'roll? Schwarzenegger, finally a villain instead of miscast as a hero, is the perfect object. Unconvincing as a human being, he makes a thoroughly credible cyborg. He earns bonus points for maintaining all his charisma when he is reduced to a chrome skeleton.

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"All this shit about me being better in the old days . . . that's reactionary thinking from pitiful motherfuckers who weren't even there."—Miles Davis, January 1987.



MYTH INFORMATION

20 great rock'n'roll events that never really happened . . .

1. Woodstock did not happen in Woodstock, New York. It was supposed to happen in nearby Wallkill, but when locals barred the festival less than a month before its scheduled date, the concert moved to Max Yasgur's farm in Bethel, New York.

2. Alice Cooper did not play Eddie Haskell on "Leave It to Beaver."

3. After Al Green refused her proposal of marriage, Mary Woodson did not scald him with a pot of grits. "It wasn't grits like they always say in the stories," Green told Bart Bull in 1987, 13 years after the event. "It was water boiling to fix grits."

4. Sam Phillips never said, "If I could find a white boy who sang like a nigger, I could make a billion dollars," despite Albert Goldman's reportage to the contrary in his biography, *Elvis*. The quote, which entered the pop canon indirectly, through Sun Records comanager Marion Keisker, is on tape in the Memphis State University library. According to Keisker, Phillips said, "If I could find a white man with the Negro sound and the Negro feel, I could make a billion dollars." As for Phillips, he denies ever saying any such thing. Hard

to believe Albert Goldman could get his facts wrong.

5. The Canadian group Klaatu, whose debut album appeared on Capitol in August 1976 with no pictures of the band and a sound remarkably similar to *Magical Mystery Tour*, was not really the Beatles. Rumor circulated that if you spun the record backwards, it said, "It's us, the Beatles." In an unrelated nonevent, Orion was not really the stage name Elvis used after faking his death and escaping to Hawaii.

6. That low-volume shriek in the middle of the Ohio Players' "Love Rollercoaster" is not the sound of someone being snuffed in the next studio.

7. "Louie Louie," by Richard Berry, does not contain any dirty lyrics. The complete text to the song, printed in *Esquire* last winter as supplied by Berry himself, revealed nothing Tipper Gore wouldn't sing along to, if she could figure it out. Berry also said that "Louie Louie" wasn't one of his better songs.

8. Home taping is not what's killing the record industry.

9. The red ink in the first Kiss comic book, published June 28, 1977, by Marvel, was not made from the four members' blood.

10. Paul McCartney isn't dead. There must be some other explanation for his being barefoot on the cover of *Abbey Road*.

11. Morton Downey Jr. did not cowrite "Wipeout," the surf instrumental by the Surfaris.

12. There is no guitar-shaped pool at Graceland. The guitar-shaped pool is in Nashville. Visitors to Graceland often ask to see it, though.

13. No one ever pumped 12 ounces of semen from Rod Stewart's stomach.

14. The character of Mr. Greenjeans, from "Captain Kangaroo," was not played by Johnny and Edgar Winter's father.

15. Robert Christgau once summed up the denouement of the 1969 tragedy at Altamont Raceway as follows: "An Afro-American bohemian is murdered by a lower-class white Hell's Angel while the Englishmen do a song called 'Sympathy for the Devil.'" Wrong. Contrary to myth, the Stones were not playing "Sympathy" when the Hell's Angels stabbed Meredith Hunter. They were playing "Under My Thumb." According to Greil Marcus, one of *Rolling Stone's* writers covering the concert, the myth came from the pages of *Rolling Stone*: "We reported that the killing had taken place as the Rolling Stones played 'Sympathy for the Devil.' We had a bad tape of the show. . . We found out, not long after, that we were wrong. . . There was no doubt—movie footage had captured the event. In the movie 'Gimmie Shelter,' millions saw it happen. So we set the record straight. . . But neither the correction nor the movie ever had any effect. Every time Altamont was mentioned, so was the killing that had taken place during 'Sympathy for the Devil' . . . 'Even if it didn't happen,' the editor finally said, 'it did.'"

16. The Mekons never met Merle Haggard backstage, as Michael Kaplan reported in SPIN. They made that up.

17. It is not true that after Ozzy Osbourne bit the head off a bat, he vowed never to perform again until he'd sawed the legs off a Doberman pinscher. We never heard this one either, but Ozzy swears it made the rounds.

18. When the police burst into Keith Richards' apartment in February 1967, the Rolling Stones were not eating a Mars Bar from the private parts of

Marianne Faithfull. "As for me," she told Scott Cohen in 1987. "I just sat there in my fur rug, with no Mars bar. It's a folk legend, and if people want to believe that when the cops walked in there was this incredible orgy going on, they will, but get it straight."

19. Disco didn't suck.

20. Acid-washed jeans are not washed in acid. They are faded in a strong alkali, or base solution.

... And 13 rock'n'roll events we wish never happened.

1. Mick Jagger's solo albums.

2. The Village People's new romantic look.

3. Albert Goldman's Elvis and John Lennon books.

4. Andy Warhol's comment that in the future, everybody will be famous for 15 minutes. We suggest an indefinite moratorium on quoting this prediction.

5. Semiotics. If you think this strain of French literary criticism is harmless, read the record reviews section.

6. "Tommy." It gave us the rock opera, and even now causes us to live in fear of the rap opera.

7. Pat Boone's version of "Ain't That a Shame" outsold Fats Domino's original. Was ever a record better titled?

8. Elvis Presley's induction into the Army, even if it did give us Priscilla Beaulieu.

9. The PMRC.

10. Donna Summer's remark that AIDS was God's revenge against homosexuals, although it did make it possible to buy cheap Donna Summer records in every used record store in America.

11. Michael Jackson's purchase of the Beatles catalog. We wish he'd gotten the Elephant Man's remains, though.

12. Elvis Costello's comment, to Bonnie Bramlett, that Ray Charles was a blind, ignorant nigger.

13. Sting.



"We're just basically real people to the point that I think it almost offends other people." —
Slash (Guns N' Roses), May 1988.

p. 47, L-R: Tom Waits—Michael Ochs Archives;
 Jagger & Richards—Joe Sie
 Jimmy Page—Jill Furman/LPI
 p. 48, L-R: Al Green—David Redfern/Retna
 Pete Townshend—Jon Sie
 p. 51, L-R: Leonard Cohen—Patrick Quigley/Retna
 p. 52, L-R: Elvis—Kobal Collection
 Patsy Cline—Michael Ochs Archives

p. 54, L-R: Mike Mullaly—William F. Gottlieb/Retna
 p. 58, L-R: Shakti—Kobal Collection
 pp. 60-61, L-R: Sid Vicious—Paul Cox/LPI
 Eddie Van Halen—Tom Rauscher/Retna
 Carolee—Lao/Rohrer Productions
 pp. 64-65, L-R: Leonard Bernstein—Michael Ochs Archives
 p. 66, L-R: Frank Sinatra—Ted Allen/Kobal Collection
 Fats Domino/Pat Boone—Michael Ochs Archives

Top 10 Coolest Books

1. *On the Road*, Jack Kerouac (1957)

As the decadent search for kicks becomes passe and finally just a harmless anachronism, Kerouac's travels with Neal Cassady hold up as male bonding's finest moment. And his prose still has legs.

2. *The Life of Oscar Wilde*, Hesketh Pearson (1946)

The most amazing figure of the 19th century: a humorous, talkative, extravagant aesthete who amazed everyone with his outrageous wit and repartee. Morrissey is still on him like a mouse on cheese.

3. *Old Goriot*, Honoré de Balzac (1834)

A literary whore, Balzac applied

his pen at the drop of a coin, before committing himself to the 90-volume *Comédie Humaine*. A social detective, a vulgarian who drank great quantities of black coffee, he explores through Goriot—gone from splendor to squalor and living in a modest Parisian boarding house—the sordid bits of life, the importance of fashion, the ways people use each other, and man's obsessive, excessive passions: money, love, vanity.

4. *American Splendor*, Harvey Pekar (1986 & 1987)

A decade's worth of the days and nights of Harvey Pekar—record collector, civil service file clerk, skinflint, Cleveland folklorist, chronicler of the poetry of the quotidian—as drawn by R. Crumb and others.

5. *The Homewood Trilogy*, John Edgar Wideman (1983)

America's best living novelist, Wideman draws knowing sketches of black Pittsburgh: the

mythology, the less sentimental current reality, the life of a small-time thief running from a murder rap after things run afoul. But more than that, this is a trilogy about family. Also published as *Damballah, Sent for You Yesterday and Hiding Place*.

6. *Eclisto*, Padgett Powell (1983)

Simons Manigault is a very clever child who wears Converse sneakers, goes to funky southern nightclubs, and in the adolescent state of confusion and wonder learns a new word for boner. That's tallywhacker.

7. *The Killer Inside Me*, Jim Thompson (reprinted 1984)

Sheriff Lew Ford is a nice guy until people start reminding him of the randy maid who introduced him to sex, too much sex, when he was a teenager. Then bad things happen, especially to women who can't take a punch or two. Thompson's best, and perhaps sickest, this is a pulp masterpiece.

8. *A Burnt-Out Case*, Graham Greene (1960)

A world famous architect with a name that means doubt abandons everything he's ever worked for and flees to a life of obscurity—in a leper colony.

9. *Journey to the End of the Night*, Louis-Ferdinand Céline (1950)

The dark side of *On the Road*: instead of seeking kicks, the narrator travels the globe, finding an ever deeper disgust for life. When he awakens from a malarial coma to find that he has been sold into slavery, it is not the worst that befalls him.

10. *Physicians Desk Reference*, (published annually)

The essential, fully-illustrated handbook to over-the-counter, prescription blessings. It should be kept in the back of your 1968 Volkswagen Beetle. When you've raided all medicine cabinets for a Technicolor handful midparty, you can slip out to the driveway for a private consultation during which you decide precisely how you'd like to feel.



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Produced by Jim Dickenson.

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GORDON'S GIN
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LONDON CALLING:

ENGLAND'S TOP 20 INDEPENDENT ALBUMS

1. **NEW ORDER**, *Technique*, Factory
2. **LOOP**, *Fade Out*, Chapter 22
3. **CICCONE YOUTH**, *Whitey Album*, Blast First
4. **THROWING MUSES**, *Hunkpapa*, 4AD
5. **HOUSE OF LOVE**, *House of Love*, Creation
6. **SHAMEN**, *In Gorbachev We Trust*, Demon
7. **ERASURE**, *The Innocents*, Mute
8. **PIXIES**, *Surfer Rosa*, 4AD
9. **BABY FORD**, *Ford Trax*, Rhythm King
10. **J.A.M.M.S.**, *Shag Times*, KLF Communications
11. **MY BLOODY VALENTINE**, *Isn't Anything*, Creation
12. **KYLIE MINOGUE**, *Kylie*, PWL
13. **YAZZ**, *Wanted*, Big Life
14. **FUGAZI**, *Fugazi*, SST
15. **WEDDING PRESENT**, *George Best*, Reception
16. **ERASURE**, *The Circus*, Mute
17. **CONFLICT**, *The Final Conflict*, Mortarhate
18. **HAPPY MONDAY**, *Bummed*, Factory
19. **SUICIDE**, *A Way Of Life*, Chapter 22
20. **SONIC YOUTH**, *Daydream Nation*, Blast First

GORDON'S GIN

compiled by Mike

GORDON'S GIN The Gin • england

SPIN's First Reader's Poll

Best band of all time

Worst band of all time

Most overrated

Most underrated

Best album of all time

Best song of all time

BEST ACTS:

Greatest rock'n'roll hero of all time

Best dressed babe in music

Best dressed dude in music

Worst dressed babe

Worst dressed dude

Best rock'n'roll marriage

Worst rock'n'roll marriage

Most dateable babe in music

Most dateable dude in music

Most decadent band

Best cover song of all time (performer and song)

Sickest, most decadent rocker of all time

Best video

Worst video

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Success and failure are both difficult to endure. Along with success come drugs, divorce, fornication, bullying, travel, medication, depression, neurosis and suicide. With failure comes failure.

—Joseph Heller

Wishing on a Star

Imagine for a moment—a lifetime perhaps—that you're Madonna Louise Veronica Ciccone Penn. You think it's going to be fun? A Catholic childhood staining the rest of your life with knee-jerk demonstrations of penance; your favorite part of your body being your belly button; celebrity straddling the knife edge of gratitude and invasion; your charging that your poor, sweet, deluded husband tied you to a chair. At Christmas. You're on the Forbes 40, but you can't even get to your car phone to ring the bank. When you stop to think about it, being Madonna must really suck.

In the past year the Boy Toy has, if nothing else, grown up. A self-imposed exile from making music, the drudgery of a "serious" Broadway run and the public collapse of an even more public marriage can't fail to have taken their toll. You don't just ride these things, you hold your breath and bruise like hell.

At last the breath has been released in the form of an album, *Like A Prayer*, her most openly personal work to date. Dealing with, in her own words, "an assimilation of experiences I've had in my life and in my relationships . . . the pain of dying, of growing up and letting go," the album shows both a musical and lyrical maturity, wounds old and new laid bare. It's a brave record, but hardly the sort of comeback one would expect. Whereas Prince and Michael Jackson, the only other two solo contemporary megastars to have attained international buzzword status, have ascended into a fantasy firmament of their own creation, Madonna sounds like she's back at her first confessional. Perhaps, at last, she's sketched a self-image that she's spent the best part

The vanity of an artist is of a very curious nature because it is tied to death. Trying to cheat it. And all perfect nonsense, but it fills the days.

—Gore Vidal

Vegetarians are paler than other people.

—Madonna

Article by Paul Mathur

Photograph by Herb Ritts





The New Madonna has dispensed with denials of her true self. The peroxide is gone, as are the other approximations of kaleidoscopic glamor. What you see is what you get. What she'll get. What she wants.

of 30 years trying to deny. The ordinary fucked-up kid with ordinary hopes and ordinary fears. For the first time in her life she's getting used to being normal.

Most people who have ever worked with Madonna will recognize her traits. "She can be bossy," admits "Who's That Girl" director James Foley, Madonna's best friend and best man at her and Sean Penn's wedding. "One time I kissed her feet to get her to overdub a line. She's strong, though, and I like that." Abandoned boyfriends are less gracious about the Diva, but stomped hearts and squelched loves are, after all, par for the course. Strong women leave big hickeys. That's "strong," as in cold steel. But is such behavior really inexcusable, special, even interesting? Is there any difference between her not giving a whiny kid an autograph and anyone else refusing to toss money to a bum? What has so often been perceived as ingratitude, an abuse of power, is little more than a diamond-studded version of everyday boredom. It's just that things look bigger from the outside of the goldfish bowl.

Madonna's weakness in the past has been in refusing to embrace that normality. Her legendary single-minded determination has been tangled in delusions of grandeur.

In 1986 Foley summed her up as having "unlocked enormous pent-up yearnings for a glamorous image.

She's hooked on a moonbeam."

Hooked on a moonbeam, just like any other kid who sees a crack in the clouds. Madonna was never Marilyn, save for a video and a couple of dates with John F. Kennedy Jr. She was someone who looked like she wanted to be someone else. And therein lay her bankable charm—she was a wanna-be icon only in the sense that the Valley Girls, Mall Rats and Catalog Queens could momentarily imagine themselves a few floors up. They didn't want to be her, they wanted to be *like* her, a bit nearer heaven and with more money to spend on crucifixes. Likewise with her sexuality. She has never previously been sexy, except as a personification of female power. She traded on the image of the pinup biting back, Miss August spearing you with the staples. Taken to an extreme in the "Open Your Heart" video, where the peep-show clientele were vaguely disguised record company executives, the sex bomb always looked like she was going to explode.

The New Madonna has dispensed with such gimmicky denials of her true self. The peroxide is gone, as are the other approximations of kaleidoscopic glamor. What you see is what you get. What she'll get. What she wants.

But what is it that she wants? Her desires have always been confused by received misconceptions. She

wanted to be as famous as God—she ended up as reviled as Judas. She wanted a strong, intense man—she got a husband who beat her up. She wanted to act onstage—she got bored. When writer Harry Crews interviewed her recently, she expressed an affinity with people who have suffered—Diane Arbus, Charles Bukowski, the painter Frida Kahlo. *Like A Prayer* bears out that obsession, Madonna identifying herself with the lost, the lonely and the plainly pulped. She comes close to glamorizing what is, after all, just one of life's side effects, but the album suggests that it is more of an exorcism, a shedding of skin, a coming to terms with her own good fortune. It is only when the nightmares are confronted and the fears transcended that she can finally detach herself from the mythology of her own existence.

Part of the problem would seem to lie in her relentless energy, her attitude to life as some crazy means to an end, whether assuming that dollars mean points come the Final Judgment, or just a hunch that to confuse her public is to resist their suffocating adulation. What is often perceived as callousness is, it would seem, a by-product of thinking too much, feverishly planning tomorrow without really appreciating today.

Is she happy? Has she ever been happy? Would she know happiness if it came down and presented her with a letter of introduction? *Like A Prayer* suggests that she has at least thought about looking up how to spell the word, and she finally seems capable of rejecting the conception of pleasure and sin as being synonymous. When she and Sandra Bernhard (herself no stranger to tying people to chairs, as witnessed in "King of Comedy") baited Letterman about the alleged lesbian relationship between the two of them, she showed a newly acquired ability to indulge absur-

dity. Whether she'll be able to handle the rumors of an affair with "Dick Tracy" costar Warren Beatty—Sean Penn once told her, "do anything you want, just never make a film with Warren Beatty"—quite so adeptly remains to be seen. What is evident is that her time off from recording has done her good. Whether she makes good or bad music is irrelevant to anyone except her record-buying public; the music business was never more than a shortcut to fame. Her strength lies in her potential to make determination and resistance to celebrity look less like hard work and more like a good time.

Flash forward 10 years. Now imagine you're Madonna Louise Veronica Ciccone Smith. Your latest album, just released under the name Louise Ciccone, has just gone platinum, the public drawn to songs about flowers and mountains and being in love. You're happily married, with kids, and the Madonna And Child headlines have long since lost their tacky resonance. Sometimes you wake up and you can't stop smiling. Life's good. You're good. And most of all, you're you. Hey, maybe it was worth all that pain.

If anyone is going to answer her prayers, it's going to be Madonna herself.

We're all in this together. By ourselves.

—Lily Tomlin



Magazine and **CYPRESS RECORDS** are proud to announce

The 1ST Annual #1 WITH A BULLET songwriters' competition



Recently, Cypress Records released #1 With A Bullet, a collection of original songwriters' demos that went on to become Top 10 hits by major recording artists, including "True Colors," "Crazy For You," and "Walk Like An Egyptian." Now, here is *your* chance to be "discovered"! SPIN and CYPRESS are looking for the best new song of 1989, and you may have *already* written it! But you've got to get it to us, on a cassette, by April 30, 1989. Just pick up an entry blank at a participating MUSICLAND/SAM GOODY, it contains all the details. Or send a self-addressed stamped envelope to "DEMO" CYPRESS RECORDS, 1523 Crossroads Of The World, Los Angeles, California 90028. The winning entry will be included on "CRITICS CHOICE III," the upcoming music sampler from CYPRESS RECORDS. Additionally, the following prizes will be awarded:

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GRAND PRIZE (BEST SONG)—KAWAI K-5 SYNTHESIZER, ATARI MEGA ST II COMPUTER, HYBRID ARTS, "TOTAL CONTROL PACKAGE" SOFTWARE & SHURE SM58 MICROPHONE

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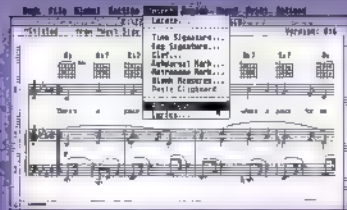
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Sam Goody
GOODY GOT IT!

FREE NEW MUSIC TAPE

Posse in effect, the A-Team was about to jump into the Batmobile (power steering, Landau roof) and roll.

But then—

"Dag!"

Big Bob, president of the A-Team, slapped his hand on the table and turned to his friends, Swift and Dice. "At that price, don't you have to pay extra for the record reviews?" he asked incredulously. "Plus you get a free tape? Get the funk out of here."

Big Bob couldn't believe it. "A whole year of SPIN, delivered to my doorstep each month, for just \$15.95? Is there a method in their badness?"

Well, the whole A-Team was floored. Funkwizard Snow agreed that a deal like that was worth dropping out of law school for, even if this was his

CHOOSE ONE OF THE FOLLOWING:

TAPE 1

MCA RECORDS

Charlie Sexton
Fine Young Cannibals
Big Bam Boo
Lyle Lovett
Steve Earle
Holly Johnson
The Broken Homes
The Tragically Hip
Paradise Lost
Pilgrims

TAPE 2



ENIGMA

Smithereens
Game Theory
Don Dixon
Close Lobsters
Wire
Velvet Elvis
Dream Syndicate
Del-Lords
Mojo Nixon
Nick Cave
Sonic Youth
Laibach
Dickies
Dead Milkmen
Eric Ambel
Devo
Bill Nelson
Plus additional artists

TAPE 3



The Go-Betweens
Cocteau Twins
Marc Almond
Lloyd Cole and the Commotions
Richard Thompson
The Thieves
The Reivers
Skinny Puppy
Johnny Clegg & Savuka

TAPE 4



Roy Orbison
E.U.
That Petrol Emotion
Inner City
Julia Fordham
Sam Phillips
Maxi Priest
Neneh Cherry
Roxx Gang
King Swamp

PLUS SPIN

one chance to get on the right side of the law. "That magazine is eckmarylous, eckniculous, and then some!" he said. Then Big Bob smiled. He looks so handsome when he smiles.

Why was Big Bob smiling? He just realized that his paltry \$15.95 would get him not just 12 totally fat, dookie, dope issues of SPIN, but an equally fat, dookie, dope cassette of new music. Each tape is custom designed just for SPIN subscribers, with hot new bands like Fine Young Cannibals. It was too much.

"Dag!"

The A-Team hopped in the Batmobile and rolled out. Big Bob popped his tape in the system, and the A-Team rocked on, rocked strong, to the break of dawn. That is, on the happily ever after tip, boy-ee.

TAPE 5



Gipsy Kings
Shinehead
Starpoint
The Georgia Satellites
Billy Bragg
Le Mystere Des Voix Bulgares Vol. 2
Metallica
Dokken
The Sugarbushes
Metal Church
Kronos Quartet
Yaz
Super Lover Cee & Casanova Rud
Ruben Blades

TAPE 6



Matthew Sweet
Royal Court of China
Thrashing Doves
Joe Henry
One 2 Many
Sandmen
Feelies
Sam Brown
Dare
Cheryl Lee Ralph
Robyn Hitchcock
Neville Brothers
Sandman

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ANNE RICE

THE MUMMY

Ramses Awakes Cleopatra,
an exclusive excerpt from the new novel by Anne Rice,
author of the Vampire Chronicles.

The inscription on Ramses' tomb read, "Be Warned: I sleep as the earth sleeps beneath the night sky or the winter's snow; and once awakened, I am servant to no man." But the archaeologist was a modern man and these words were meant for ancient, superstitious people. Weren't they? As the sun hit the linen wrappings, the life of the immortal Egyptian King began to unravel.

The action starts after the sarcophagus is brought to London where Ramses the Damned, eternal time traveler, finds himself in England during the time of the invention of the motorcar. He also discovers himself falling in love with Julie, the archaeologist's beautiful daughter. Although superhuman in so many respects, when he returns to Egypt to see what the centuries have done to his former world, he is weakened by a powerful passion for a woman long dead: Cleopatra.

Through the broad dusty rooms of the first floor of the Cairo museum they trekked, listening to the guide, who spoke rapidly despite his thick Egyptian accent. Ah, treasures galore, there was no doubt of it. All the loot of the tombs; things he had never even dreamed of in his time. And here it was for all the world to see, under soiled glass and weak lights, yet nevertheless preserved from time and ruin.

Ramses stared at the statue of the happy scribe—the little cross-legged figure with his papyrus on his lap, looking up eagerly. It should have moved him to tears. But all he felt was a vague joy that he had come, he had

visited it all as he should, and now he would be leaving.

At last they proceeded up the grand stairway. The room of the Kings, the ordeal he was dreading. He felt Samir at his side.

"Why not forgo this gruesome pleasure, sire? For they are all horrors."

"No, Samir, let me see it through to the finish."

He almost laughed when he understood what it was—a great chamber of glass cases like the cases in the department stores where goods were displayed safe from prying fingers.

Nevertheless the blackened grinning bodies gave him a dull shock. It seemed he could scarcely hear the guide, and yet the words were coming clear:

"The Ramses the Damned mummy in England is till a controversial discovery. Very controversial. This is the true Ramses the Second, right before you, known as Ramses the Great."

Edging closer, he stared down at the gaunt horrid thing that bore his name.

"... Ramses the Second, greatest of all Egypt's Pharaohs."

He almost smiled as he studied the dried limbs, and then the obvious truth hit him, like something physical pressing on his chest, that if he had not gone into that cave with the wicked old priestess, he would indeed be lying in this case. Or what was left of him. And all the world since faded; it was no more suddenly than those years. And to think he would have died without knowing so much; without ever realizing...

Illustration by Amy Guip

Noise. Julie had said something, but he couldn't hear her. There was a dull roaring in his head. Suddenly he saw them all, these ghastly corpses, like burnt things out of the oven. He saw the filthy glass; he saw the tourists pushing this way and that.

He heard Cleopatra's voice. "When you let Mark Antony die, you let me die! I want to be with him now. Take the elixir away, I won't drink it."

Were they moving again? Had Samir said it was time to go? He looked up slowly from the awful sunken face and saw Elliott gazing at him, with the strangest expression on his face. What was it? Understanding.

Oh, but how can you understand? I myself can scarcely understand.

"Let's go, sire."

He let Samir take his arm and lead him towards the doorway. It seemed Miss Barrington laughed at something Alex had whispered in her ear. And the din of the French tourists nearby was positively frightful. Such a harsh tongue.

He turned, staring back at the glass cases. Yes, leave this place. Why are we going down the corridor

He looked down through the glass; her face; it was she, the soft cerements molded into her flesh, her naked hands gently curved, her feet bare, the wrappings loose around her ankles. All black, black as the Delta mud which had surrounded her, preserved her, hardened her!

"Ramses, what is it!"

"Sir, are you ill!"

They were speaking to him from all sides; they were surrounding him. Suddenly someone pulled him away, and he turned back furiously. "No, let me go."

He heard the glass shatter beside him. An alarm had gone up, shrieking like a woman in terror.

Look at her closed eyes. It's she! It's she. He needed no rings, no ornaments, no names to tell him. It's she.

The armed men had come. Julie pleaded. Miss Barrington was afraid. Alex was trying to make him listen.

"I cannot hear you now. I can hear nothing. It is she. 'Anonymous woman.' " She, the last Queen of Egypt.

brilliant his blue eyes were.

"Not possible!" His voice was low, hoarse, no more than an agonized whisper. "Not possible! You've dug up thousands of the Egyptian dead. You've raided their pyramids, their desert tombs, their catacombs. What is not possible!"

"Oh, my God." The tears flowed down her cheeks.

"Mummies stolen, traded, sold," he said. "Was there any man, woman or child ever buried in this land whose body has not been defiled, if not displayed, or dismembered? What is not possible!"

For a moment it seemed he'd lose control altogether; but then he was quiet, merely staring at her again. And then his eyes went dim as if he had not seen her. He sat back in the little chair.

"We don't have to stay in Cairo any longer if you don't want..."

Again he turned slowly and looked at her. It was as if he were waking from a daze, that he had not just spoken to her.

"No!" he said. "We cannot leave. Not now. I don't want to leave..."

"Not possible!" His voice was low, hoarse, no more than an agonized whisper. "Not possible! You've dug up thousands of the Egyptian dead. You've raided their pyramids, their desert tombs, their catacombs. What is not possible!"

to the very back of the building? Surely we have seen it all; the dreams and fervor of a nation come to this; a great and dusty mausoleum where young girls laugh and rightly so.

The guide had stopped at the end of the hall. What was it now? Another body in a case, and how could anyone see it in the shadows? Shafts of dusty light cut through the dirty window above.

"This unknown woman... a strange case of natural preservation."

"We cannot smoke, can we?" he whispered to Samir.

"No, sire, but we can slip away, surely. We can wait for the others outside, if you wish..."

"... combined to naturally mummify the body of this anonymous woman."

"Let's go," he said. He placed his hand on Samir's shoulder. But then he must tell Julie lest she be alarmed. He stepped forward and gave her sleeve a little tug, and glanced down at the body in the case as he did so.

His heart stopped.

"... though most of the wrappings were long ago torn away—in the search for valuables, no doubt—the woman's body was perfectly preserved by the delta mud, such as bodies found in northern bogs..."

The rippling hair, the long slender neck, the gently sloping shoulders! And the face, the very face! For a moment he did not believe his eyes!

The voice pounded in his head: "... unknown woman... Ptolemaic period... Graeco-Roman. But see the Egyptian profile. The well-molded lips..."

Miss Barrington's high-pitched laugh went through his temples.

He blundered forward. He had brushed Miss Barrington's arm. Alex was saying something to him, calling him sharply by name. The guide was staring up.

Again, he jerked free of the hand on his arm. He hovered over the filthy glass. He wanted to shatter it. Her legs no more than bones; the fingers of her right hand dried almost to a skeleton. But that face, that beautiful face. My Cleopatra.

Finally he had allowed himself to be led away. Julie had questioned him. He had not answered. She had paid for the damage to the case, a small display of jewelry upset. He wanted to say that he was sorry.

He could not remember anything else. Except her face, and the whole picture she made—a thing created from the black earth and lifted up and placed on the bare polished wood of the case, linen wrappings still wrinkled as if by lapping water. And her hair, her thick rippling hair; why, the whole form had almost glistened in the dim light.

Julie spoke words. The lights were soft in the room at Shepherd's Hotel. He wanted to answer, but he couldn't. And then there was that other memory; that strange moment when he had turned in the confusion and the blur, and seen Elliot with those sad gray eyes watching him.

Julie poured the wine in his glass. He merely looked at it.

"Won't you try to explain?" she whispered.

"You recognized it. You knew it. That has to be it."

For hours he'd sat there in silence. The late afternoon sun burned through the lace curtains. The overhead fan churned slowly, monotonously, giving off a dull groan.

She didn't want to cry again.

"But it couldn't be..." No. She couldn't bring herself even to suggest it. Yet she thought of the woman again; of the gold tiara in her hair, now black and glossy as all the rest of her. "It's not possible that it's she..."

Slowly Ramses turned and looked at her. Hard and

And then his voice trailed off as if he'd just realized what he was saying. He rose and walked slowly out of the room, not even glancing back at her.

She saw the door close; she heard his tread in the hall; and then her tears flowed again.

What was she to do? What would comfort him? If she used all her influence, could she possibly have the body in the museum removed from public view and given proper burial? Not likely. The request would seem whimsical and foolish. Why, countless royal mummies were on display!

But even if she could accomplish such a thing, she feared it would not help now. It was the mere sight of the thing, not its desecration, which had crushed him.

It was long past midnight. No more music came from the public rooms. Cairo slept.

Elliot walked alone in the dark courtyard between the two wings of Shepherd's Hotel. His left leg was now quite numb; but he paid no heed to it. Now and then he glanced up at the figure pacing in the suite above; a shadow moving back and forth across the slatted blinds. Ramsey.

Samir's room was dark. Julie's light had gone out an hour ago. Alex was long gone to bed, worried about Ramsey, and thoroughly confused as to whether Julie had fallen in love with a madman.

The figure stopped. It moved to the blinds. Elliot stood stock still in the chilly darkness. He watched Ramsey peer out at the sky, and perhaps at the great web of stars flung out over the rooftops.

Then the figure disappeared altogether.

Elliot turned and hobbled awkwardly towards the doors to the lobby. He had just reached the shadowy foyer beyond the front desk when he saw Ramsey come down the grand staircase and make for the doors, his loose mane of brown hair in unkempt tangles.



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I am mad, Elliot thought. I am madder than he has ever been.

Firmly gripping his cane, he made a follow. When he emerged from the front doors, he saw the dark figure ahead of him, walking fast across the square. The pain in his leg was now so bad he had to grit his teeth, but he passed on.

Within a few short blocks, Ramsey had reached the museum. Elliott watched him turn from the main entrance, and walk slowly to the far right side of the building, towards a light burning behind a barred window.

The yellow light spilled out of the small rear alcove. The guard was slumped in the chair, snoring blissfully. The rear door was open.

Elliott slowly entered the museum. He passed quickly through the empty chambers of the ground floor, past towering gods and goddesses. At last he reached the grand stairs and, clutching the railing, moved up step by step, hoisting his weight off his painful leg, trying to make a sound in the thinning darkness.

A gray murky light filled the corridor. The window at the far end was paling visibly. And there stood Ramsey beside the low shallow display case, in which the mass of the dead woman in her petrified rags gleamed like black coal. Ramsey bowed his head in the gray light, like a man praying.

It seemed he whispered something in the dark. Or was he weeping? His profile was sharply clear, and so was the movement of his hand as he reached into his coat and drew out something that sparkled in the shadows.

A glass vial full of luminescent liquid.

Dear God, he cannot mean to do this. What is this potion that he would even attempt it? Elliott almost cried out. He almost went to Ramsey and tried to stay his hand. But when Ramsey opened the vial, when Elliott heard the faint grinding of the metal cap, he shrank to the far side of the corridor, and concealed himself from view behind a tall glass cabinet.

How eloquent of suffering the distant figure was, poised there over the case, the open vial in his hand, the other hand rising to wipe his hair out of his forehead.

Then Ramsey turned as if to go and came down the corridor towards Elliott without seeing him.

Something changed in the light. It was the first palpable glow of the sun, a dull steel-gray radiance; a soft gray shimmer firing all the glass cases and cabinets of the long corridor.

Ramsey turned. Elliott could hear him sigh. He could feel his torment. Ah, but this is madness; this is unspeakable.

Helplessly, he watched as Ramsey approached the case again and broke loose the light wood-framed glass lid, and folded it silently backwards and away like the cover of a book, so that he might touch the dead thing inside.

With sudden speed he produced the vial again. The gleaming white liquid flowed in droplets down on the corpse as Ramsey passed the vial back and forth above it.

"It's vain, it cannot possibly work," Elliott whispered half-aloud. He found himself shrinking even closer to the wall, peering now through the glass sides of the cabinet.

In horror and fascination, he watched Ramsey smooth the fluid over the dead woman's limbs. He saw him bend tenderly, as if placing the glittering vial to her mouth.

A hiss echoed through the darkness. Elliott let out a

silent gasp. Ramsey stumbled back, pressing himself to the wall. The vial fell from this hand and rolled on the stone floor, a tiny bit of fluid still shimmering inside it. Ramsey stared down at the thing in front of him.

Movement of the dark mass in the low shallow bed of the case. Elliott saw it. He heard a low raw sound like breath.

Dear God, man, what have you done! What have you awakened!

The wood of the case gave a violent creak; the thin wooden legs appeared to shudder. The thing was stirring, rising.

Ramsey backed away. A muffled cry escaped his lips. Beyond him, Elliott saw the figure sit up. The wooden case shattered and then collapsed, the noise echoing loudly throughout the museum. The thing stood square on its feet! Its great head of shaggy black hair poured down like thick smoke over its shoulders. The blackened skin was lightening, changing. A ghastly moan came out of the being. It raised its skeletal hands.

Ramsey stood as if petrified. A desperate prayer escaped him, full of the old Egyptian names of the gods. Elliott clamped a hand over his mouth.

Moving forward, its bare feet scratching the stones with the rough, dry sound of rats in the walls, the figure lowered its arms and reached out towards Ramsey.

The light shone in its huge staring eyes, the eyelids eaten away, the hair thickening and writhing as it grew sleeker and blacker and tumbled down longer over the bony shoulders.

But dear God, what were the patches of white all over it? They were the bones of the thing, the bare

bones where the flesh had been torn away, perhaps centuries ago! Bare bone showing in the left leg, bare bone in the right foot, bare bones in the fingers struggling to reach Ramsey.

It's not whole. You've raised a thing which is not whole.

The light brightened in the shadow above. The first distinct rays pierced the ashen gloom. As Ramsey backed away, past Elliott, half stumbling towards the far railing of the stair, the thing came on, gaining speed until it reached the sunlight.

And there it reached up as if trying to catch the rays, its moaning breaths coming rapid and desperate and full of panic.

The shriveled flesh of the hands was now bronze. The face was bronze, and growing lighter and paler and more truly human as the sun struck it.

It turned and rocked on its feet, as if drinking up the light, and the blood began to ooze from the torn wounds that everywhere exposed the skeleton.

Elliott closed his eyes. For one moment he almost lost consciousness. He was aware of noise below. A door slamming far to the back of the huge building.

He opened his eyes to see the thing drawing nearer, and glancing over his shoulder, he saw Ramses plastered to the rail of the stairs, staring in undisguised horror.

God in heaven, drive it back. Elliott felt the burning in his chest, the familiar tightening. The pain shot down his left arm, and with all his strength he clutched the silver cane. He willed himself to breathe, to remain standing.

The skeletal thing was filling out. Its flesh was now the color of Elliott's own flesh; and the hair a great wavy mop veiling its shoulders completely. And its

clothing—even its clothing had changed. Its clothing was once again white linen where the elixir had splashed. The creature bared its white teeth to the roots as it moaned. Its breasts heaved and the ragged linen fell loose from the womanly shape, tangling in the legs that trudged doggedly forward.

Its eyes were fixed on the man at the end of the hall. Its breath came in heaves. Its mouth became a grimace.

Noises from below. The shrill sound of a whistle. A man shouting in Egyptian.

Ramses reeled. They were coming up the staircase. Their shouts could only mean that they had seen him.

In panic, he turned back to the female figure drawing ever closer.

A rasping cry escaped her lips.

"Ramses!"

The Earl closed his eyes. Then he opened them again and stared at the skeletal hands outstretched as the woman passed him.

There was a cry of "Halt!" and then a shot. The creature screamed and clamped her fingers over her ears. She staggered backwards. Ramses had been struck by the bullet, and reeled around to face the men coming up the stairs. Desperately he turned back to the female. Another volley of shots! The deafening roar resounded through the corridor. Ramses fell back against the marble rail.

The female shuddered, hands still covering her ears. She appeared to lose her balance, staggering between the stone sarcophagi on the opposite side of the hall. When the whistle shrieked again, she roared in terror.

"Ramses!" It was the cry of a wounded animal. ☹



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Kostabi: Million-Dollar Bore

Photography by Kristopher



As you read this, assistants to Mark Kostabi are painting canvases which will bear his signature. Mark himself could be sleeping, eating alone in a trendy restaurant, or shopping for one of his cartoonish outfits.

In 1988, 34 assistants completed 2,000 paintings and sold \$3 million worth of work. Kostabi laments that he still signs most of the paintings himself, but perks up when he recounts that at a recent show, there were two paintings hanging on the walls which he hadn't even seen before the opening. Several canvases, selling for \$10,000 to \$50,000, are churned out daily in the round-the-clock operation at Kostabi World, a three-story gallery and studio in Hell's Kitchen, New York City.

If you find this operation sleazy, you're not alone. In the art world, the mere mention of Kostabi's name elicits hisses. But there's often a hint of jealousy or embarrassment in the snickers. Five years ago, Kostabi

was one of New York's countless starving artists. Rather than suffer for his art, he implemented the business concepts of hired labor, networking and media courtship to promote it. In a controversial publicity side-show, the 28-year-old Whittier, California native went from showing his work in nightclubs to the Museum of Modern Art, from appearing in underground magazines to "Lifestyles of the Rich and Famous."

Carlo McCormick, who gave Kostabi his first show at the Limbo Lounge and conducted the first interview published on him, says Kostabi was a hanger-on in the burgeoning early 80s East Village art scene.

"He was pretty weird," says McCormick. "He would stand right by people and eavesdrop. In the art world, everyone has a hidden agenda. Mark's was obvious. Later he made that obviousness a conceptual statement."

Kostabi wasn't the first artist to figure out he could produce more work with the help of canvas-stretchers

and background fillers-in. But he went even further to create an assembly line, complete with an "idea person" and a "namer" (who comes up with titles like "There's a Collector Born Every Minute" and "Cash in on Passion"). Mark Kostabi has sold out and the public is still buying.

Thumbing his nose at the art world, he calls his buyers "suckers" and "fools." Against the advice of his New York dealer, Ronald Feldman, Kostabi distributes in what he calls "tacky, schlocky" galleries of the poster shop variety. His work hangs next to that of his precursor and idol, Andy Warhol. Showing no hesitation in his crusade to glut the market, Kostabi says, "The idea of saturation is bogus. It costs me \$100 to produce a painting which sells for \$20,000. If my paintings were retailing at \$500, that's still five times what it costs me. And that won't happen. Soon high and low art will be all mixed up, and I'll be largely responsible."

"Modern art is a con and I'm a con artist," is one of Kostabi's stock maxims. "They paint in a cage for minimum wage," reads a slogan in his "factory" studio. Lines like these ejected like programmed sound bites keep Kostabi in the news. While the press has a field day with his megalomania, it has overlooked the other side of Mark Kostabi—the boring businessman.

His shocking statements are tailor-made to attract publicity; his unabashed self-promotion is a simple if extreme tactic. When asked what sort of music he likes, he thinks hard and passes the question on to his brother. Finally he says he likes Thelonious Monk and Nina Rota (who composed scores for Fellini films). As for reading, he's at a similar loss.

"I read a lot about myself," he says straight-faced. Kostabi hasn't developed any of the habits which tend to afflict the *nouveau riche* (drug-taking, womanizing, amassing collections of useless objects). He doesn't even do coffee. The only addiction he suffers is the need to see himself in headlines.

Editors are starting to wonder if there's anything Kostabi won't do for a page. Surprisingly there is. Absolut Vodka offered him a campaign, and though he was initially interested (mostly because it would mean being on the back of *Vanity Fair*), he backed out, because he refuses to endorse alcohol consumption. Parties at Kostabi World are dry.

"I credit my success to good parents and clean living," says Kostabi. Diana Gentleman, Kostabi's first paid idea person, holds a different view. Hired at \$7 an hour, she drew hundreds of sketches which Kostabi had made into paintings. One of those now hangs in the Guggenheim Museum.

"For historical purposes, they should know where the idea comes from," says Gentleman. "He gave his brother credit for painting a small square on that painting, but didn't bother to mention my name. He sold

my drawings, too. I never agreed to that. He would take a piece of paper and draw over the top of them and sell them. There were so many of them I couldn't keep track. I signed my drawings and he fussed about that. He led me to believe there would be more money in it, but he changed his mind along the way."

Kostabi counters, "I never exploited her, I was always honest. I hired her to play the role of the idea person as well as to be it." Kostabi chose Gentleman from a multitude of applicants for her ingenuous talent (she had never attended art school) as well as for her "good look." Gentleman, a former model, provided her photogenic face for magazines and was egged on by Kostabi to complain about her plight. She walked out after six months when Kostabi refused to increase her hourly wage by more than a dollar.

"He said people were getting other things out of it than money," says Gentleman. "It certainly hasn't helped me. I've had tons of interviews, I'm not a millionaire. He said he was giving me exposure. Well, big deal, I want the money." Has she considered suing? "He would love it," Gentleman says, "In fact, he even suggested it."

Gentleman is the only assistant to leave in a huff. Others have moved on to pursue individual art careers or have stayed, earning \$6.50 to \$10.50 an hour. Labor costs a scant 1 percent of the operations gross, and Kostabi aims to knock that down by half. In March, Kostabi World II goes on-line in Malta. Cheap labor was one reason he chose the impoverished country. His master plan is to set up a Kostabi World in every major city, and ultimately to see a Kostabi painting in every home. Until then, he can content himself to seeing his work parading around on human bodies, now that designer KostabiWear sells in specialty shops and boutiques, and in the Kostabi World gift shop.

Mark Kostabi smiles when asked if he's a boring businessman. He agrees, then adds, "I hope you think I have talent, too." Oh yeah. He has been seen with paint on his hands. But it's obvious his bigger talent rests on the bottom line, not on canvas.

"I am the king/art is my queen/ knights, rooks and bishops are never as strong/as a clever pawn," recites Kostabi. "I was a pawn like everyone else. There's no reason why I should have made it. I don't come from a wealthy family like Donald Trump."

—Laurie Pike

Kruger: Smartist

Barbara Kruger has very little in common with conventional artists. She doesn't paint, doesn't sculpt and doesn't take photographs. She quit the only art school she attended before completing her first year. She rejects the aloof, detached demeanor of many contemporaries, staying active and visible, curating exhibitions and writing a monthly column about television for *Artforum* magazine. The only thing she does have in common with conventional artists is that her work can be found alongside theirs in places like the Museum of Modern Art and the Los Angeles County Museum—institutions which until recently would never have called the stuff Barbara Kruger makes Art.

It's easy to see why certain "artworld" personae have denied Kruger's work a privileged status. Her methods are unusual, and her messages are a bit too clear for academics. She filches other people's pictures, blows them up and crops them to suit her inten-



tions. Frequently bordering them in lipstick-red, she emblazons them with wryly contentious slogans: a photo of a nuclear blast is superimposed with, "Your manias become science"; over a picture of a buzzsaw appears, "You make the world safe for democracy." Not standard museum fare. Nevertheless, her work has forced its way through the subtle but potent censorship exercised by museum overlords, taking its place alongside this century's most revered cultural icons. By showing such combative work in such exclusive spaces, this avowed feminist and caustic cultural critic has played an integral part in changing the definition of academy-approved art in the United States. She is one of the brave but few artists who are beginning to make museums safe for politics.

When not attacking the policy choices of our well-meaning government, Kruger targets more local ills. Phrases like "Buy me. I'll change your life," and "I shop, therefore I am," are Kruger-critiques of feminine

representations that encourage women to accept a subordinate consumer existence. Questioning the distinction between museums and shopping malls, she posts, "When I hear the word culture, I reach for my checkbook." The best of Kruger's wit, however, is part of an ongoing complaint about the way power is gained, exercised and preserved in the corridors of power.

Inspired by the Iran-Contra performances of Messrs. North and Poindexter, Kruger fashioned a work featuring the words: Admit nothing, Blame everyone, Be bitter. "About a month later," she remembers with a mischievous smile, "there was a story in *The New York Times* about [New York Representative Stephen] Solarz, who was on a fact-finding trip to Nicaragua. While he was there he saw a man wearing a baseball cap that said, 'Admit nothing-Deny everything-Make counteraccusations.' When Solarz asked him where he got it, he said a bunch of the hats had been run off at

the special effects shop in Langley [Virginia], the place where CIA agents are trained." According to *The Times*, the site Solarz was visiting was a camp for "Nicaraguan insurgents," and the baseball-capped man in question was a real-life Contra officer.

Kruger's success is not without its ironies. Collectors clamor for her work, and are willing to pay hefty sums to own it. During a recent show at a New York gallery, nine new pieces fetched between \$20,000 and \$40,000 each. While only the artist knows how much market value influences her work, her populist bent remains clear: a conscious attempt is made to display work publicly as often as possible. This summer she'll cover a 30-foot wall outside the Temporary Contemporary galleries at the Los Angeles County Museum. Simultaneously, Krugerisms will appear on billboards and bus-sides throughout L.A.

That Barbara Kruger is currently wedged between the worlds of high and popular culture is best exemplified by a recent project she did under the aegis of the Whitney Museum of American Art in New York. Asked to illustrate a pricey art book that few people other than collectors will probably ever see, Kruger chose as her collaborator none other than Stephen King. To hear her explain her choice is to begin to understand her puckish sense of humor: "Four years ago I was doing a show in Basel [Switzerland]. I wasn't really enjoying myself there, so I went to the movies a lot. One day I saw 'Christine,' which is about a car that eats people. I thought then that this film is about what the American state may be best at: machines and murder."

—Chris Lewis

The Man Who Would Be King

The hero of Robert R. McCammon's new novel could teach James Bond a thing or two. When we first meet Michael Gallatin in McCammon's *The Wolf's Hour*, he's behind enemy lines in North Africa, foiling Rommel and the Nazi's northwest Africa campaign. By the end of this action-packed opus, he beds three beautiful women, defeats various sadistic torturers, escapes a concentration camp and squashes a Nazi plot to counteract the Allies' D-Day invasion. But there is a catch—Gallatin's a werewolf.

"I wanted to turn around the idea of the werewolf being the bad guy," says the 36-year-old McCammon, horror master behind New York Times best-sellers *Swan Song* and *Stinger*, not to mention his six previous terror tomes. "Michael Gallatin is the good guy, the hero. *The Wolf's Hour* is also about the war inside Gallatin. He likes being a wolf, but he enjoys being a human, too. He's caught between. He finds things repulsive about both."

Put all images of Warren Zevon, full moons and a peach-fuzz-plagued Lon Chaney Jr. out of your head. Gallatin, a Russian by birth working as a British spy, can change into a wolf at will, day or night. As Anne Rice accomplished with her "Vampire Chronicles," McCammon likewise permanently alters the reader's perceptions of a time-honored monster.

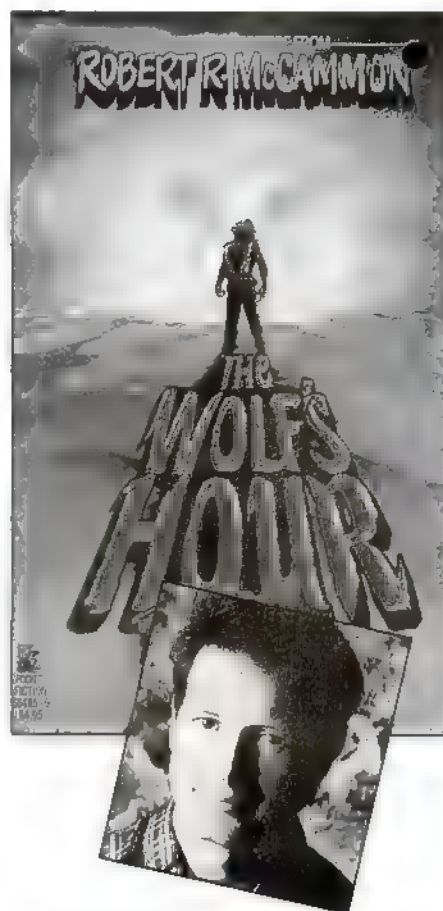
"My idea was to create a werewolf psychology, that these creatures find a fascination and elegance in being wolves," explains the Birmingham, Alabama-born McCammon, who, not surprisingly, does most of his writing between the hours of 10 p.m. and 4 a.m.

"Michael doesn't learn it overnight; he has to struggle to enjoy being a wolf."

From Michael's Shakespeare-spouting werewolf mentor to a basketball-obsessed mad scientist, McCammon fills *The Wolf's Hour* with compelling characters and thrill-studded sequences. Though it hardly delivers anything groundbreaking or particularly original in its romantic World War II setting and espionage high-jinx, it does offer a refresher from the dry stuffiness of John Le Carré and the labyrinthian plotting of Robert Ludlum. McCammon sticks to the fast and furious pacing of JFK's favorite bedtime author.

"I was inspired by Ian Fleming's James Bond books, which I read as a kid. I loved them. I wanted to create a character with that same feeling for life. My character enjoys being alive, whether as wolf or man."

Critics, however, prefer to compare McCammon with the bear of Bangor, Stephen King. Detractors allege that King's recent literary sabbatical has led to the best-seller climb of 80s horror hotshots McCammon, Dean Koontz and Clive Barker. "It's inevitable to be compared to King, and it's an honor as well. This is a business of labels, but it can be detrimental when people say I'm just picking up the slack [from King]. I just write what I enjoy reading."



Whereas King seems to have burned himself out with rabid St. Bernards, traitorous toasters and demon-possessed Plymouth Furies, McCammon strives to break new ground in the horror field, as evidenced in *The Wolf's Hour*. "I want to stretch the genre. I enjoy taking different genres and mixing them to see what comes out. I may begin at a horror point, but where I end up I'm not sure."

—Anthony Timpone

Gilliam's Island

The hero of Terry Gilliam's "The Adventures of Baron Munchausen" claims unabashedly to have skyhopped on a mortar shell, sailed to the moon in a balloon made of silk knickers, plunged through the center of the Earth, played cards in the belly of a sea beast, and vanquished the Turkish army besieging a European city. After reliving his impossible feats on screen, the Baron (John Neville) apparently surrenders his soul.

The film is a major achievement, a triumph of the imagination over common sense. Its making—over 108 days in Italy and Spain—was a financial nightmare. Budgeted at \$23 million, it eventually cost nearly twice that figure, and possibly as much as \$52 million. Two weeks behind schedule before principal photography even began, it became the most expensive European production ever.

The debacle included toppling scenery, missing costumes, abandoned sets, the withdrawal of Sean Connery after his role was radically reduced, and an ongoing legal dispute with the owner of remake rights to the 1942 German "Munchausen" film. The finance company which guaranteed the completion of the movie halted shooting a third of the way through, insisting that Gilliam simplify the rest of the screenplay. "The Adventures of Baron Munchausen" was soon being compared to fiascos like "Heaven's Gate" and "Ishtar."

"It was a fucking disastrous experience," the former Monty Python animator says of his fourth solo feature. "Totally disorganized. Chaos. Shooting in Italy compounded the problems because we were trying to make the most complicated film imaginable and they aren't used to working with special effects out there. The technicians [including Fellini cinematographer Giuseppe Rotunno] were great—but they work in a different way. Also, we had a producer [Thomas Schuhly] who doesn't know how to produce. It was only on the first day that everybody suddenly woke up and realized that nothing was ready, although I'd been screaming about it for months. We were planning everything properly, but the plans weren't being put into operation."

Gilliam refuses to accept any blame for the spiraling budget and plummeting morale. "Nothing to do with me. I'd tried to get out of the film, but I was victim of a terrible trap. If anything was clever about the setup of the production, it was that once that trap had been sprung nobody could escape it. The reason I was never fired and the film was finished was, I suppose, because the people paying the money knew that I was the only one who could actually finish it, whatever it turned out like."

"What makes me angry is that a lot of people were fooled into doing this project on the strength of my reputation. Before this I was known as someone who could make expensive-looking films for very little money. 'Time Bandits' was made for \$5 million; 'Brazil' for \$13.5 million, even though it was budgeted at \$15 million. Now all that's wiped out with one lazy moment of agreeing to go into a situation without checking it out. It's as if I did all the things I'd previously guarded against, and the result was predictable. We set out to have an adventure and we had an extraordinary one. Most people survived, but there were a few bodies along the way. It's not something you'd ever want to do again in your life."

Karl Friedrich Hieronymus, Baron von Munchausen (1720-97), served as a cavalry officer for Fre-

derick the Great's Russian allies in campaigns against Sweden and the Ottoman Empire. Back home in the taverns of Bodenwerder, he spun elaborate yarns about his exploits. Among his drinking partners was Rudolph Erich Raspe (1737-94), the Hanoverian librarian and jewel thief, who fled to England and published *Baron Munchausen's Narrative of His Marvelous Travels and Campaigns in Russia* (1785). The book, illustrated by Gustave Doré, has inspired a number of films over the years, including a 1962 Czech version—a mixture of animation and live action—which intrigued Gilliam when he saw it in London around 1971.

Gilliam was attracted to the Baron's perverse stories: the bisected horse which drank from a fountain and was sewn up again, the stag shot with a cherry stone and later found with a cherry tree growing out of its head. During preparation for "Brazil," Gilliam warned producer Arnon Milchan that their bleak Orwellian satire was going to be a spectacular failure. When Milchan asked what they could do next to redeem themselves, the director suggested Munchausen.

Born in Minneapolis in 1940, Gilliam moved to London in the late '60s, and worked as a freelance il-



lustrator before hooking up with future Pythons Eric Idle, Terry Jones and Michael Palin on a kids' TV revue. From 1969 to 1974, his surreal, frequently brutal collages (mutants and dismemberment a specialty) glued together the sketches in "Monty Python's Flying Circus." He codirected "Monty Python and the Holy Grail" (1974) with Jones, and stepped up the medieval mud, blood and shit in his first non-Python project, "Jabberwocky" (1976).

"The Adventures of Baron Munchausen" completes the trilogy of fantasies Gilliam began with "Time Bandits" (1981) and "Brazil" (1985). "I really set out to make a Walt Disney animated feature-length film, but with live actors," he says. "It's very literal—if characters fly or swing galleons in the air, then that's what they do. If you can imagine it, you can see it.

Continued on page 120

IT'S GOOD TO BE THE KINGS



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XTC AT LAST

Like children at play,
XTC plunder the art world for building
blocks to their pop songs.
They make brainy
music for a Wham! universe.

Article by Rosemary Passantino

XTC are sitting around the butcher block in Andy Partridge's eat-in kitchen, sipping imaginary tea. Bassist Colin Moulding, a tame Heathcliff, wears a black turtleneck and jeans faded to a stormy ocean blue. Guitarist Dave Gregory, soft brown hair brushing his shoulders, passes around a photo album open to a picture of a teenage Partridge in an early band, circa 1969. "Strings were quite a distance away from the frets, then, eh?" Gregory ribs. Platinum-haired, 3-year-old Holly, hostess of this make-believe tea party, in comic slippers and rhinestone jewelry, pours another cup around and joins her younger brother Harry on their father's lap. "Sorry Lummo, you don't get any," Partridge apologizes to the Irish setter, Charles Parker of Birdland. "Your harmonica playing is horrendous."

It's too picturesque: sun streaming through the windows, children's Crayola scribbles on the wall, bunches of dried flowers hanging from the beams, *Dr. Dolittle* on the living room VCR. The sunny feel of *Oranges and Lemons*, XTC's ninth and latest record, was, Partridge says, inspired by his children. On record it sounds like Partridge is a man who values family and home, and it shows when he meets you. Energetic, baby-faced, balding slightly, he bounces down the walk as you pull up in front of the house, and ushers you in as if you were a distant cousin stopping by for a visit on the advice of American relatives. Inside, a family, all smiles and

Photography by Lawrence Watson



dress, 1-year-old Henry sliding down in his high chair, Holly scooting from room to room. Except Dad doesn't work at the office, or the shop, pushing paper or lifting iron. Dad is in a rock'n'roll band.

Since meeting in their teens 20 years ago, XTC have scribbled cartoons over arty rock miniatures and clunked metal against English manor music haunted by the ghost of Syd Barrett. A brainy Village Green Preservation Society, they cloak vicious lyrics in velvet melodies, tricking us into humming condemnations of God, war and respectable neighborhoods. Just when the vitriol becomes apparent, they turn around and toss off sun-king jewels refracting pure all-you-need-is-love light. This domestically inclined "threepee" crosswire noise, novelty, gent-folk, protest lyrics, ska, space-rock and psychedelic parody; cutting and pasting and cramming them all into slightly askew pop single frameworks. Imagine Peter Gabriel tied to Captain Beefheart, poked by Peter Sellers. "Shock the Monkey," "Safe As Milk," "Please, Mr. Custer." Horrible? Wonderful? Yes.

XTC grew up together—"same art school, same council estates, same vegetable delivery man"—in Swindon, a steely light industrial city surrounded by downy Wiltshire county. The town incorporated at the turn of the century, when the clapboard shanties and storefronts near the train

yards spilled into the tony village on the hill. Partridge lives there still, in a right decent rowhouse on a tree-lined street. There are no clubs in Swindon, no sweet cherry aceed smoke seeping out into the alleys at night, no hips swaying to flamenco-house. Swindon is cobblestone, brick, rail yards, a civic center of sorts, and of course, the pubs. The mom-and-pop record shops there stock only the Top 20. "If you want to buy our albums," guesses Dave Gregory, "you'd probably have to special-order them."

Partridge unlocks the gates that block little Holly and Henry from the steps leading up to the second floor. "All these contraptions. Sort of makes you feel like you're in a William Burroughs novel, eh?" Flash. The place of the dead roads begins strobing against the pine paneling. Dr. Dolittle's voice begins to waver. Partridge thrives on paradox: it's impossible for him to look at anything, even himself, without a healthy jolt of irony. He's always cracking wise, and this is a great joke. Long as you know who William Burroughs is.

Pop sociologist Simon Frith called it "superior consumption." It's a crash course in high culture, a legacy of 1001 String art rock; a cult thing, even if it sells a million copies. The band's up there on the pedestal and you're down here, and for eight quid you can buy the pleasure of communing on that higher plane. All you've got to do is use your head. Get the references. Read the road signs. You learned the rules of the game when you deciphered Sgt. Pepper's cryptic cover, looking for clues that proved Paul is dead. Frith blamed it on England's art schools, which promote difference, spontaneity and pastiche, instead of academy discipline. Imagine what happens when a kid who's been collaging Homer, Donne and Duchamp



XTC, a brainy Village Green Preservation Society (l-r): Colin Moulding, Andy Partridge, Dave Gregory.

hears an electric guitar. Or an adult—Partridge—who reads combat history, sci-fi, VIZ comics and love sonnets, gets behind a rack of synthesizers.

Twenty years ago, even steady Swindon couldn't escape the tremors from London, exploding 75 miles to the south. Partridge remembers "Hard Day's Night" as a breakthrough. "I was sitting there in the dark wondering whether to scream or not. Do boys scream? And I thought, 'Yeah, go on.'" Soon after, XTC's vocalist and principal songwriter bought his first two albums, *Meet The Monkees* and *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*. "I couldn't play yet. My dad had an old guitar that he used in a Navy skiffle band stashed behind the couch. I'd drag it out and try to figure chords by watching the Monkees on TV. By the time I went zzzzzzzng zzzzzzzng, the song was over."

Psychedelic singles—"anything three minutes and weird, with surreal lyrics"—followed. As a teenager Partridge would stay awake at night listening to every strange noise, trying to figure out how they did it: "Was it gravel being thrown up in the air? Drumsticks against a car fender? A coat hanger in a blender?" Partridge fixed on more artful cacophony at about age 14, when a local beatnik offered to swap records. "Fair enough, I thought. I'd give him something like *Satanic Majesties Request*, and he'd hand me Sun Ra and Ornette Coleman. I just hated the stuff. But then I found out I couldn't get my records back, because he'd sold them and I ended getting into it all in a big way."

Between the two, he absorbed his first lessons in the ashecan school of rock, which equated a 2x4 with a Mellotron, an eggbeater with an E-bow. XTC still weave all manner of effects through their tunes, wrapping a mike in paper towels and placing it at the bottom of a tin barrel and then beating on it; taping

ambient nature noises, adding swooshes of synthesizer; Partridge singing through a can while holding his nose—anything goes. The intricacies add density and jocularity to the pop, leaving listeners offering accolades like: "They stand up to repeated listening," and, "I always hear something new in the songs."

Partridge and Moulding first got together in the Helium Kids in the early 70s. In glaring shoes and cheeky sideburns, they began playing originals copied from Bowie, the Dolls, anything on the trashy side of glam: "We were too pompous to do covers. Instead of 'Jet Boy,' I'd write something horrible like 'Jet Shoes,' in homage to platforms. It was horrible." Soft-spoken Colin Moulding remains fond of his metal upbringing. "Deep Purple, Free, Cream. A lot of Jethro Tull still really stands up today." By 1976 they'd changed their name to XTC ("because it looked good on the posters and we were into onomatopoeia"), cut their hair and donned kung-fu mechanic outfits ("a look like Devo did much better a few years later").

The ridiculous costumes continued, even after the band quit the road when Partridge took ill at the beginning of the *English Settlement* tour in 1982. "We had been at it for years," he explains. "I'm a wimp. It's just not me to be up there beating my chest and roaring, 'Dundee let's rock.'" "Not that he doesn't have a theatrical

flair or doesn't appreciate attention on a less grand scale. Ask Moulding or Gregory a question, and Partridge inevitably ends up interjecting, like a little kid who can never get enough of the spotlight.

"We mishmash our image so people will think of us as anything but rock'n'roll idols." He conceives absurd tableaux—schoolmarm skirts, vegetable heads—that poke fun at rock star heroics. "I think the *Mummer's* getups," which accompanied the 1983 acoustic LP, *Mummer*, "came closest to what we're about," he explains. For this English New Year tradition, "an anonymous costumed troupe went from house to house, performing ritualistic theater skits to celebrate the new year. The next day they'd go back to their ordinary jobs. There was no star thing. Nobody knew if it was the butcher, the baker or who."

Moulding and Gregory climb the rickety aluminum ladder up to Partridge's attic studio. Partridge is sitting there surrounded by the thousands of plastic toy soldiers he collects, which stand neatly on shelves behind his keyboards and tape machines. He leaps up, swipes a sickle-wielding monk and starts waving it around. "Remember when you used to chop off their heads with a hot wire?" asks Moulding recalling boyhood perversities. A master of amusement, Partridge instigates constantly, clowning for the class. He breaks into mimes and whizzes when he talks, coining words and generating sound effects when English as we know it won't do. He's had his own comedy show on British radio, and designs board games, like "Damn and Blast."

But XTC remains his favorite creation. Do you want to play hey hey day in the life ooma guma? You're in for a few exceptional rounds. Follow the road signs.



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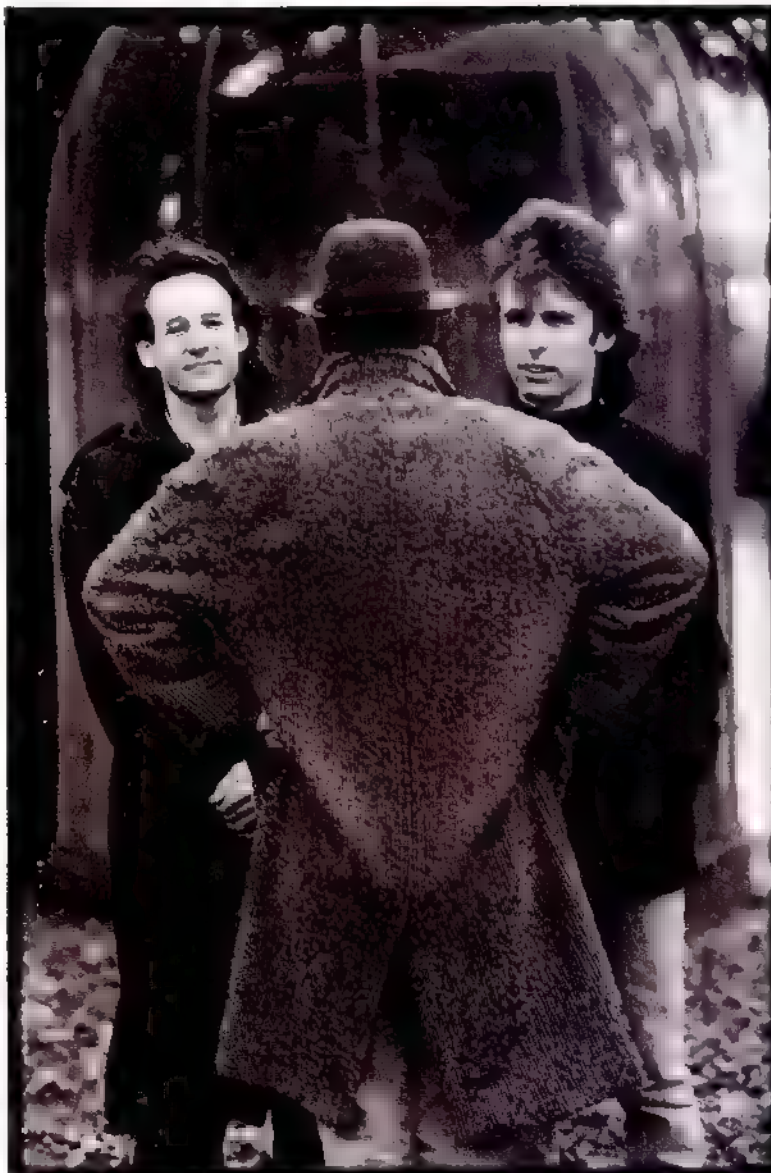
There are hazards. Forget this is a game—some people do—and you're in trouble, you're a fanatic. Do you read one, or maybe all four, of the 'zines devoted exclusively to XTC? (O.K., confess, *The Little Express*, Box 1072, Barrie, Ontario, Canada L4M 5E1.) Back three spaces. Have you hunted for the video—yes, it exists!—of Partridge's last live performance? Lose a turn. "The Beatles were nothing compared to this," you claim, straight-faced. Go directly to jail.

Partridge is laughing, rocking back on his chair, an easy interview, smart, witty, wind him up and he goes. He breaks into a song composed by his daughter Holly: "I'm up in the air with a rhinoceros and a flower, I'm in bed and my friends are coming round for tea." He applauds, "Surreal!" It's a word that keeps coming up, not unusual, perhaps, for a guy who grew up in a county that generates cryptic maxims like, "Chalk is church, while cheese is chapel." (A Wiltshire farm phrase which delineated class differences between chalk-eating peasants and the cheese-consuming aristocracy.) Partridge dubs his first songs "surrealistically bad" and says *The Dukes of Stratosphere*, the trippy alter ego under which XTC has made two records, was created to thank "all the bands that made my boyhood so purple and surreal."

Surrealism never really caught on in stalwart England after WWI, when it was breaking big in France, Italy and Spain. But when 60s UK art school students began dropping acid and picking up instruments, a loony kind of surrealism surfaced in the music of Pink Floyd, *The Crazy World of Arthur Brown*, the *Soft Machine*, and later the *Soft Boys* and *Robyn Hitchcock*. Nonsense that made sense, music for music's sake, with no hidden "hook the consumer" agenda. Partridge, who lauds psychedelic pioneers Syd Barrett and Captain Beefheart, isn't the type who would adhere to any -ism. But I don't think he'd argue with French multi-media avant-garde artist Jean Cocteau, one of the early surrealist pioneers: "What people call thinking consists of discovering relations between objects close to one another, never discovering relations between objects remote from one another."

Surrealism, like psychedelia, is romantic, optimistic, humorous. Both suggest perception is subjective, hallucinatory, that opposing elements are continuously colliding haphazardly, but instead of standing off, holding energy in perpetual tension, or grinding it down into entropy, they see conflicts evolving toward nonsensically profound conclusions. XTC, for example, often push your mind in a different direction than they're pulling your leg. The beat of "Majors and Generals," the hit off *Black Sea*, is irresistible. But when you start to hear the words you understand you've been conned into experiencing the giddy power surge of kooky commandos whapping their pointers against a map. Partridge describes himself as "violently optimistic," implying that his cheerfulness, his pranks, are an act of will, a celebration of the chaos.

A response to industrialism, a result of the increased interaction between commerce and creativity, surrealists and acid heads generally clung to the Romantic notion of art for art's sake. (Another XTC theme: "Making Plans For Nigel" and "Respectable Street" are songs chastising soulless pursuit of the almighty pound.) Pop-popularity was fine, even profit was no



"Honest, Andy, we've seen it plenty of times before. Andy. Andy . . . please."

problem, as long as the impulse that earned it remained pure.

"We were at a low point in our decade with Virgin Records. We weren't selling many records in England, America or anywhere else. They said, 'You're going to shut up and be produced or else you're off the label and we want you to use an American producer because an American will find something in your music that Americans will like,'" recounts Partridge. (XTC insist London has never forgiven them for "1977." "Most fans then gravitated toward bands with loutish backgrounds like the Clash or the Sex Pistols. Coming from Swindon, we had no street credibility. We were yokel scientists." They still see the UK market, where Cliff Richard, Bros and Erasure are topping the charts, as, without malice, "anti-XTC.") "We were very despondent about it. I wrote 35 songs, thinking surely there's something here someone will like. They handed us a long list of producers. I didn't recognize any of the names except Todd Rundgren."

Andy Partridge has led the ring ever since skinheads

pelted him with shillings during an early band-debut and he decided, "If I was going to suffer it would be doing my own thing." He wasn't happy assigning someone else to take over the circus. Mocking Rundgren, Partridge's lively tenor drops an octave and slows ominously. "T-a-a-d here. I really don't think it's going to work your way. You can dick around with it for a few hours your way if you like. I'm going up to my house. When you find out it doesn't work your way, give me a call and we'll record it my way." And so we did."

T-a-a-d was right. Rundgren, an American convert to country living, brought the band to his Woodstock studio, diced their demo into a "continuity concept," computer-sequenced nature noises and calmed Partridge's "barking seal" voice with echo and harmonizers. Coming off *The Dukes of Stratosphere's* paisley prance, 1986's *Skylarking* dripped vivid color. Jeweled guitars and Moulding's shimmering, melodic

Continued on page 121

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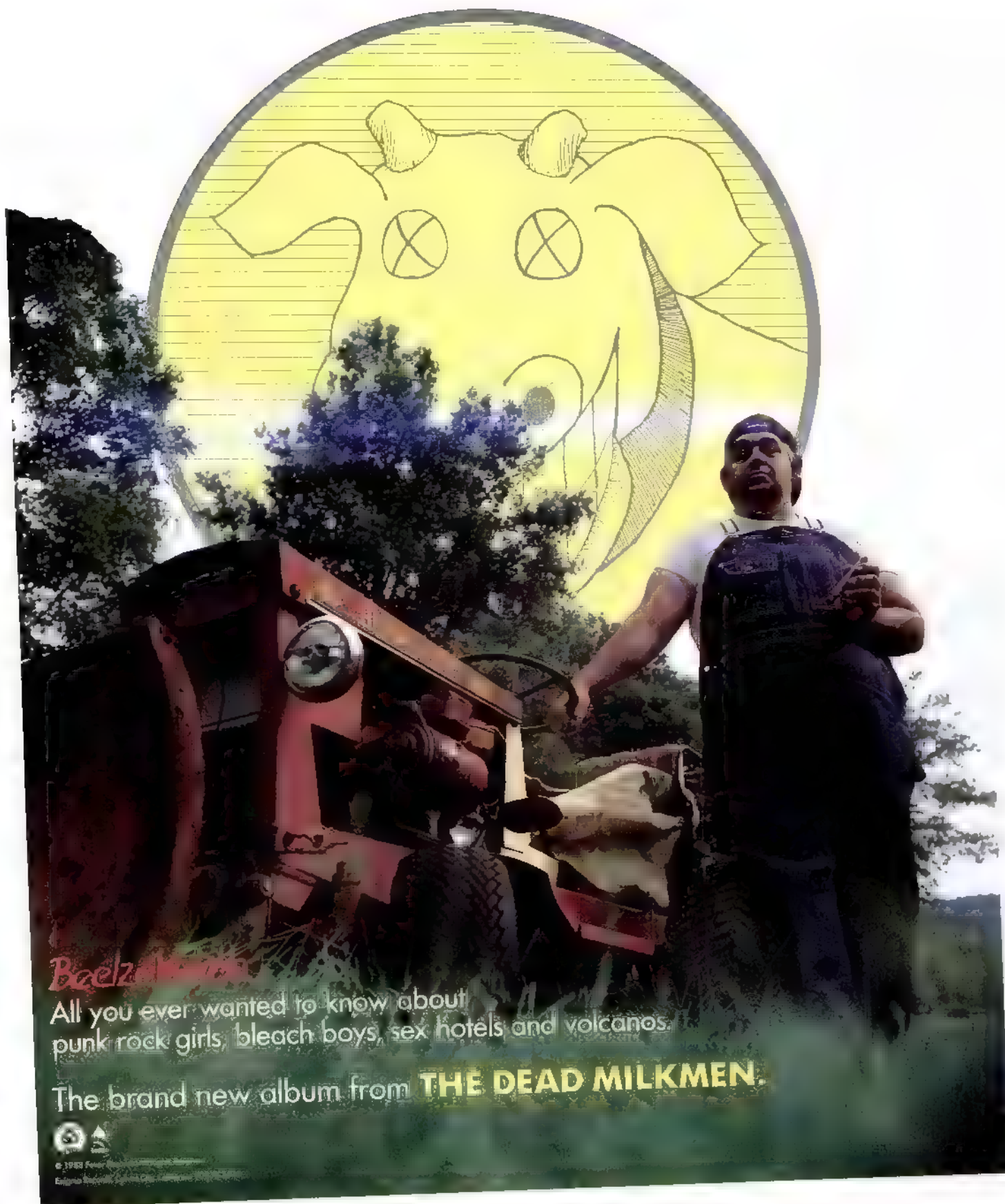
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THE PUSSY IDENTITY



Pussy Galore take their name from a James Bond movie and their sound from a scratched copy of *The Rolling Stones, Now!* that someone left out in the rain. They're the world's greatest rock 'n' roll band, circa 1999.

Article by Don Howland

Pussy Galore (l-r): Bob Bert, Julia Cafritz, Kurt Wolf, Neil Haggerty, and Jon Spencer. They all play guitar, except Bert, who bangs on metal.

A Washington DC high school senior glides down George Washington Parkway, her week-old driver's license burning a hole of pride in her purse. She passes the CIA Building, going the speed limit. Traffic's backed up ahead: an accident. The roads are icy; it's February. Suddenly her neck snaps and her head smacks hard against the leather-wrapped steering wheel. Dazed, she stumbles from her car. "I'm a CIA officer! I'm a CIA officer!" shouts the driver of the vehicle two cars back responsible for the "accident." From the car sandwiched between them, a black man emerges, announcing "I'm a real estate agent! I'm a real estate agent!" The schoolgirl, assuming couplets to be the rule in such situations, calls out, "I'm a student! I'm a student!"

Apparently unscathed by the glorified fender bend-

er, "the real estate agent" goes home where he dies suddenly upon swallowing a glass of water. The student is luckier. She sues the government and wins a "substantial" amount of money.

Meanwhile, in deepest New England, a quaint bedroom, snow falling lightly outside its window. A white-haired woman turns off her bedside lamp, rolls over and dies. A spinster frugal to her last day, she has, unbeknownst to her family, amassed a fortune. Resentful of her more immediate relatives, her will lists a great-nephew she met only once as her primary beneficiary.

1985. Two years later.

A gaunt, apparently unhappy man descends the stairs to an underground record store in a nameless but clearly remote Midwestern port. Inside the door

he is greeted by a feral blast of sound—unintelligible mutterings and bent guitar notes—on the store's hi-fi. The man asks the counter attendant what the record playing is and is handed a copy of a seven-inch record, "Feel Good About Your Body" by a Washington DC band called Pussy Galore. The man flips over the record. On the rear jacket it says "Thanks Ian." "Great," mutters the man.

—Robert Ludlum, 1991. From the screenplay "The Pussy Identity," based on his own best-selling novel.

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—What it takes to get into Brown University, the school Jon Spencer and Julia Cafritz dropped out of to start a rock band. From Barron's Guide to the Most Prestigious Colleges, 1986 ed.

When Jon and I formed this band, it was a very groovy thing to do.

—Cafritz, guitar, who has never had to work; taped interview, 1988.

You can turn off the charm. I'm immune.

—Honor Blackman as Pussy Galore to Sean Connery as James Bond, in "Goldfinger," 1964.

I don't know why I started a band with Julie . . . I guess I was down on my luck.

—Spencer, vocals/guitar; taped interview, 1988.

As rock'n'roll had been born, so it would be born again, by casually nudging the old off the side of the road, making way for a hemi-headed, decked and stroked, highly combustible juggernaut of the new.

—Lenny Kaye. From the liner notes to Nuggets, a two-record 60s punk rock anthology and the most influential album released in 1976, west of The Ramones.

When I met 'em they had a real solid idea of what they wanted and they couldn't really communicate it to me, you know, other than saying, "wild" or "total rock" y'know or "total wall of guitars" or something and it's like "yeah, right," but I thought it was cool because DC at the time was all that hardcore stuff, like Discord stuff, and I used to despise it because I was from Virginia. So anyways I thought it was cool that they took that on, sort of made fun of it.

—Neil Haggerty, guitar, 1985-87, Nov. 88-present; taped interview, 1989.

I mean . . . Jesus, I think listening to *Back From the Grave* had more to do with Pussy Galore than anything I got out of the semiotics department.

—Spencer.

Void ro pec. Ka mell mec. Pa klee doe. Ka mel me doe.

—The Saxons, 196? "Camel Walk."

Groovy Hate Fuck.

—Pussy Galore, 1986. Title of extended play record on the Shave label.

I'm kinda glad I was able to come out of one successful band and sort of get into another one. It kind of established me as . . . I don't know . . .

—Bob Bert, former Sonic Youth drummer and auteur behind drum-heavy solo project Bewitched (Shovel), enlisted by Pussy Galore upon the band's relocation to Gotham, 1986; taped interview, 1988.



Jon Spencer reaches for the stars.

The stark mass of an abandoned factory as viewed from the overpass: 3/4 of its windows broken, silhouetted against a sunset it years before helped turn vermilion, a cannibal's temple to his merciless religion. The auto junkyard, its black paths strewn with coils and triangles of broken mirror glass and puddles of lime-green antifreeze, winding through a garden of knotted steel monuments to the single truth that nothing man builds, no matter how sharp, lasts long before it either kills him or gives him one badass headache. The stacked rows of rusting, paint-peeling metal barrels brimming with toxic fizzie which in a year or two will have eaten its way from confinement. The jungle circa the present. No dancing in the clearings, no gods, little to celebrate. The Negroes are no longer happy, like Screamin' Jay Hawkins was, and neither are the pimply-headed Caucasian youths who in a happier time were content to tool around in cherry red Camaros and eat food and "pony."

One must suspect that if the Shadows of Knight existed today, they, like Pussy Galore, would use a gas tank for a tom-tom, and improvisation as a shorthand lottery ticket to genius, and Steve Albini to produce their records if they could afford it.

—Don Howland, April 1989, from "The Pussy Identity," SPIN.

Talk talk. Talk talk. Talk talk. Talk talk.

—The Music Machine, 1966.

My mother's a hostess who really grooves on it, has five children, one of whom is doing the punk rock thing and is very successful. It makes her very proud.

—Cafritz

I think that's the same aesthetic we all have is, is like sort of Flintstones-like, cartoonish, like, when we think of sounds, we really don't, don't like musicians, O.K.?

—Kurt Wolf, guitar, Spike Jones fan; taped interview, 1988.

Yabba dabba doo.

—Fred Flintstone, 196?

That stuff literally gave me nightmares, and I would say to my brother, "That man, that black man, is the Devil and he will take you straight to hell and listening to this music is giving me a stomachache and I'm not going to be able to go to school tomorrow."

—Cafritz, on encountering Hendrix at age 7, and why the sound of electric guitars depresses her.

Not really, except for the two of us, I can't play lead guitar, and when I try to play lead guitar it's really laughable. I mean you could hear on the Japanese record, the live record [*This Friday Night Only*, Pussy Galore live in Europe, Supernatural Import, 1988], uh, I was in the band like eight months or something and I was trying to cut it, you know, 'cuz I was like lead, the lead guitar player you know that was like the role Jon assigned for me, alright? "You're the guy who can play the most proficiently," or whatever, you know, I mean so I tried to play, like imitate lead guitar, but it was just so funny it was stupid. It was over the top. But after that, that thing, you know, I just started making noise on guitar, you know, so that sounded kinda cool. But yeah, it sounds kinda like Ron Asheton.

—Wolf, asked whether he imitates Stooges guitarist Ron Asheton.

I used to play a lot of slow blues like Lightnin' Hopkins, a lot of stuff. That *Sounder* soundtrack? I tried to learn Taj Mahal . . . You know joining this band I had to you know like play differently. They wanted to get like the retard sound.

—Haggerty, currently one half of Royal Trux.

Challenge us. We'll meet in the parking lot of the neighborhood supermarket, 11:30, Friday night. But we're gonna chicken out ha ha ha ha ha because we don't like to fight. Yeah man.

—The Rats, 196? "The Rats' Revenge."

As they returned to stage for the encore that was not

asked for, guitarist Haggerty threw his alcoholic beverage upon the head of a jeering spectator. With this, the entire band commenced showering the audience with fluid. Ironically, no fighting took place after this provocation.

—The Braunschweig Sun, W. Germany, from a review of a Pussy Galore show at the F.B.Z. club, 12/6/88.

If I ever got in a fight, I'd get beaten up pretty badly.
—Spencer

Dial M for Motherfucker.
—working title for latest Pussy Galore album.

Well you know I'm I'm that's just the way I don't know you know I mean what are you gonna say? I mean, I mean, I I I'm in such a stupid group, you know. What they ask, what they want you to talk about, is just silly.

—former semiotics student Spencer, on his tendency to give monosyllabic responses to interviewers.

You like eet when I kees your cunt? Yes?
—French porn star Marilyn Jess, in Traci, I Love You, Caballero Home Video, 1987, Spencer's favorite porno movie.

Yeah, sure I'm an asshole and you can say my girlfriend's a cunt, but you know I can only put up with her for so long. She should have some pride herself.
—Spencer on intra-band dissension on display in New Musical Express, 12/17/88: "Paw Little Rich Kids" by Don Watson.

I won't let my horrible impression of you, Jon, interfere with the way I write the article.
—Don Watson, NME writer and published poet, upon the conclusion of an interview for NME story of 12/17/88.

Julie, it rapidly emerges, occupies the same fundamental position within Pussy Galore as Kim Gordon does in Sonic Youth—the sensible, intelligent girl amidst a bunch of would-be primitive boys with rock egos.
—Watson, NME, 12/17/88.

You should just say Jon Spencer is an asshole because that's what he is. Jesus, everybody thinks he's an asshole. Even he knows he's an asshole. That has been the major influence on what he does. He is just totally motivated by self-hatred and hatred for everything. He is just so fucked up because he can't articulate himself and he has to do it through the music.
—Cafritz, as quoted in NME, 12/17/88.

I feel weird in a way because I totally, like, laid the groundwork for two bands and now I'm totally fucking broke.
—Bert, on the possibility of Pussy Galore imploding at any moment.

Every time I read the rock reviews, it sounds like the same thing, it's just like very academic, you know. It's just like Lester Bangs, bla, bla, blaah.
—Wolf, who like Cafritz was involved in a very painful auto accident once.

As a listener, no matter how enlightened, you're forced to ask: Should this be allowed? For Pussy Galore the creation of a musical incident strong enough to raise such a question may be merely a means to the discovery of what it is they want to say—and there's no way of knowing if they'll ever make that discovery,

or if it'll be worth hearing about if they do.
—Greil Marcus, Artforum, 1987.

I'm a shock trooper in a stupor/Yes I am.
—The Ramones, 1976.

I'll look at the pattern of wood on the van, and I'll go, "Jesus, that's my brain, rotting, rotting." I'm somebody who doesn't drink, doesn't do any drugs, and I just think at some times, "Jesus Christ, what if through this experience I had been doing drugs? What a fucking total mushbrain!" I feel like I've been getting stoned every day for three years in terms of atrophy of the brain.
—Cafritz, on life on the road with Pussy Galore.

Thugs or geniuses—it's hard to say which is more distant from the truth. I will say this, though: listen to "Camel Walk" and then tell me if the Saxons were dumb or smart. Then listen to "Sweet Little Hi Fi" and do the same for PG. I suspect you could raise pimples on your ass in the exact shape of the Liberty Bell in the time it would take you to reach a definite conclusion. The point is, rock'n'roll was never supposed to be smart man's music in the first place. This "brains" thing all arose post facto, after rock died, back in '67, in a pay toilet, which was permanently locked, in a men's room in the Sands Hotel, Las Vegas, Nevada.
—Howland, SPIN, April '89.

I mix all our stuff for cheap speakers—cars or boxes.
—Spencer, 1988.

Don't believe the hype.
—Flavor Flav, the most oft-quoted phrase east of "Yeah booooooyyyyyyyyyee" (another Flavinism) in 1988. Heard most recently in the middle of Pussy Galore's hit single cover of Einstürzende Neubauten's "Yu Gung" on the Sugarshit Sharp EP, Caroline Records, 1988.

... Pussy Galore has, by general consensus, attained its goal: they are the Music Machine, the Saxons, the Rats of our time. Not a mockup of the Music Machine/Saxons/Rats, w/bowl cuts and period clothes, but the Music Machine/Saxons/Rats as they might exist today, co-opting the clichés of the present as well as the past, and/but with the same single-minded purpose: to make the best rock'n'roll party records they can make. Period. Or close enough.
—Howland, SPIN, 1989.

I laughed! I cried! I died a thousand deaths, and each time I was reborn in the image of Mason Reese! The most chilling cloak-and-dagger caper since "Return of the Pink Panther!" The feelgood movie of this or any other year.

—Jeffrey Lyons, 1997, on the film "The Pussy Identity," starring Drew Barrymore as the schoolgirl, Ricky Schroeder as the nephew, and Marlon Brando as the man. D. by Tim Hunter. Prod. by Alec DeRenzy.

When writing is this unfocused, is it not a vacuum of sorts, sucking up the little crumbs of thought that sporadically present themselves? And is it not, then, substantially more worthless than the worthless product (cf. Guns N' Roses, Tiffany, Teena Marie) it purports to cover?

—Howland, from The Published Work, V. 33, Grove Press, 2013. Excerpted from "Rock Critics: Primates, or No?" originally in The New England Journal of Medicine, 12/18/94.

TDK PRESENTS COLLEGE RADIO TOP 40

Most-played albums on college
and non-commercial radio

1. **LOU REED**, *New York*, Sire-WB, 2. **VIOLENT FEMMES**, 3, *Slash-WB*, 3. **THE FALL**, *I am Curious Oranj*, Beggars Banquet-RCA, 4. **WATERBOYS**, *Fisherman's Blues*, Ensign - Chrysalis, 5. **SONIC YOUTH**, *Daydream Nation*, Blast First-Enigma, 6. **R.E.M.**, *Green*, Warner Brothers, 7. **DEAD MILKMEN**, *Beelzebubba*, Fever-Enigma, 8. **NEW ORDER**, *Technique*, Qwest-WB, 9. **FRONT 242**, *Front by Front*, Wax Trax, 10. **SAINTS**, *Prodigal Son*, TVT, 11. **REPLACEMENTS**, *Don't Tell A Soul*, Sire-Reprise, 12. **COWBOY JUNKIES**, *The Trinity Session*, RCA, 13. **THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS**, *Lincoln*, Bar/None-Restless, 14. **HALF JAPANESE**, *Charmed Life*, 50,000 ... 000 Watts, 15. **GO-BETWEENS**, 16 *Lovers Lane*, Beggars Banquet-Capitol, 16. **JULIAN COPE**, *My Nation Underground*, Island, 17. **NITZER EBB**, *Belief*, Geffen, 18. **DINOSAUR JR.**, *Bug*, SST, 19. **THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS**, *Love Junk*, Chrysalis, 20. **CICCONE YOUTH**, *The Whitey Album*, Blast First-Enigma, 21. **YOUNG BLOOD**, *Various Artists*, RooArt (Australia), 22. **A HOUSE**, *On Our Big Fat Merry-Go-Round*, Sire-Reprise, 23. **FEELIES**, *Only Life*, Coyote-A&M, 24. **WONDER STUFF**, *The Eight Legged Groove Machine*, Polydor-PG, 25. **DEATH OF SAMANTHA**, *Where The Women Weren't The Glory And ...*, Homestead, 26. **MUDHONEY**, *Superfuzz Bigmuff* (EP), Sub Pop, 27. **ALIEN SEX FIEND**, *Another Planet*, Caroline, 28. **U2**, *Rattle And Hum*, Island, 29. **SOUNDGARDEN**, *Ultramega OK*, SST, 30. **MY DAD IS DEAD**, *The Best Defense*, Homestead, 31. **PAILHEAD**, *Trait* (EP), Wax Trax, 32. **MINISTRY**, *The Land Of Rape And Honey*, Sire-WB, 33. **ULTRA VIVID SCENE**, *Ultra Vivid Scene*, 4AD-Rough Trade, 34. **TROTSKY ICEPICK**, *Baby*, SST, 35. **ENYA**, *Watermark*, Geffen, 36. **RAPEMAN**, *Two Nuns And A Pack Mule*, Touch And Go, 37. **ELVIS HITLER**, *Disgraceland*, Restless, 38. **THROWING MUSES**, *Hunkpapa*, Sire-WB, 39. **LAIBACH**, "Sympathy For The Devil" (12"), Mute-Restless, 40. **LIME SPIDERS**, *Voluble*, Caroline.
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SPACE IS

Interview by John Farris

Since the 40s, Sun Ra has remained a jazz oddity, a man who wore great hats and claimed to come from another planet. His bands made Funkadelic look like accountants. He is one of American music's greatest, most youthful talents.

Sequins, bangles, beads, rattles, incense braziers issuing colored smoke and exotic fragrances, voluminous multi-colored robes vaguely luminous and bright, bejeweled turbans, dancers in diaphanous pastels, a five-foot log drum made from the trunk of a lightning-struck elm tree, which produces a deep boom that rolls across space like thunder itself, the tinny roll of a snare quickly taken up by another, the startling crash of Turkish cymbals. A grayish orb begins to glow a dull orange at first and then more brightly and hotly as it seems to float through space. This is not the Enterprise. It is the sun: le Sun Ra. He takes a seat at the Moog synthesizer and begins to coax sounds that evoke bright staccato responses from the trumpet, whoops from the bass clarinet, blithe leaps from the dancers as they disappear as if suddenly and irrevocably disassembled, and just as suddenly segues into a rousing rendition of "Can You Take It," a bright swing-into-bebop tune he arranged for Fletcher Henderson in the 40s.

When asked exactly how long he's been around, i.e., when he was born, Sun Ra says: "the word 'born' has two meanings, if you add an 'e,' which is silent anyway and only means you have been 'borne' to the cemetery"; that his corporeal body is only an entity borrowed from his parents, so that if he had to speak of a birth on this plane, he would have to employ the plural pronoun "we," implying many births: the birth of his parents and their parents and their parents' parents, and on and on, ad infinitum; that his appearance in the omniverse had to have taken place millions of light years ago. He had originally thought he was from Saturn, until a psychic in Cleveland told him he was from the planet Zaricon ("turn left at the North Star"), and that he was here to raise the consciousness of the people of this planet so his brothers could land. I can't dispute that. Can you? Dare you?

He has received a Jazz Master's Fellowship from the National Endowment for the Arts and much more, including an American Composer's Award—presented him by then Governor of Alabama, the "little Rooster" himself, George Wallace.



Rumor has it that you are ageless and not from this planet? Is this true?

I'm not from this planet.

Well, where are you from?

I'm from planet Saturn at this point.

How has that affected your music?

Well, I haven't had a chance to present my music to this planet because they don't have a place for someone like me. They got a place for soldiers and politicians and senators, presidents, kings and queens, not for my kind of person. I'm from another dimension. So you don't have a single government in the world that gives any other type of being any rights. They have humanitarian societies, but they don't have any kind of stipulations where a being from another dimension can be accepted and treated properly. So that's the reason they are down here in this great big universe, isolated with their freedoms. They are quite free from everybody else, isolated and alone with all these problems that are easily solvable if they get help from outside. Not even in the universities do they have places for somebody from another dimension. See, I tried the university. I asked them if they had a

place for me. They didn't. Like I told them, it wasn't a university because a university presents everything to its students. But Berkeley didn't have a place. I was teaching there, supposed to be teaching there, they got so upset at what I was saying till they wouldn't pay me for three months. They said I wasn't even there, I was in Egypt. But they didn't have no place for what I was saying because it was another kind of truth.

This planet is used to dealing with hope and faith; I'm not dealing with that. I deal with equations and every student I had, I told them what books to find it in. It was already written you know, just scattered. I gave examples of this truth and they still had to get rid of me that way.

When did you come to this dimension?

I came from somewhere else. I was dropped down here like the rain, the snow, everything comes from outer space. It just happened that I came here.

And what were you sent here to do?

Just to keep judgment day. They're the judges. God can't judge nobody. He sends them things and they judge whether they are good or bad or they judge folks and etc. and etc. They judge what they want to

THE PLACE

It's about time for leaders to get themselves a government of the leaders for the leaders by the leaders; then you have a balanced equation. And then leaders can protect themselves, and there won't be any more assassinations because if they dare assassinate leaders, leaders are going to assassinate people.

touch a person and heal them. Everybody can't do that. Some people can write a sentence; other people can't do that. So then if everybody can't rise up to those points, then those people who can do those superior things have to sink down there to the lowest level. They have to sink down because that's where their father is and if the ones down there are not going to rise up to the top, the top has to come down to the bottom, and you see it's happening to a lot of people, a lot of people are getting wasted.

Leaders get wasted like that if they're rhetorical, if they dare to sink down there with people. When people get a leader in their hands, they don't know how to treat them because they don't know things that a leader has to go through. They just take a leader for granted and the next thing you know they assassinate them. It's been happening too long on this planet. It has to stop.

Would this explain why 51 percent of the American electorate does not vote?

You wouldn't need to vote if there was a government "of the people for the people." Why should you vote for a leader? You can't be hypocritical and talk about democracy and go and elect a leader. That doesn't work in the cosmos. If you're going to have a democracy, every day you should put some hungry people in the White House because if they are all equal, what difference does it make?

It's about time for leaders to get themselves a government of the leaders for the leaders by the leaders; then you have a balanced equation. And then leaders can protect themselves, and there won't be any more assassinations because if they dare assassinate leaders, leaders are going to assassinate people.

The leaders cannot have protection unless they got their own government because that's what God's got. He's got his own government and nobody is going to be equal to Him unless they sink down to the level of death because that's where He is. He's the lowest common denominator, death, and if you want to be equal with God, you'll be dead.

People are saying God is dead, but they should be saying God is death because that is where He is now. He did it deliberately, so if anybody wants to get so high and mighty they want to be like Him, they have to go down there to the realm of death, and then they have to resurrect themselves and then God will recognize them. If they can do that, if they can come out of death by themselves, they would be like him where he had no beginning and no end. Then they would be equal to God.

Is that what happened to you, Ra? Is that why you're ageless?

I'm not in the ageless thing. I'm in something else that has no name at this point and if something has no name, it has no age. It has nothing.

Well, let me ask you a question...

I went to regions where there was no air, no light, no

sound, no nothing. It might have been the black hole. I don't know what it was, but I know it wasn't my imagination. A lot of things happened to me that haven't happened to a lot of people, so if they don't believe me, they have a perfect right not to. At this point, they are in danger of getting eliminated off the planet so I think they should listen to what I have to say. And give me some decent treatment so I can help this planet, because it is not right that they spend billions and billions of dollars for warfare to destroy people and someone comes to the planet talking something different, for the welfare of humanity, and they don't have any money.

If someone comes here spiritual, they should have as much money to work with as those who are destroyers. Maybe then you can see which is more provable to the creator. Right now, they think they protect themselves by going out killing somebody, but you only reap what you sow. They like to think they are free. They're not free. They are just like seeds. Seeds are not free, down in the ground. They come up to be what they are and people are not free. They don't know where they come from and they don't know where they're going, so all this pride has got to go, because the cosmic forces are not going to stand for it, they don't even regard man as worth thinking about.

In the outer regions, they don't even use the word "life." It's disgraceful to even say the word. It's not in their dictionary. They speak of being. To them life is a sort of imprisonment. And you can find here when a judge gives somebody life they go to jail. So that term "life" isn't really a good term, and I can take the Good Book and prove it.

You mean the trip to the Valley of Death?

This kingdom is the kingdom of death. It's a shadow world. It's a make-believe world. It's a scenario of being inactive. They play it over and over again. The passion play. First comes the glory, then comes the shame. I told the band about six months ago that Mike Tyson's got a lot of glory. I wondered when the shame was going to come. And then the shame came. Anybody. Malcolm X—glory, shame. Napoleon—glory, shame. Joan of Arc—glory, shame. So it all comes down to the Christ thing. They call that good. They call that Good Friday. There are some other patterns that have nothing to do with what they call the truth. I'm not dealing with that, that's not my department. The ancient Egyptians had a hall of the two truths, the good truth and the bad truth. Of course everyone downed Egypt, talked bad about Pharaoh, but they had the answer, the hall of two truths.

Today truth seems to be the synonym of something good, but you mustn't think of the truth as something good. What's another word for truth out in the street? Dope. If they get the dope on you, they get the truth. So you have to avoid some truths. Can people realize that they have gone as far as they can go? That they are dealing with materialistic things, they're dealing with religious things and not saving anybody? ☯

do with it, whether they are going to do something good or something bad with it.

God does not judge anybody. In fact that name is a name he uses for judgment. For other reasons they don't call him God, that's the lowest term you can use for God—a superior being. The word "God" is the lowest term. Wouldn't nobody want to be as low.

Why not?

Because nobody calls the creator God because they might get a message from him if they call him something like that. But if man should address him as the lowest denominator, that's the reason he's sinking fast: because he is busy talking about his harvest, and to beat him you have to sink to the lowest point. You cannot rise to the highest point.

The denominator?

Everybody can sink down to the lowest point and that's what's happening on this planet. So it could be stopped if they recognize that some people are superior: some people might have two legs, look like humans, but they aren't. They're superior beings. They have to recognize that some people can do some things that other people can't. Some people can

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AIDS

WORDS FROM THE FRONT

The Community Research Initiative in New York may be the most important AIDS organization the epidemic has seen. They're different. They don't waste time. They don't have time to waste.

Column By Celia Farber

What's truly remarkable about the AIDS epidemic—a twist that renders it unlike any disease in medical history—is the way the afflicted have banded together and taken over the course of their own destiny. What began with a few angry people congregating in living rooms and passing out flyers on street corners has now swelled into a focused and astoundingly effective movement that has pulled a coup on the medical establishment and left them in the dust in terms of treatment, research, counseling and education. The People with AIDS Coalition in New York, who spearheaded this movement, took their revolutionary slogan "Fighting For Our Lives" to an unprecedented extreme and founded the Community Research Initiative (CRI)—a grass-roots drug testing and monitoring organization that tests promising AIDS drugs, makes them available and analyzes the results under the guidance of over one hundred community doctors.

The concept behind community-based research, which has taken root so far in New York, with CRI, and in San Francisco with a similar organization called the County Community Consortium (CCC), is best summed up in CRI's own words: "The Community Research Initiative originates from the AIDS community. It is patients and their physicians taking the initiative to seek promising interventions against the disease in a responsible manner. CRI enables patients to participate in the research that may save their lives and expands dramatically the number of patients who have access to experimental drugs."

CRI, with a mere dozen paid staffers working out of a small office in the Chelsea district of Manhattan is doing exactly the job our government claims it doesn't have the resources to do. "We have 40 volunteer workers and many of them are effected by the disease, either because they have AIDS, or have friends who do, or just because they want to help the cause," says Thomas Hannan, CRI's co-founder and Administrative Director. Hannan, who has AIDS, darts back and forth between telephones and paperwork with unfaltering intensity. Before AIDS happened, he was pursuing a career as an opera singer in Europe. "When I came back, the world had changed," he says, twitching a quick, pained smile.

For years now, people with AIDS have been picketing, screaming, postering, praying, marching and pleading to the National Institutes of Health (NIH) and the Food and Drug Administration (FDA). Their plea is very basic: test potentially life-saving AIDS drugs—now, not five years from now. Test them on *thousands* of patients, not ten. If the drugs won't hurt and might help, *approve* them—streamline them—get them out, *quick*, as you would safety vests to the passengers on a sinking ship.

But no. Like a dull, tired cow in the middle of a blazing field, these institutions have stood idly by, year after year, blaming their inertia on everything from monolithic medical traditions to a lack of office space. In the ten years since AIDS erupted, they have managed to move only two drugs, out of hundreds of prospective ones, through their dense machinery. One of them, AZT, is incredibly toxic, expensive, and quite possibly useless. The other, aerosolized pentamidine, which was approved by the FDA only weeks ago, is highly effective against the most fatal of all AIDS-related illnesses: Pneumocystis Carinii Pneumonia (PCP). And it was the data provided by both the CCC and CRI that made the approval possible. "We provided the final data they needed to go ahead with the approval. As far as I know, *all* the data that came in on pentamidine was done through community-based research. The federal government didn't spend a dollar on it," says Michael Callen, a famous AIDS activist, who among dozens of other accomplishments, co-founded both the PWA Coalition and CRI.

Callen, who was diagnosed with the disease seven years ago, attributes his own survival to his doctor, Joseph Sonnabend, who first came up with the idea for community-based research. It was Sonnabend, together with Mathilde Krim, chairwoman of AmFAR, who founded the AIDS Medical Foundation, which eventually evolved into AmFAR. The AMF ran the first community-based research on a drug called *isoprinosine*, proving, against widespread scepticism, that such research could be done. Sonnabend's approach to treating AIDS is very sensible and traditional. He has been treating AIDS since it began, and makes the seemingly simple observation that people don't die of AIDS, they die of well-known opportunistic infections that are, in his words, "frequently treatable, if not always curable . . . and can sometimes be prevented."

Sonnabend put Callen on *bactrim*, another effective preventative against PCP, the day he was diagnosed, and told him that if he didn't stop having multiple sexual partners, he would die. Callen listened, and cleaned up his act. "I would not be alive today if Joe Sonnabend had not put me on *bactrim*," Callen says flatly. "I was very lucky. If you're smart enough and white enough and rich enough to have a doctor plugged into the underground, and who knows what to do, your chances of survival are infinitely greater."

CRI, which has been in existence for a year and a half, is currently conducting six clinical trials of five promising substances, involving nearly 350 subjects. Pentamidine was the first treatment they took on, launching a 1 1/2 year study in which 225 patients, rallied by CRI's participating physicians, came up to their clinic and breathed the pentamidine mist for 30 minutes every two weeks. The conclusion was staggering. The drug proved to have an over 90% efficacy rate against PCP, a type of pneumonia that is responsible for 65% of all AIDS deaths.

CRI's scientific advisory board has some of the same experts as the AIDS Treatment Evaluation Units, (ATEUs) set up by the NIH. "At the end of two years, we'll lay our data against theirs and we'll see if theirs is any better than ours," says Callen. "We're hoping that the establishment will either leave us alone, or maybe even help us."

Believe it or not, the federal research establishment has come out in support of community-based research, and has allotted it \$6 million of the \$2 billion federal AIDS budget. Still, history cannot be erased, and there is some dissent within CRI about whether their attitude toward the big guys should be confrontational or cooperative.

"We are radically philosophically different from them," Michael Callen explains. "They insist on placebo, double-blind trials as the only scientifically valid way to run a trial, and if it means that some people in the placebo group have to die, well . . . too bad. We don't believe that it's necessary to sacrifice individuals for the greater good of the greater number. We believe that we can creatively design trials of state of the art patient management and still get meaningful data."

"AIDS is like a big war," Callen adds. "There's room for a lot of people."

Photograph by Drew Hopkins

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SPINNS



Lou Reed: Model citizen and pusher of arsenic-laced pure pop.

Lou Reed New York Sire

Translate the feedback from *Metal Machine Music* (Lou Reed's collapsing wall of white noise, released in 1976) into song lyrics, and you'll get the 14 short stories Reed unravels on *New York*. Recited by a cleaned up, middle-aged street hassler who's back on the block and appalled at what he sees, the words of *New York* snap like switchblades. An abused little boy, numbed by chronic pain, stares at the cracks in the welfare hotel ceiling and plots his father's murder. The ghosts of Eleanor Bumpurs and Michael Stewart, victims of NYPD brutality, look on approvingly while a cop gets shot. Tinted with Agent Orange, a homeless veteran begs for change.

But even though *New York* is profoundly political, there's no old folkie platitudinizing. The lines between right and wrong—Broadway show lights and

dark corridors, public servants and whores, city officials and slumlords, Kurt Waldheim and the Nazis—disappear sooner than Reed can trace them. Liberals are not exempt from scrutiny. Riddled with black humor, "Good Evening Mr. Waldheim" quizzes Jesse Jackson: "If I ran for President/and once was a member of the Klan/Wouldn't you call me on it/the way I call you on Farrakhan?"

Stripped down to a bare two-guitar/bass/drums chassis, Reed's band easily transports the LP's heavy sentiments. Coproduced by Reed and drummer Fred Maher, *New York* has a clean, high-tech immediacy, roughed up with old-fashioned Fender crackle and bleed. The intricate interplay of the music is prettier than the urban chaos Reed describes. The gospel sway of "Busload of Faith" pushes past verbal disavowals of friends, family and God. While a couch potato grumbles about bad news on the tube, "Sick of You" ambles, cartoon country. Quiet acoustic strumming

underscores "Halloween Parade" 's drag queen AIDS elegy. Bass and drums hang back throughout, while the guitars—Reed has never sounded better—swap sweet pickings and power slams.

His voice way up in the mix, free of studio effects, Reed leans close, an old corner confidant describing a bad deal going down. Unburdened by melody, his words walk confidently. Rich in rhythm, deep and deadpan, clipped with a bitter laugh, his vocals elicit the same revolutionary jolt as Chuck D's. *New York*, taken with earlier Reed chronicles like "Black Angel's Death Song" and "Walk on the Wild Side," might even suggest the street-wise godfather of punk also helped inspire the conception of rap.

In his 20-year career, Lou Reed has adopted many personas—VU provocateur, mainlining glitter *enfant terrible*, purveyor of arsenic-laced pure pop, and most recently, happily married model citizen. Sobered by the death of Andy Warhol ("Dime-Store Mystery,"

with Velvet Underground drummer Moe Tucker, is dedicated to Reed's early patron) and the imminent arrival of his first child ("Beginning of a Great Adventure"). Reed no longer sees his own inner rage reflected in Manhattan's dangerous alleys. He remains an observer, maintaining a mature distance between himself and the squalid city scenes. But *New York*, one of Reed's finest and most ferocious LPs, proves that middle-of-the-road sensations, or even the barter of his hard-earned cool to Honda and American Express, haven't gilded his vision or dispelled his fury. The rock and roll animal still bites.

—Rosemary Passantino

Bob Dylan and The Grateful Dead Dylan & the Dead Columbia

Nostalgia stamps itself on the ragged, contradictory dough of history like a cookie cutter, serving up warm, familiar shapes that are bite-size to boot. Like this cover, ferinstance, designed by Rick Griffin (the same unwashed hippie that did the Dead's '69 *Aoxomoxoa*): old-fangled typeface announces a union that makes Billy Graham ooze; Casey Jones's slow train (mysteriously numbered 13) bears down on your face (subtext: vehicle of historical cultural



significance, still exciting though useless and outmoded); twin-winged portraits, one showing the enigmatic Zimmer Man circa "Don't Look Back" days, and the other showing the famed Skull'n'Roses logo. And, to make sure you understand that Bob's a Dead man, old Mr. Bones has a harmonica gizmo slung around his neck. Necrophilic stuff, this.

I was born the month that Sgt. Pepper's came out, so I only got all that 60s shit secondhand, but weren't Dylan and the Dead, like, in pretty different camps—not feuding exactly, but not sharing reefer either? My dad can't re-

member. The fact that in the 80s these oldsters simulate a connection that didn't exist two decades ago means nothing, really, except maybe that when you ain't goin' nowhere you got nowhere to go. But I have no problem with elegant stasis. Pushing a half century, Dylan (born seven months before the US entered WWII) probably just decided he'd suck up some of the revisionary magic of Grateful Dead Land, that ectoplasmic bubble—that traveling carnival where dense iconography, cutting-edge sound systems and bread-mold produce a pyramid power that both acts as a cultural preservative and sucks up a seemingly endless supply of tweaked teenage neurons. No reason to dis Dylan for the move—he's had no real conceptual or aesthetic coups since Calvary days, and what he's done to his immortal work in the three live records that followed *After The Flood* (Dylan live with the Band) is as good a proof as any of the fallibility of heroes. Just check out the rasta-flute "All Along the Watchtower" on *Budokan* or *Real Live*'s "Ballad of a Thin Man" and you'll be stuffing roaches in your ears.

So despite a couple of lumps in the gravy and a slight whiff of formaldehyde, *Dylan & the Dead* is Bob's best live disc since '74. As a backup band, the Dead mercifully trim their own fat while treating the Man's tunes, like the Band did, instead of fucking with the structures themselves, a la *Budokan*. Even if you don't go for the Dead's mazy ham-boned psycho-boogie, you gotta admit they're an actual group, with a fluid interwoven style and a unique flavor. Whatever they do, they got it down, and Dylan's material is just their cup of meat. Garcia merits his status as an Ornette alum with some Sirius doodley-doo on "All Along the Watchtower," "Joey" shuffles along with some nice Knopfler-esque guitar and the boys merrily backslide through Dylan's two best Christian tunes, "Slow Train" and "You Gotta Serve Somebody." Only the 60s songs ("Queen Jane Approximately" and "I Want You") really derail. The real crystal here is "Knocking on Heaven's Door"—the harmonies shimmer, the mellow licks pearl like water, and Dylan sounds more like a dying gunfighter than ever before.

Dylan's pretty together on this record and the Dead make him come off all the better. You get the distinct sense that he's not just mouthing the words—there's definitely somethin' happenin' here. The Myth is very near the stage, not floating around amorously in some sub-Elvis zone, and even manages to intersect with the body occasionally, reminding you why you got this record in the first place.

—Erik Davis



Cultural revolutionary and new adult Ms. Debbie Gibson

Debbie Gibson Electric Youth Atlantic

With *Electric Youth*, Debbie Gibson blasts away from those Tiffany comparisons and, in a quietly subversive way, sends a primal message to a frightening new demographic—the adult children of baby-boomers.

That's right. School's out for Debbie. She's 18, and she likes it. It's time to say goodbye to teen vacuity and welcome the hormonal challenge of those early child-bearing years. As she sings on "Lost In Your Eyes," "I get weak/in a glance/Isn't this what's called romance?"

Hidden inside the chirpy, MIDI-ized backing tracks is an insurgent message that will have a greater emotional impact on current culture than a truckload of Tracy Chapmans. *Electric Youth* is an album of mobilization, a good girl's guide to leaving the nest. "All those people caring/Yet you're still alone," she explains on "Who Loves Ya Baby," "I understand what's behind the feelings/I think I know you better than anyone."

Like a Rainbow Brite Pied Piper, Debbie's ready to lead the adult offspring of the love-generation "Over The Wall" to a "new world waiting." It's time to "ignore the world's advice" and get together for "a while." As for those baby-boom parents, Debbie reminds them to give their kids some room. "In the 60s young people were fighting to be heard," she writes in the liner notes, "Today, children

are still struggling to voice their opinions."

What makes this message even more mutinous is that Debbie has dared to buck the obligatory use of cover material. She's pushed platinum the hard way, by writing her own songs. This admirable feat—poking a hole in the median-crossing compost heap of ageless pop fodder—makes *Electric Youth* an important statement. By deliberately excluding covers, Debbie's dared to do what Art Of Noise and Henry Kaiser couldn't—get radio play with original compositions. Instead of building her success on record sales, Debbie's banking on her publishing. In today's music biz, that's a seditious approach.

"Don't underestimate the power of a lifetime ahead," she warns critics and radio programmers on the title track. "Don't lose sight of potential mastermind/Remember when you were young." But it would be impossible for radio to ignore Debbie. Either on her own, or in conjunction with arranger-producer Fred Zarr, she rings the cash register of mass-market radio, sounding sometimes like a young Olivia Newton-John and at other moments ("Lost In Your Eyes") like a hybrid of Karen Carpenter and Barbra Streisand. No doubt, she's headed for some serious royalties. She has the potential to write that universal ballad and in a unique turn of events, people may eventually cover her material—perhaps helping to perpetuate the very trend she's fighting.

—Rich Stim

Hypnolovewheel Turn! Turn! Burn! Fabian Aural Products

Listening to Hypnolovewheel is like watching TV with a chronic channel-flipper: just when you're getting used to the program that's on, **CLICK!** they switch it and you have to pick up on something new halfway through. **CLICK!** Off-kilter psychedelia. **CLICK!** 60s bubblepop. **CLICK!** Post-punk-speed-trash screech & squeal. They've taken 20 years of rock'n'roll history and broken every riff, drum roll, bass line and melody they could get their hands on, then reassembled the whole schlemiel with all the finesse of a 3-year-old building a model airplane. To Hypnolovewheel, all the world's a playpen and they're the brats who own the place.



The album opens with a they're-off snare drum stampede that segues into a fuzz-pop feedback bath *du Hüsker* replete with Mamas & Papas ba-ba-ba harmonies. Two verses in and just when you're wondering what any of this has to do with the song's title, "Louis Armstrong," the tempo slows to a trot and by the end of the third verse the whole thing shifts into a 3/4 time dual-guitar waltz. It's three songs in one. The lyrics are difficult to decipher underneath all the garage garbage and undisciplined din, but once unearthed they reveal such insights as, "Louie Armstrong made a lot of records/And some of them were sad/... and some of them were bad/And all of them are old." That's the first verse. The second verse is a kind of boy-meets-girl thing. The third is about spaceships.

This rather unconventional chorus-bridge-chorus structure isn't the only trick Hypnolovewheel has up its spoke. "Flower Girl" is diced halfway through with a psycho-shriek rendering of "Mary Had A Little Lamb." "Aunt In The Bronx," which offers the astute observation "I must be losing my mind," rattles and careens like a subway express driven by Eugene Chadbourne's mom, then stops dead midway through the third repeated chorus. Drum patterns are left half-finished. Guitar solos are

backwards. "Right Now" is spelled "Wright Gnow." Human beings are compared to peach pits.

Hypnolovewheel's anti-structure has less to do with self-conscious artiness than other kitchen-sink avanters such as, say, Mofungo: their schizophrenia doesn't sound rationally orchestrated. I think these guys (four of 'em, all from New York—a Sagittarius, two Aries and a Gemini) just have short attention spans—the one self-contained pop song with a continuous, followable chord progression and unbroken melody, "My Third Eye," lasts less than a minute and a half. Besides, without all the sonic wheelies they'd just be one kind of band—a neo-psychedelic band, a speedpunk band, a post-pre-à-la-what-ever band—and being several dozen different bands is sure a lot more interesting. Even their name is a conjunction of unrelated things that have a cool new meaning when glued together. (Fabian Aural Products, 655 Carroll St., Brooklyn, NY 11215.)

—Karen Schoemer

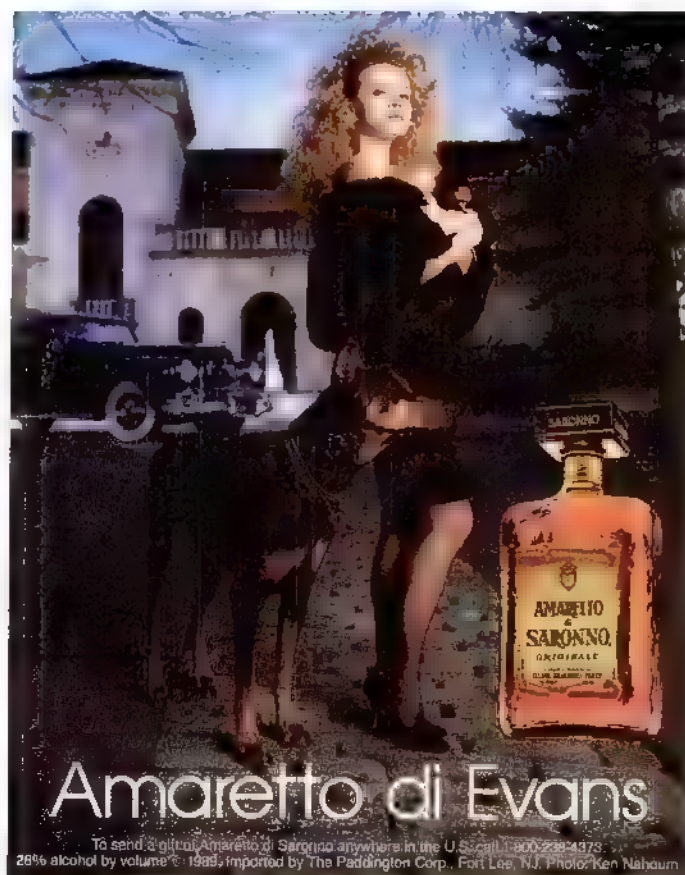
Ann Peebles Greatest Hits MCA

Tyrone Davis Flashin' Back Future

From Boy George to George Michael, 80s pop has been about 60s soul. A few books and a slew of reissues have belatedly acknowledged the unbleached, unsynthesized originals, but surviving soulsters are lucky to reach the fringes of popdom, and then only after washing out of the R&B market.

Ann Peebles, from East St. Louis, was visiting Memphis in 1968 when she was discovered by Hi Records producer Willie Mitchell, who signed Al Green the same year. She cut a string of R&B hits—and one crossover smash—before disco and Mitchell's departure from Hi in 1979 forced her retirement. Now, as she prepares a comeback album on Mitchell's WayLo label, MCA has issued her landmark Hi singles on a greatest-hits compilation.

On her first record, "Walk Away" (by St. Louis saxist Oliver Sain, who also helped launch Fontella Bass), Peebles flaunts the raw power of her gospel pipes; the inspiration is plainly Aretha, but the execution is bluesier, with a ragged edge of pure desperation. She showed little style of her own, though, until 1972's "Breaking Up Somebody's Home," a tortured anthem of sexual



frustration smoldering with tension and release.

The mood of cool rage carries over to "I'm Gonna Tear Your Playhouse Down," its vengeful theme underscored by the Memphis Strings, Memphis Horns and a superb Hi rhythm section anchored by the brothers Charles, Leroy and Teenie Hodges. "I Can't Stand the Rain," which cracked the pop Top 40 in 1973, reinforces "Breaking Up"'s falling raindrop imagery with percolating beats lifted from a Maxwell House coffee jingle. From that peak, her career faltered, but her hauntingly soulful, eerily intense material has since been covered by the likes of Tina Turner, Paul Young and Albert King.

Tyrone Davis is also enjoying a comeback of sorts. After a 16-year chart streak and two greatest hits albums, he split with Columbia and went hitless for three years. Now he's *Flashin' Back* with an album by that name (on his own Future label) that's already spawned three charted singles.

The Saginaw-born, Chicago-based Davis sang part-time with bluesman Freddie King until rock-and-soul veteran Harold Burridge took "Tyrone the Wonder Boy" out of the steel mill and into the studio. But Burridge died before Davis cut his first number-one smash, "Can I Change My Mind," a classic B-side fluke that, together with its even

more successful follow-up, "Turn Back the Hands of Time," established his musical persona as a repentant sinner. He's been mending his ways and begging for forgiveness ever since.

Flashin' Back finds Davis in an upbeat groove, ruing his mistakes with unaccustomed cheer on tunes by his producer/partner Leo Graham. The music is formulaic—relaxed, gritty vocals over bright horns and springy rhythms—but it's his formula, one that's influenced everyone from Van Morrison to Buckwheat Zydeco. The Impressions-flavored "It's a Miracle" is a real grabber ("Flashin' Back" and "Do You Feel It?" are the other singles), but the half-spoken "Be Honest With Me," picked up from Davis' 1985 album, *Sexy Thing*, best captures the suave, yet down-to-earth character of a deep-dyed soul man whose idols are Elvis Presley, Tom Jones and Engelbert Humperdinck.

—Larry Birnbaum

Angry Samoans STP Not LSD PVC

The Angry Samoans used to make records of stirring brutality. *Inside My Brain* and *Back From Samoa* were great

hard rock plats; they mined the same vein of intuitive teen stupidity as the Dictators' *Go Girl Crazy* but substituted a big dose of psychotic hatred in place of Adny Shernoff's satirical veneration of life as mook from the Bronx. Then the years went by—the Sams fell apart, reunited, and college radio finally caught up with last year's *Yesterday Started Tomorrow*. But somewhere along the line the blast furnace contempt that gave us "You Stupid Asshole" and "Gas Chamber" was lost.

Now they're worshiped by generic, idiotic punks cut of the same cloth as those who would have beaten them up out in LA around the turn of the decade for having long hair. They also sell nicely to collegiate dimwits who think the Dead Milkmen are a big chuckle. They call this stuff "ha-core" and it's a real pejorative: It means the Samoans are now firmly entrenched as a *joke band*, and that's not why anyone should have liked them in the first place.

Despite all that, *STP Not LSD* is a good record. Most of the tunes are fueled by twin drag-strip rhythm guitars working off riffs which sound like reworks of "Gonna Make You Mine" courtesy of Mike Saunders' retro love affair with the Shadows of Knight. Their reprint of Alice Cooper's "Laughing At Me" comes off way better than Alice's crap on *Easy Action*, by grafting A.C.-style vocal circa *Billion Dollar Babies* with similar guitar ramalama.

The title cut, "Feet On The Ground," and "Lost Highway" are quizzical deviations from *pro forma* Samoans; their Peter Stampfel/Buzzy Linhart flavor is unexpected (and not too exciting), but probably right for those aforementioned "funny punk" cretins. "Attack Of The Mushroom People" trips upon insertion of a segment lifted from *The Outer Limits* (the "Galaxy Being" episode) and a Saunders soliloquy that sounds more like readings from a cue card than the work of a truly crazed mind.

These are minor quibbles and they pale beside the album's finest, which comes near the end with "(I'll Drink To This) Love Song." As the number arches into the coda, Saunders tosses off an "I don't care" laced with bitterness and yearning, which reveals his heart still on his sleeve. The Samoans and a straight tune about *amore*—who'd've thunk it?

—George "Metal" Smith

Ultra Vivid Scene Ultra Vivid Scene Rough Trade

Useta be, when you were "treated" to the outpourings of a one-man band, the most you could hope for was a slap or



The Angry Samoans Aerobic Workout video, coming soon to a store very near your house.

two of the knee to go with your oompah laden "Lady of Spain." Well, maybe a lab-refugee rhesus monkey'd wave its furry little tail in your phiz, but only on a good day. This, like a lotta things, changed around the time Bob Moog & Co. started meddling with

things the Seeds and the Purdue U. Marching Band had already perfected.

Before long, Moog's inventions had snowballed to a size sufficient to chase Pepe LePew up'n'down steep Alpine slopes (sweating fearfully, like any true technophobe), and had garnered re-

spect for "musicians" as diverse (and ultimately hapless) as the then be-penised Walter Carlos and the always flatulent Todd Rundgren. So in the space of a pretty few decades, the one-man band moved from the burlesque to the bed-sit (or the laboratory—the two, aside from

certain decor deviations, are not all that different). This new generation of solitaire players had trouble, however, when it came time to venture beyond their protective chambers—like stamp collectors and compulsive masturbators, they found themselves frustrated when it came time to explain to the “public” what was really important in their work. Mostly, it was just plain boring.

Kurt Ralske, though, has no such difficulties. At least not on his first full-length LP, which not only actually rocks out (at times), but more importantly, sounds like a real band. Sure, there’re spots (“Hail Mary,” “Mercy Seat”) where the mad scientist effect comes into play, but mostly *Ultra Vivid Scene*, thanks to Ralske’s shunning of bombast, sounds like the work of a mighty fine, albeit somewhat manic-depressive, pop band.

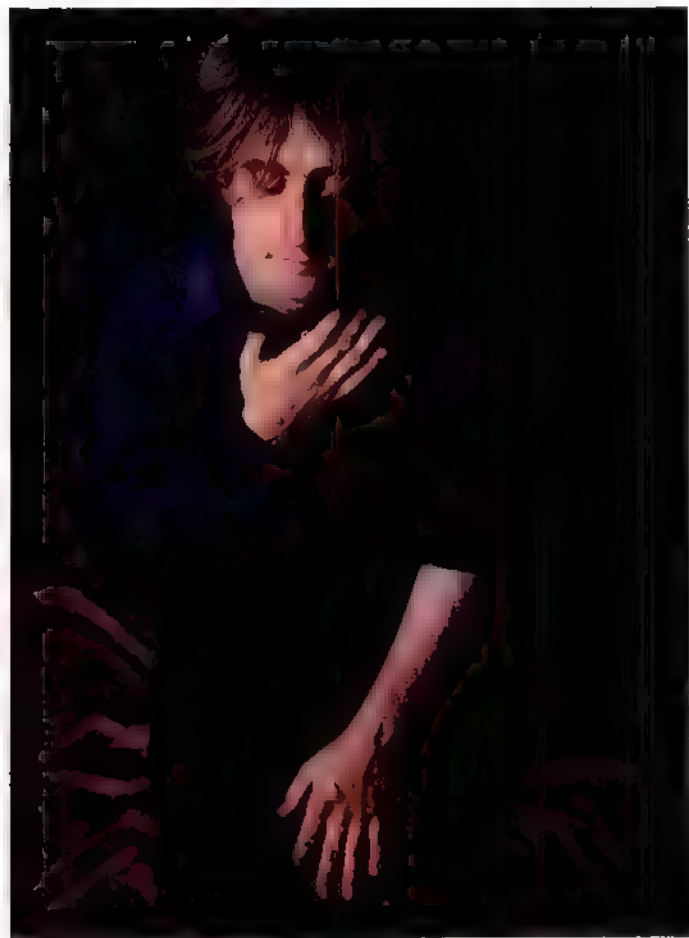
As borne out by such post-Velvets drone-bubblegum as “Lynn Marie #1” and the jauntily-titled “extra CD track” (which popped up on my cassette copy), however, the project moniker is a little weird. *UVS* is anything but vivid. Everything’s in soft focus. The aural

equivalent of a Vaseline lens, dig? Occasionally, a single element emerges; a slightly off-balance, sweetly insinuating music box spins throughout “Lynn Marie #1” (though “Lynn Marie #2,” a synapse-jerking paean to love just outta reach is a tastier bit of sweetmeat), and a raga intro gives a Tabasco-like kick to “How Did It Feel,” but what Ralske’s really done is create an ethereal, almost impenetrable sound. Like, say, early Jesus & Mary Chain or the Ramones, it’s instantly definable.

As what? Well, that’s a little tougher to say. Ralske, a London-transplanted New Yorker, sings a lot like Buzzcocker-era Pete Shelley (whose own initial solo project Sky Yen, funny enough, fit the aforementioned self-indulgent mold perfectly—it sounded more like a mosquito dive-bombing a cheap tube amp than anything else). “Crash,” in fact, furthers the mock-Cocks theory by lifting the “Something’s Gone Wrong Again” riff. But it works, so who cares?

Love, a subject common to most introverted types, is an underlying theme throughout *UVS*, and Ralske manages to get across the idea that he’s a hopeless romantic, going on about that cer-

He’s a one man, manic-depressive pop band. His name is Kurt Ralske.



Laura Levine

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tain tone of voice, that girl down on her knees (in non-Ratt terms, of course) and on and on. But he manages to sound like he's talking from experience, rather than from having OD'd on bad romantic poetry, so it's palatable. The melancholy that coats the stunning "Whore of God" is heavy with pity and condescension rolled into one, like "Lisa/Caroline Says" fused with "Dirt." Or something.

So yeah, Kurt Ralske's influences spend a little time on his sleeve. Sure, he'd probably benefit from a weekly poker game or a spot in a bowling league, but you get the feeling that, not so deep down, he knows that. Plus, he knows what's out there beyond the studio walls. Now if only he could find a nice girl...

—David Sprague



The Todd Terry Project To The Batmobile Let's Go Fresh

It's like looking at a goddamn sculpture. So what do you do with it? Hang a coat on it? Stage dive from the pedestal? You admire it: "Bango" uses a woman's laugh—several short laughs ending

with a mirthful "ahhh!"—as both hook and riff. Terry creates a whole Africanized percussion section out of electrobeats and samples. The silly chant "bango bang bang-go bango" flies around the rhythm. "It's Just Inhuman" has a moment where everything drops out but one melody—a moment of peace. Then there's the barest reference to a James Brown-like horn part. Different samples overlap briefly to produce a grating dissonance. On "Back To The Beat," sampled crowd noise and electro-yells break from the background and are thrown up front as punctuation.

I don't think this makes sense as album music. Todd Terry didn't program this as two nonstop dance sides, but rather as a set of discrete songs, shortened from dance length to song length. The cuts don't last long enough to establish their own flow; his great little rhythm and sound effect things don't have the fun impact they'd have coming in the midst of a disco night. DJ music is essentially live and improvisatory. It's directed at an audience and responsive to it. But hearing DJ music on tape or record is like hearing movie music without seeing the movie. So making a record out of DJ techniques—scratching, sampling, mixing—means changing the music: people buy records and use them for home listening and for their own parties—they use music for their own soundtrack, in their own lives.

The best way to "listen" to this is to dance to it—you can change your steps, add a body move, etc., with each entrance and exit of a rhythm pattern, each change in timbre, which gives you something to do while your partner is staring off into space. The trouble is that, though I can move to it, it doesn't usually come out and move me—the bottom doesn't move my legs and the top usually doesn't make me want to sing along or wave my arms.

In the last year, under various names (Royal House, The Todd Terry Project,

Black Riot, Orange Lemon, Swan Lake), Todd Terry has created a string of entertaining and playful dance tracks. With the exception of his new mix of the disco classic "Weekend," he's done it without putting a "song" on top of his rhythms—they're all constructed out of beats, samples, and sound effects. Black Riot's "A Day In The Life" builds to a climax by introducing and varying the sound of a car motor. It inspires me to utter words like "ingenious" and "interesting," rather than "warm" and "exciting." That is, I'm pulled in more by the fact of what he's doing than by the sound of it. I observe it more than I participate in it. Like it's art or something.

—Frank Kogan



Britny Fox Britny Fox Columbia

The persistence of pop-metal, from the Raspberries through Britny Fox, gives you all the evidence you could crave that white people really did mate with monkeys. This music is shamelessly compromised. So why should we hang our heads about it? Denying yourself the

basic pleasures of all those great singles by Stryper, Poison, Lita Ford, et. al., may make you feel superior, but come on, you know that the Vaselines swiped their riffs from Van Halen, and that Beat Happening (as "Bewitched" makes clear) really wanna be Def Leppard. You can pronounce the "t" in "often" and still play "Pour Some Sugar On Me" every day. Trust me, it's O.K. Or as David Lee Roth might say, man, that suit is you.

The new suit this month is Britny Fox, and their brand of pop-metal is a bubbling troublegum brew of Angus riffs and fungus hair. They wear more ruffles than Spandau Ballet ever did, and lead singer "Dizzy" Dean Davidson sports a coif in which Kajagoogoo have been hiding since 1984. Their big Dial-MTV hit is "Girlschool," a heartfelt ode to women's higher education, and its guitar-crazed chorus slaps your synapses, even after nine repetitions. "Dizzy" Dean's upper-register vocal trickles down like ice as he shrieks, "Literal—that ain't no way to live/feminist discourse should be figurative." Or something like that. (What do I know? The first time I heard Bon Jovi's "Bad Medicine," I thought Jon was singing, "Thoreau is like Ralph Emerson/Ralph Emerson is what I read.") Anyway, if "Girlschool" changed your life, it wasn't because of the lyrics. This is, after all, the band that rhymes "I'm gonna rock you all night" with "Your lips are skin tight." Let's see Rakim top that.

The LP's pretty consistent for a singles genre. "Don't Hide" and "Long Way To Love" urge their choruses upon you with seductive impatience, "Save The Weak" oozes goofy compassion, and "Fun In Texas" offers about five seconds of sharp slide guitar. But axeman Michael Kelly Smith sounds better when he's more at home, scraping away at those shrill kick-ass pop anthems. The Slade cover "Gudbuy T'Jane" is the story of a girl who dresses up in imita-

Big hair and big riffs, Britny Fox (l-r): Johnny Dee, "Dizzy" Dean Davidson, Michael Kelly Smith and Billy Childs.



Courtesy Columbia Recs.

tion of glam-rock pretty-boys: "Painted up like a fancy young man," Diz dead-pans—now wait a minute, isn't it the boys who are supposed to be imitating the girls? Well, as these guys remind us, "authenticity" is just another pose, just another suit. You could try on way worse outfits than Britny Fox. Because when I wail, "girlschool!" out the car window every time I drive by Ursuline Academy, man, my whole body feels like a lifted Bic.

—Robert Sheffield



Sons of Freedom Sons of Freedom Slash/Warner

Dear ex-President Reagan,

Now that you're out of work and back on the ranch (can't say I'll miss you, though if you invite me over for a pony-ride someday, I won't refuse) I thought you might like some hints on how to spend your free time. Here's an idea: Go out and buy the Sons of Freedom album. Or if you're really hard up for cash, you can borrow mine.

Sitting down to reflect on your place in history is gonna be tough work (even for a ballsy guy like you), and I figure you could use some new distractions. Now, I know you've been busy for the last few years, so you probably haven't been following music very closely. That's why I think you'll dig this band. If I had to guess, I'd bet that back in 1980 (in addition to getting into Bruce a little before everyone else, being the cutting-edge dude you are) you were wearing out the first Gang of Four album, buying up early Cure singles and wondering what was gonna happen with punk. Fortunately for you, a lot of what's been going on since then is included in Sons of Freedom.

They're not British, but they are from Canada (you remember, where they just said "yes" to free trade!). Maybe it's not the same thing, but this band might make you think so. I mean, they have a very British sound: insistent bass-and-drums, white-boy metronome rhythms backing guitar work that owes a substantial debt (of style and substance) to Joy Division's latently lyrical phrasings and the Gang of Four's eminently imitable Andy Gill, and softened (just a little) by round-edged vocals that make it all seem as if that guy from Squeeze or maybe OMD was singing for Red Lorry Yellow Lorry, only with different lyrics and a drummer.

The band takes a real pleasure in pounding out their licks, and their enthusiasm is contagious. They slow it down, they drag it out, they live inside big, dark anthems built out of riffs no more complicated than the memory of your favorite band. It's not overly adventurous, but then again, a sonic field trip into the slash-and-groove school's manual on aural anemia doesn't need to be. Sometimes it's enough just to be there. Sons of Freedom are not trying to distance themselves from the music that



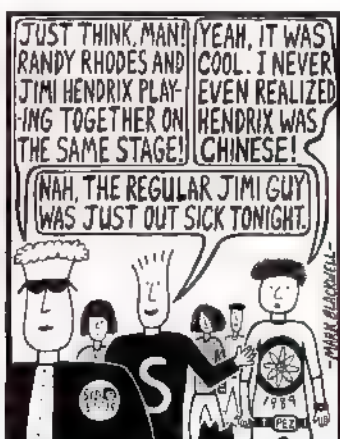
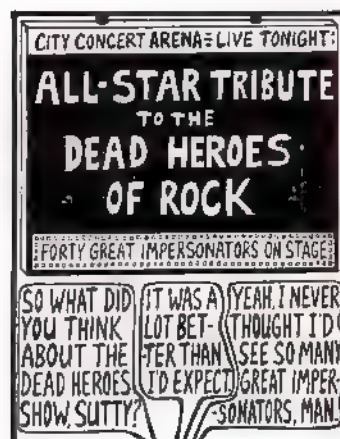
got them where they are. They're not even trying to hide the trails that lead back to where they've been. The band makes their bed, and they lie in it—and I figure it's better to lie in your bed than about it.

There's a bunch of good songs on the record—in fact, not a single bad one—and they really do give you an overview of one whole branch of recent growth

on rock's family tree. Oh yeah, about that song called "Fuck the System"? Don't worry. Despite some of their rhetoric, Sons of Freedom don't seem too bent on world destruction or doing violence to capitalism. They even sound like a Republican organization, and you're one of those, right?

—David Carpenter

Little Suttys Quest for Music by Mark Blackwell



hugo
largo

mt + tl



throwing
muses

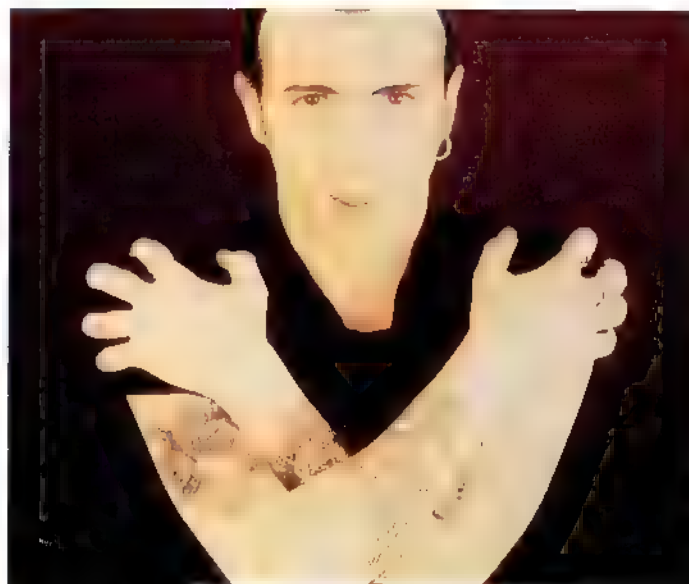


Stunning singer Kristin Hersh fronts this riveting Boston quartet. Now touring the U.S. with Hugo Largo.

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Marc Almond is alive and well and living England.

Marc Almond *The Stars We Are* Capitol

"I'm a man with a vision, it just takes a little understanding," the diminutive singer with the substantial voice explains in typically melodramatic style on "These Dreams Are Yours." Marc Almond hasn't had an easy time being understood since he hit lucky over seven years ago as half of the proto-electro-duo Soft Cell, but he's had no such problems in being prolific. *The Stars We Are* is his seventh record in five years, and a double-album of Jacques Brel songs and French poetry set to music still awaits release. The occasional European hit, a growing respect for his cover versions and a uniquely unswerving loyalty from a young female following, keen to mother the frail, camp young man they find so sexy, have kept him afloat. Frequent clashes with record companies explain the new label and fresh launch to American audiences; hopefully, this time next year there will be no need to remind people of his extensive output.

Almond's love of Jacques Brel—the Belgian-born, Paris-based singer-composer whose monuments to personal depravation earned worldwide acclaim in the 50s and 60s—frequently spills over into his own music. Lush strings and muted brass, enriched by grand piano and a crisp drum kit (Almond at long last ends his frustratingly clinical relationship with the drum machine), are the order of the day in this delicate world of dreams and dra-

ma. It's an epic sound that would smother a lesser record, but here it's a stylish backdrop for Marc's voice, vastly improved from those fey Soft Cell days.

When not attempting tales of over-ambitious exotic erotica, Almond fills his narratives with nostalgia and a vague blueprint for happiness. On the title track he voices regret that childhood "Had to end but so soon," and on "These Dreams Are Yours" he acknowledges a fear of "Getting jaded, growing older"; he then partly rejects this melancholy reminder that "There is never forever, only the moment" ("Only The Moment"), and completely refutes it in the joyous celebration of his hedonistic lifestyle, "Bitter Sweet." That song, along with the musically upbeat (and lyrically muddled) "Tears Run Rings" and the surprisingly enjoyable cover of the Gene Pitney hit "Something's Gotten Hold Of My Heart" are the most successful examples of the pure pop Almond is so capable of.

Otherwise, the occasions on which he overreaches himself, as with the slow-moving duet with Nico, "Your Kisses Burn," open him up to charges of self-aggrandizement. His self-mocking saves him: on "The Very Last Pearl" his "Call me romantic, call me deluded" is rudely answered by booming backing vocals that do exactly that. Godlike though his vision may be, Marc Almond is human. That he knows it and lays his heart on the line with such charm makes him all the more welcome in an era so devoid of emotion.

—Tony Fletcher

William S. Burroughs, interviewed by Bill

SPIN OFFS

CHARLIE SEXTON *Charlie Sexton* (MCA) In the tradition of Rick Springfield, Bryan Adams, Don Johnson, and other rock greats comes Charlie's second album, which really rocks. His compelling vocals and searing guitar make for music that's emotionally satisfying as well as commercially viable, and it works even better when set to a video, because the music is grainy and photogenic. The songs are about pain. Pain and love. Things people can relate to. And if you think that sounds clichéd, hackneyed and insincere, you should listen to this record.

—Karen Schoemer

JOHNNY THUNDERS AND PATTI PALLADIN *Copy Cats* (Restless) So he's fallen down on stage a time or two and he's worked the same riff for 15 years. Big deal. It's time to take Johnny Thunders seriously, and *Copy Cats* couldn't be a worse place to start. Its 10 covers, produced by punkette Patti Palladin (who alternates lead vocals with Johnny), range from the sublimely subterranean (Roy Head's "Treat Her Right," the Seeds' "Can't Seem to Make You Mine") to the ridiculously reckless (Screamin' Jay Hawkins' "Alligator Wine," Elvis's "Crawfish"). The effect is an R&B cabaret trashed and turned upside down: it's funnier than Nick Cave's *Kicking Against The Pricks*, more personable than Buster Poindexter's debut, and happily sloppy enough to knock the grease out of both their pompadours.

—Karen Schoemer

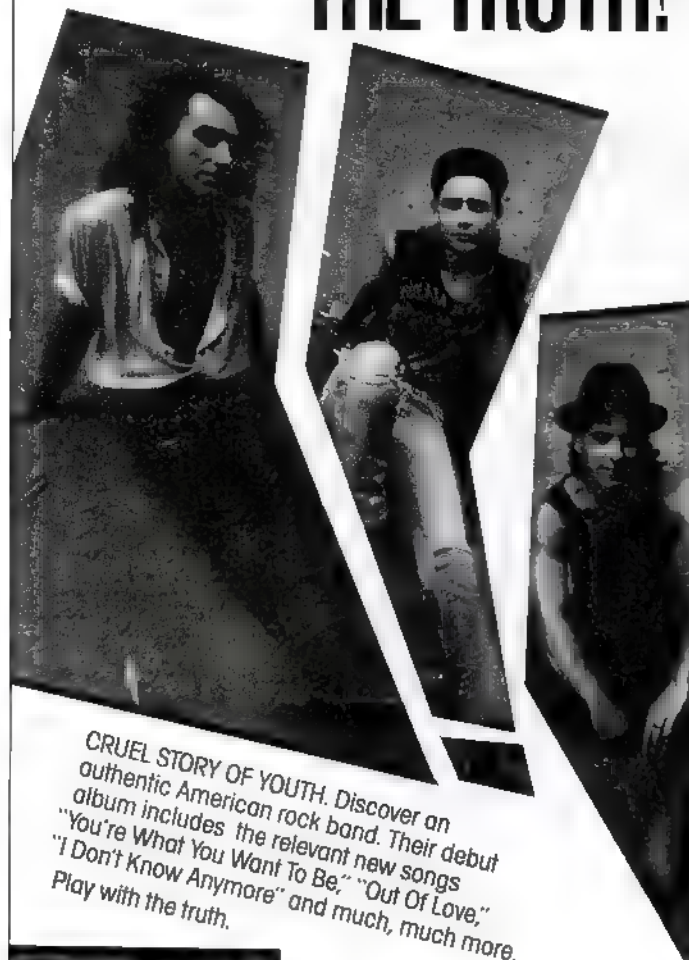
THE REIVERS *End of the Day* (Capitol) Since their strained major-label debut two years ago, Austin's Reivers have settled more comfortably into their hearty-flavored Southern Americana: sturdy 4/4 rhythms, guitars that ring of Chilton, detail-obsessive set pieces of everyday living. (Even their name is lifted from a William Faulkner novel.) It's a pleasant if unpeppery mix, though when Robyn Hitchcock's Egyptian and Squeeze sideman Andy Metcalfe sticks his finger in the pie to produce five tracks, the arrangements get cleverer without getting any better. Of the remaining songs, produced by singer-guitarist John Croslin, "Star Telegram" does best what the Reivers do best: a lyrical and vivid summer-day study, bigger than an June afternoon, bigger than the house you grew up in.

—Karen Schoemer


FIREHOSE *FROMOHIO* (SST) From the ashes rises the phoenix, but sometimes all you get is a dust-covered pigeon. The best FIREHOSE could ever manage was an extension of the Minutemen's polyphonic explorations of the truly rad, and even then there was no real sense of adventure. As they move closer and closer to rock normalcy (towards Ohio, you might say) there's nothing but good intentions. You get country sweetness (R.E.M. playing Jimmy Buffett, and it sounds good), warm bass thump, a drum solo (!), guitars that jingle-jangle, plenty of good hooks, exactly two great songs ("Riddle Of The 80s" and "Some Things"), and nothing someone else couldn't handle as nicely. Ed FROMOHIO Crawford may be a D. Boon fan, but he sounds more like a Dwight Twilley man. And he can't sing.

—Joe Levy

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Their self-titled debut album is on Columbia Cassettes, Compact Discs and Records.

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UNDERGROUND

I always dug the **Long Ryders**. From their early days doing power-drone covers of the Velvet's "Run Run Run," to their last tour with its anthemic punch-out of "Public Image Theme," the Long Ryders were unique, funny and often great. They took a lotta shit for their use of the Byrds and the Springfield as something like role models, which confused me to no end. Are most rock bands totally without precedent, or was it just that the chosen roots weren't hip enough? Whatever, the band's history now. And if you weren't too fuggin' groovy to dig 'em while they existed, you'll be pleased to know that their fanclub (PO Box 266, Hollywood, CA 90078) has just put out a 90-minute cassette, *Metallic B.O.*, that is filled with richness from stem to stern. The songs range from Everly smooth to Sex Potato ragged with all kindsa interview bits and odd mouth moves jammed between tunes. It is swell.

It may sound incredibly stupid for me to call **Steeplejack** Italy's best psych band, but hey—judging from their new LP, *Pow Wow* (Electric Eye, via de' Neri 15R, 50122 Firenze, Italy), they're just that. And since Mediterranean partisans have been nursing their psych muses pretty steadfastly lately, that's saying something (whether you believe it or not). Anyway, Steeplejack is into the '66 Bay Area sound; you can hear pure blasts of Country Joe, the Great Society and real early Dead scattered throughout their jumbled, sometimes bluesy, tripperism. The words are in English (as near as I can tell) and there's a real nice sparkle to the whole project. Several of the tracks could be spliced onto a Vault Records comp LP without disturbing the flow. If you're into that shit, few groups do it better than Steeplejack.

One of the best reads I've had this week was a short story called "Cows Go Moo . . ." by Mulvane S. Winfield. Printed as a booklet with hand-colored covers by Monk In A Cell (PO Box 3196, Kent, OH 44240), the story documents the saga of Betty Boo and Longhorn in three short chapters. Mulvane gets inside the cow-mind better than any writer of his generation. I'm not gonna give away the story's surprise ending; just order your copy today. You'll be screaming as the bovine



Sid Griffin of the Long Ryders slides it home. They made a beer commercial, then went back underground.

equivalents of our founding fathers shout, "Moo!" and run for their lives. So don't delay.

If you like pure, sweet pop then you'd better run to your local wax shack and demand that they order the two recent EPs by **Choo Choo Train**. Basically a duo composed of Ric Menck and fellow chime-stalwart Paul Chastain, Choo Choo Train puffs out magic note clouds in the strict tradition of Big Star, the Shoes and the dBs. Which means both of the EPs—*The Briar Rose* and *High* (Subway, Unit 3, the Old Malt-house, Little Ann St., Bristol BS2 9EB, England)—may seem saccharine to brainstems scraped nubby by Pussy Galore, but allow me to assure you that these disks are well worth your time. The post-Chilton pop tradition (unlike the post-Beatles variety) is a breeding ground for weirdness and unusual hand gestures. These elements enter your ear like so much cot-

ton swabbage, then expand to mold your mental landscape into something both pleasant and bleak. For more info on this pseudo-movement, write Ric (PO Box 61, Barrington, IL 60011) and ask about his little world.

Generally speaking, it's tough for me to relate to traditional music sung in a foreign tongue. But please don't brand me a xenophobic moron, 'cause, y'know, I'm trying to expand my horizons. This is where Bulgaria enters the picture. A lot of people are already aware of the Bulgarian Radio Choir and those supple *Mystere Des Voix* LPs. Now there's an excellent release by the **Trio Bulgarka** called *The Forest Is Crying* (Hannibal, PO Box 667, Rocky Hills, NJ 08553). Less oceanically overwhelming than the full choir's vocal surges, the songs on *Forest* feature three of the choir's soloists in a gorgeous set of vocals interwoven with minimal instrumental backing.

Some of the material is similar to early Seventies UK folk, but the exceptional otherness of the language transports the proceedings to a whole new plane. It is disappointing to read in the liner notes that the songs are about drinking milk and eating quinces, but the sound is not of this planet.

Brutality seems to have become the ascendant motif of "outside" guitar playing. Guys like Kasper Brotzmann and Sonny Sharrock have plowed such radical furrows through the world's brow that many young players seem to see this as the one and only style to have. There are people who attempt to merge this visceral finger-rush with the more head-based techniques of Derek Bailey, Hans Reichel et al., but I've heard few who are as successful at it as **Joe Morris**. On his new double-LP, *Human Rites* (Riti, dist. by NMDS, 500 Broadway, NY, NY 10012), Morris yanks melodic clumps out of his strings that send the rhythm section into reactive spasms that are almost delicate in their construction. Then he'll break the note-knot into separate strands and kick each one around like a guitar cord tangled around his feet. There's enough implied muscle behind each gesture that the proceedings never get too detached, and when the band scratches the occasional repeating itch it becomes a very aggressive motion. O.K.?

What most people hear in their mind's ear when they think of the Australian sound is Detroit-style guitar sploogie all revved up and ripping down the sidewalk like a bonered amphetamine banshee. Yeah, well this is the sound that most cognoscenti associate with the Radio Birdman brood and their spawn in the greater Sydney area. The spout for much of this junk is the Citadel label (PO Box 316, Darlinghurst, Australia 2010), which has assembled *Take Everything Leave Nothing*, a definitive two-LP comp of its early years. Literally tons of hard-edged guitar bands are represented (New Race, Tribolites, Screaming Tribesmen, New Christs, etc.), but the A&R department wasn't as monolithic as all that. There's a pant-full of good psych (Died Pretty, Moffs) and even some languidly mystical femme-voiced strum-psych by Meera Atkinson. Packaged and arranged with a lotta care, it's an essential document of a great town.

Ridiculous as it may have once seemed, it's looking more and more as if the **Angry Samoans** will go down in the history of Eighties noise as one of the truly original and idiosyncratic juggernauts. Their own records have been unerringly choice slices of brain-

mulched punk-rewrites masquerading as everything from pre-core, archetypal yuck-ream to acidly-introspective form-gut in the Arthur Lee tradition. The band's offshoots (Mistaken, Sons of Mellencamp, etc.) have dangled substantially worthwhile fingers in the sounding pool also, and the latest to do so is Todd Homer's **Mooseheart Faith**. The band's eponymous LP (De Milo, 622 Broadway #5B, New York, NY 10012) is a thoroughly wiggled-up collaboration between Homer's Socratic punk gush and the post-disco ruminations of Larry Robinson (ex-New Edition?). Recorded over the past few years, the material (including the great, lost title track for the Sams' *Back From Samoa*) is spacy folk-pop that'll crawl right outta your backpack and drill its way to the center of the earth. And how many records can do that?

Good new label of the issue has to be Heyday (PO Box 41132, San Francisco, CA 94141-1332), formed by **Pat Thomas**, late of New York's snazzy Absolute Grey. The label's first three releases make it seem like Heyday is trying to craft a new kinda monster from the dust of the Paisley Underground. First up is Pat's first solo LP, *it's a long way to omaha, nebraska*... Recorded after the dissolution of his garage-punk outfit, the Minor Characters, this solo set features a whole lotta banjo and ache. Pat's voice can take a little getting used to, but if you develop a taste for his strained and straining cords you'll find a lotta hurt/folk meat on the LP. His songs borrow from people like Steve Wynn and Tom Verlaine and they're good to hear. Next up is the debut LP by **Barbara Manning**, *Lately I Keep Scissors*. Barbara was a member of Chico, CA's largely unheralded 28th Dream Day, and her album is a beautiful mix of floating Anglo-esque vocals (in the tradition of Judy Dyble or Celia Humphris) and hard-twisted guitar-spug. Furthermore, "Mark E. Smith & Brix" (with phonus melodica that sounds like a gust from the bowels of Augustus Pablo's ghost) is the best topical song ever. Period. Also heavily unshabby is Heyday's third record, a self-titled debut EP by **Viva Satern**. Led by former Rain Parader Steven Roback, with additional help from old mates Will Glenn and Jack Waterson, Viva Satern offers up five chewy chunks. Marbled with backwards guitar, chubbily solid rock motion and Glenn's extrusive fiddle action, their sound is already highly evolved and suggests a lotta good vistas around the corner.

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S I N G L E S

Column by John Leland

When the Aiken, South Carolina court sentenced James Brown to six years in State Park Correctional Facility on December 15, Adrienne Brown sought her husband's release. Her grounds: diplomatic immunity. Besides being the most important musician of his generation, James Brown is, according to former President Richard Nixon, the ambassador of soul. The court, however, remained as blind to Nixon's newly resurgent influence as it was to Brown's; the sentence sticks.

Meanwhile, the heathen and their digital sampling devices continue to rage. So many recent rap records borrow from James Brown that the Original Concept has proposed a song called "Send James the Check," echoing the less playful sentiments heard on the litigious fringes of the hip hop industry. When M.C. Milk D., of the Audio Two, started his own label in January, his first release was called "Stop Jockin James," by Kings of Swing (Burn Rush). Elsewhere, from Cameo's sinuous "Sin I'm In" and the Bar-Kays' new boom to Teddy Riley's brand new funk (Bobby Brown, Johnny Kemp, Today), James's disciples are making the world a better place to wear sunglasses in. As fashion icon Bootsy Collins says, "The funk is legal now."

With Bobby Brown's "My Prerogative" a recent No. 1 single and Grandmaster Melle Mel leading a FREE JAMES campaign, it seems time to reconsider the funk. The following are some of my favorite funky records. With this collection and a ton of talent, you could make great rap records into eternity. Maybe they aren't the best records to have on a desert island; but if you're heading into space, I'd consider taking them along.

THE TOTAL FUNK A-LIST:

1. **James Brown**, "Get Up I Feel Like Being Like a Sex Machine" (Polydor, 1970)
2. **Commodores**, "Brick House" (Motown, 1977)
3. **Sly and the Family Stone**, "Thank You Faletime Be Mice Elf Agin" (Epic, 1970)
4. **Parliament**, "Flash Light" (Casablanca, 1977)
5. **Trouble Funk**, "Drop the Bomb" (Sugar Hill, 1982)
6. **Prince**, "Head" (Warner, 1980)

7. **Grandmaster Flash and the Furious Five**, "White Lines (Don't Do It)" (Sugar Hill, 1983)
8. **Ohio Players**, "Fire" (Mercury, 1974)
9. **Chic**, "Good Times" (Atlantic, 1979)
10. **Curtis Mayfield**, "Super Fly" (Curtom, 1972)
11. **Marvin Gaye**, "Trouble Man" (Tamla, 1972)
12. **Kool & the Gang**, "Jungle Boogie" (De-Lite, 1973)
13. **Wild Cherry**, "Play That Funky Music" (Sweet City, 1975)
14. **Chuck Brown and the Soul Searchers**, "We Need Some Money" (T.T.E.D., 1984)
15. **Brothers Johnson**, "Get the Funk Out of My Face" (A&M, 1976)
16. **Rick James**, "Super Freak" (Gordy, 1981)
17. **Jimmy Castor Bunch**, "It's Just Begun" (RCA, 1972)
18. **Ben E. King**, "Supernatural Thing" (Atlantic, 1975)
19. **E.U.**, "Da Butt" (EMI-Manhattan, 1988)
20. **King Floyd**, "Groove Me" (Atlantic, 1970)
21. **Jimi Hendrix**, "Cross Town Traffic" (Reprise, 1968)
22. **Johnny Kemp**, "Just Got Paid" (Columbia, 1988)
23. **Fred Wesley & the JB's**, "Doing it to Death" (Polydor, 1973)
24. **Lyn Collins**, "Think (About It)" (People, 1972)
25. **Average White Band**, "Pick Up the Pieces" (Atlantic, 1974)
26. **Prince**, "Kiss" (Paisley Park/Warner, 1986)
27. **Eric B. & Rakim**, "I Know You Got Soul" (4th & B'way, 1987)
28. **Rufus Thomas**, "The Breakdown" (Atlantic, 1971)
29. **KC & the Sunshine Band**, "Get Down Tonight" (TK, 1975)
30. **Sister Sledge**, "We Are Family" (Columbia, 1979)
31. **Isaac Hayes**, "Shaft" (Enterprise, 1971)
32. **Temptations**, "Papa Was a Rolling Stone" (Gordy, 1972)
33. **Tom Tom Club**, "Genius of Love" (Sire, 1981)
34. **Edwin Starr**, "War" (Gordy, 1971)
35. **Bill Withers**, "Use Me" (Sussex, 1972)
36. **Funkadelic**, "One Nation Under a Groove" (Warner, 1978)
37. **Bohannon**, "Foot-Stompin' Music" (Dakar/Brunswick, 1975)



Pamela Hobbs

38. **Wilson Pickett**, "Land of 1,000 Dances" (Atlantic, 1966)
39. **Cameo**, "Word Up" (PolyGram, 1986)
40. **George McCrae**, "Rock Your Baby" (TK, 1974)
41. **Guy**, "Groove Me" (MCA, 1988)
42. **The Time**, "777-9311" (Warner, 1982)
43. **A Taste of Honey**, "Boogie Oogie Oogie" (Capitol, 1978)
44. **James Brown**, "Funky President (People It's Bad)" (Polydor, 1974)
45. **Chic**, "Le Freak" (Atlantic, 1978)
46. **Funky Four + 1**, "That's the Joint" (Sugar Hill, 1980)
47. **MFSB**, "T.S.O.P." (Philadelphia International, 1974)
48. **Aretha Franklin**, "Respect" (Atlantic, 1967)
49. **Dyke and the Blazers**, "Let a Woman Be a Woman" (Original Sound, 1969)
50. **Stevie Wonder**, "Superstition" (Tamla, 1972)
51. **Al Green**, "Can't Get Next to You" (Hi, 1970)

52. **Sly and the Family Stone**, "Sing a Simple Song" (Epic, 1969)
53. **Gwen Guthrie**, "Padlock" (Garage, 1986)
54. **Kool & the Gang**, "Funky Stuff" (De-Lite, 1973)
55. **Sugar Hill Gang**, "Eighth Wonder" (Sugar Hill, 1980)
56. **Isley Brothers**, "It's Your Thing" (T-Neck, 1978)
57. **Jimmy "Bo" Horne**, "Spank" (Sunshine Sound, 1979)
58. **E.U.**, "E.U. Freeze" (T.T.E.D./4th & B'way, 1985)
59. **Herbie Hancock**, "Chameleon" (Columbia, 1984)
60. **Parliament**, "Up for the Down Stroke" (Casablanca, 1974)
61. **Ann Peebles**, "99 Pounds" (Hi, 1971)
62. **The Ojays**, "Back Stabbers" (Philadelphia International, 1972)
63. **Prince**, "Sign o' the Times" (Paisley Park/Warner, 1987)
64. **Incredible Bongo Band**, "Apache" (MGM, 1973)
65. **Meters**, "Hand Clapping Song" (Josie, 1970)

66. **War**, "Low Rider" (United Artists, 1975)
67. **James Brown**, "Hot Pants (She Got to Use What She Got to Get What She Wants)" (Polydor, 1971)
68. **Betty Wright**, "Clean up Woman" (Alston, 1972)
69. **Manu Dibango**, "Soul Makossa" (Atlantic, 1972)
70. **Peter Brown**, "Do Ya Wanna Get Funky with Me" (Drive, 1977)
71. **Curtis Mayfield**, "Freddie's Dead" (Curton, 1972)
72. **Gap Band**, "Burn Rubber" (Phonogram, 1980)
73. **B.T. Express**, "Do It ('Til You're Satisfied)" (Scepter, 1974)
74. **Grace Jones**, "Pull up to the Bumper" (Island, 1981)
75. **Rhythm Heritage**, "Theme From S.W.A.T." (ABC, 1976)
76. **Bar-Kays**, "Smiling, Styling, & Profiling" (Stax, 1973)
77. **Rufus Thomas**, "Do the Funky Penguin" (Atlantic, 1972)
78. **Taana Gardner**, "Heartbeat" (West End, 1981)
79. **Earth, Wind & Fire**, "Serpentine Fire" (Columbia, 1977)
80. **Temptations**, "Ball of Confusion" (Tamla, 1970)
81. **Pointer Sisters**, "Yes We Can Can" (Blue Thumb, 1973)
82. **Sly and the Family Stone**, "If You Want Me to Stay" (Epic, 1973)
83. **King Curtis**, "Memphis Soul Stew" (Atlantic, 1967)
84. **Trammps**, "Disco Inferno" (Atlantic, 1977)
85. **S.O.S. Band**, "Take Your Time (Do It Right)" (Tabu, 1980)
86. **Funkadelic**, "Cosmic Slop" (Westbound, 1973)
87. **James Brown**, "Papa's Got a Brand New Bag" (King, 1965)
88. **Rose Royce**, "Car Wash" (Whitfield, 1976)
89. **Aretha Franklin**, "Rock Steady" (Atlantic, 1971)
90. **Trouble Funk**, "Pump Me Up" (T.T.E.D., 1983)
91. **Isley Brothers**, "Fight the Power" (T.Neck, 1975)
92. **Instant Funk**, "I Got My Mind Made Up (You Can Get It Girl)" (Salsoul, 1979)
93. **Sly and the Family Stone**, "Family Affair" (Epic, 1971)
94. **Maceo & the Macks**, "Cross the Track (We Better Go Back)" (People, 1974)
95. **Ann Peebles**, "I Can't Stand the Rain" (Hi, 1973)
96. **Karl Douglas**, "Kung Fu Fighting" (20th Century, 1974)
97. **Funkadelic**, "(not just) Knee Deep" (Warner, 1979)
98. **James Brown**, "Cold Sweat" (King, 1967)
99. **Marvin Gaye**, "Let's Get It On" (Tamla, 1973)
100. **Curtis Mayfield**, "Pusherman" (Curton, 1972)



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The boys in the know at the American Embassy used to call d'Aubuisson "Blow Torch Bob" because of his penchant for using the pretty blue butane flames on the genitalia of his victims. Former US Ambassador to El Salvador Robert E. White referred to him as a "psychotic killer." The members of the press sitting in the split-level red, white and blue house of ARENA Headquarters called him by his former army rank of major. To me he is the Hitler of Latin America. And now, I would finally get a chance to see him, the man most responsible for the horror in El Salvador, the whole bottomless pit of terror, sitting right there across the table.

All day long in San Salvador the radio pumped out catchy McDonald's sound-alike jingles masterminded by the Madison Avenue ad agency that implored the population to "Go With Freddie!!!" To put their trust in Roberto d'Aubuisson's main man, Alfonso "Freddie" Christiani, d'Aubuisson's successor to this throne of hell. d'Aubuisson's reign of terror was too well known, so his ARENA party found a front man. And the voters were going for Freddy because they were fed up with the corruption and failed promises of the terminally-ill President Duarte and his loser Christian Democrats. It was insane, but d'Aubuisson was finally going to win. With Freddy as President of El Salvador, Roberto d'Aubuisson would be the man really in control.

He looked smaller than his pictures. His hands fold-

ed, his brilliant blue eyes storming directly into the journalists one at a time, before they became uncomfortable with his gaze and lowered their eyes. Winning a stare-off with d'Aubuisson didn't seem like a smart thing to try. But you couldn't help but keep looking at him. A genuine mass murderer. And in this convoluted world of Presidents who fall asleep at the wheel while the country is driven down the tubes, Boy Scouts in charge of our foreign policy, and faceless corporations masterminding fantastic schemes of greed, it was rare to sit across the room from someone you could positively identify as the enemy. Who was nothing if not evil. And as I stared at this very human-looking, short, skinny monster, I could see in his eyes that he was digging the fear his very presence inspired. That's why d'Aubuisson was here at the press conference, because megalomaniac, psychopathic killers, obsessed with power, rarely just retire. It was a chance to strut his stuff. To show the bastards how a real man of vision behaved. To smile smugly and stare at us with that cold smirk that said, "I can kill you if I desire it."

"The one that started this little game has been the losing party, which has already forgotten that they are the governing party, although, soon they will not be the government," d'Aubuisson stated smugly, stealing the limelight from Freddy as he blasted the opposition.

"What once was, again is, says the song." He beamed maniacally, then allowed only two questions before ending the press conference.

What "was" in El Salvador had been nothing but death.

Oh Roberto, you evil cocksucker, you really get off on it, don't you.

A number of us hit the table as soon as the briefing ended to get our own mini-interviews. Hopefully grab a good quote. And then I was standing next to him while an interpreter was getting his attention. I turned on my tape recorder and then stopped, looking around the room for something sharp to break and stab.

We were introduced and all I could do was stare at Roberto d'Aubuisson's chest wishing I hadn't left the little backpack in Miami. The one with the knife.

Just fuckin' kill him. Ice him, now. The voice was screaming. Just bellowing in my head so loud I thought he would hear. And the only thing I could see was the knife turning in his heart and the blood jetting out. And ever so quickly, before the machine guns splattered me against the back white wall with ARENA painted in big, bold black letters, was the image of myself leaning into d'Aubuisson and taking a bite out of his flesh. Swallowing a piece of his heart. They did it with lions, why not genocidal murderers? I wanted to get rid of the fear that bad. He stuck his hand out and grabbed mine firmly, staring into my eyes, just for a second, and the look said, *Do it, go on try something asshole!* Then he was gone.

"I can get you a girl for the night for only 200 colones." the bell captain at the Hotel Camino Real informed me my last night in Salvador. What I really wanted the whole time I was in this shitty country was a drink. But since I wasn't drinking, I thought I'd settle on some cheap sex the last night in town. A blow job, and maybe a back rub.

She was supposed to be skinny, moody, intelligent and exotic. Instead she was roly-poly, very plain and couldn't speak English.

"¡Mi Muy Mucho!" ("Me very big!") she kept saying holding her hands out to emphasize the weight she had on me. Then pointing at me, "¡Usted muy flaco!" ("You very skinny!") All I wanted was a chance to unwind and Carmelita insisted on telling thin jokes.

"Yeah, you're fat and I'm skinny so let's just go to bed."

I laid down listening to the gunfire that echoes through the night in San Salvador waiting for her to undress, but a killer headache forced me up into the bathroom to down some aspirin. God, I wanted a drink.

When I returned Carmelita was standing there turning a Latin shade of blue, her hands grasped around her neck desperately trying for air. Apparently she had grabbed the hard candy off the pillow that the maids leave when they turn down the bed, and woofed it down so fast that it got lodged in her throat. She was choking to death. I grabbed her around her diaphragm, a feat that was nearly impossible, and shot my fist into her solar plexus quick, before she passed out, causing the candy to pop out of her throat and back into her mouth. She hacked away for a good five minutes, to the sound of exploding bombs set by the leftist urban commandos somewhere in the city, but she was O.K.

I wasn't. I was shaking uncontrollably at the thought of trying to explain the body of a big, fat, dead hooker to a death squad. In a place where they kill you for no reason at all . . .

Smoke gets in your eyes: Legs McNeil during combat training in La Union province



Continued on page 120

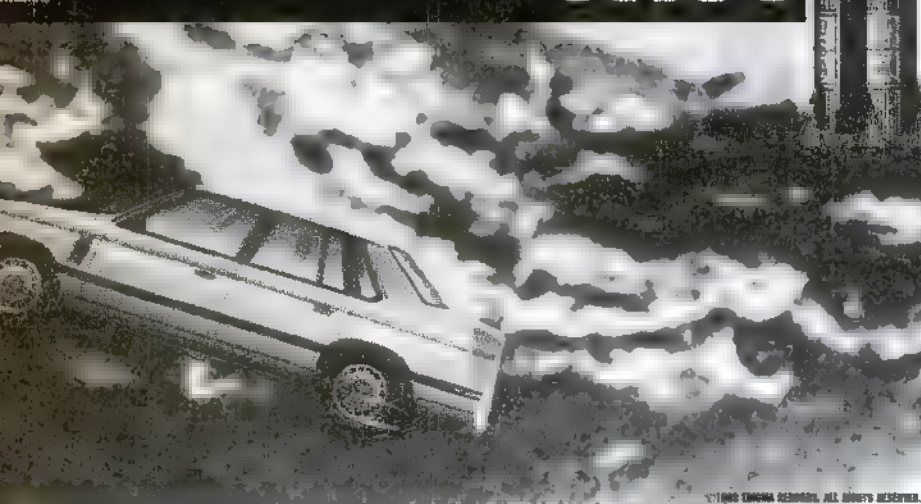
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Replacements from page 32

entire Tim tour, vomiting and passing out during shows, that his firing surprised no one except himself. "He still resents me to this day," Tommy says. "He thinks we really shafted him. And I resent him for letting himself get so fucked-up."

Even without Bob, though, they didn't exactly clean up. Accounts of the *Pleased to Meet Me* sessions give you an idea of how bad Bob must've been to get fired. Dickinson remembers a spot on the wall of studio III that caught the owner's attention. "He said, 'Jim, I'm not complainin' because of the amount of money y'all spent, but I'm curious, how did they get the vomit on the walls?'"

"Those guys don't just have a few beers, they wake up and start drinking vodka. If they're trying to be good they drink wine. Westerberg wouldn't know how to be sober. I recorded him in the Dungeon, which is not actually a studio, but it's got four concrete walls which gives it a nice natural echo, and he got so drunk that we had to duct-tape mattresses to the walls to keep him from hurting himself. Westerberg is a real good guitar player, though, if you catch him just drunk enough. He can't play sober and he can't play completely shitfaced, but if you catch him in between he's real good."

"I told the owner, 'John, they puked in their hands and threw it up there.'"

*A person can work up a mean mean thirst
After a hard day of working much at all*

— "Here Comes a Regular"



Paul Westerberg, sensitive sucker.

It's just after midnight at Carmelita's on East 14th Street in New York. The so-called listening party for *Don't Tell a Soul* (Mars refers to it as a "yapping party") is winding down. In other words, the open bar has just closed. The four Replacements, among the first to arrive four hours earlier, are still here. While the other three seem fine, a little tight in the eyes maybe, but that's it, Westerberg is what a vintage boxing announcer would call "out on queer street."

Even Johnny Thunders would have to say, "Shit, that guy's wasted."

The Replacements haven't really grown up in public; they've just gotten older. I'm reminded of what producer Tony Berg (fired from *Don't Tell a Soul* and replaced by Matt Wallace) told me about Westerberg: "He is a most extraordinary talent who is in conflict with a troubled personality, and with accepting that he is becoming an adult. I think he's torn right now, and I witnessed that anxiety when we were making the album. The Replacements, Tommy especially, represent Paul's adolescence to him, so he's very reluctant to divorce himself from them."

Westerberg staggers over to the stairs and plops down on the top one. He is young and high and brave and going to live forever. Some guy comes over with a wine-colored guitar and asks Westerberg to show him something or another. Without looking up, Westerberg takes the guitar and tries to make some sense out of its wood and wires. He strums and concentrates on where the fingers on his left hand should go. In the background the sound system plays "They're Blind," as Westerberg tries to follow along with the tape of his voice:

*The demands made upon you
Are hard to live up to
It's futile to deny
And the things you hold dear
Are scuffed as and yearly
Judged once and then left aside*

He tries to match the chords on the record, and as far as I can tell, he does.

I paid Carmelita 300 colones, passed on the sex and went to bed with the pillows over my head to shut out the gunfire.

In El Salvador, I found there is everything to be afraid of. It's the last stop on the High Anxiety Express.

Yeah, everything is the paradox of fear and normalcy. The soldiers that take you to the beach under armed guard in the Chevy Van and smile when you give them cigarettes, but when the sun goes down you feel everyone tense and the soldiers' eyes probe you like bayonets gently stabbing the dirt looking for the land mines. The kids sitting there next to you at the basketball game in the most miserable, ugly concrete stadium, who become excited and start to cheer, but when the action on the court slows, they glance around, wondering who will remember their outbursts of emotion. That 16-year-old child in uniform sitting in the grass outside the hotel, poking his

We were introduced and all I could do was stare at Roberto d'Aubuisson's chest wishing I hadn't left the little backpack in Miami. The one with the knife.

fingers in the dirt like some original innocent, except that in his lap is an M-79 grenade launcher and you know if he gets freaked, he can take a section of any building with him. Or the packed hotel lobby a few feet away. The colonels at the Foreign Press Association lunch sit three to a table full of journalists stabbed acting like civilized gentlemen until I ask the San Salvador Chief of Police how many cases of murder he solves each year and he replies that he doesn't know. And it gets real quiet and I realize his job isn't to solve murders but to facilitate them. Oh Christ, someone dropped this warm, sunny, tropical setting off the shelf and it shattered into a million shards of cutting, jagged edges. Everywhere you went, they sliced into you and started to tear.

And it seems fear is the reason why it gets pushed off the shelf, why we fuck it all up to begin with. Because some of us terrified mortals deal with the fear in more destructive ways than turning it inward. Some of us learn that one way to kill the fear is to become the biggest, baddest motherfucker in the valley. And if you are a third world country and can convince the United States that your obsession for power and glory, your will to control in order to eradicate the fear, will up the global body count in the war against international communist expansion, you too could get over a million bucks a day in foreign aid. Because the US is scared too. And all this fear going around, all this desire for control and its attendant madness sometimes takes on a life of its own and creates even bigger monsters than the ones originally lurking under the bed.

"You know they've already killed so many people here, people they wanted to kill, and people are so terrified that they only have selective killing to keep everyone in line. You don't need the same level of

bloodshed to achieve the same result." Susie Morgan, former Newsweek and BBC journalist told me a day later, after her swim in the pool at the El Presidente Hotel. We had met a few weeks before at a party. I ran into her again when we sat together at the ARENA press conference. By then I knew who she was, the woman who had been blown up by a CIA bomb on the Nicaraguan-Costa Rican border during a press conference with a former Sandinista hero turned Contra leader, turned anti-Contra spokesman, Edén Pastora. The CIA didn't appreciate dissent from members of their hired army and when Pastora tried to expose the Contras for the inept thugs they were, someone blew him up. Susie happened to be covering the event when the bomb went off. After months of recovery, she was back in Central America gathering research for her book on the bombing. I wanted to connect with someone who had an understanding of the madness to help me sort it all out.

"The whole situation here has been a lie from the start. America holds up Duarte as a bastion of democracy, but he presided over killings of 30,000 people as part of the original ruling junta in the early 70s. Duarte's regime was one of the most bloody in recent

history and it should have been ostracized by one civilized government and it wasn't. This country is such a mess. About 100,000 people have been killed here. About 1.5 million have been made internal or external refugees out of a population of 5.5 million. People's standard of living has slipped so much. Unemployment and underemployment is about 70 percent, according to one university professor I talked to. About 400 babies die a month of malnutrition and lack of medical care. And the fight will go on and the war won't stop."

Susie was a witty and charming, proper Englishwoman with a flare for adventure. Normally she took all the bullshit in stride. But as she spoke on El Salvador, her words came fast and furious. She was livid that the madness was still going on.

"This is a country at war and until you solve that, elections or no elections, if you don't have a power that's prepared to promote peace, nothing's going to change. It's only America that wants to have elections so as to appear that there's democracy here. It doesn't really make any difference."

And just to punctuate the point, an unknown assailant driving by the red, white and blue split-level house of the ARENA National Headquarters pulled the pin and lobbed a grenade inside.

"Ah, Susie, I think that was a bomb?" I asked as the explosion echoed up the street. We had left the El Presidente Hotel and moved down to a restaurant a few blocks away from ARENA.

"Yes, quite right, I do believe it was a bomb," she answered.

But no one from ARENA was injured in the attack, because no one was home. They were all out campaigning.

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That seems to me to be an old tradition of fantasy films like "The Thief of Baghdad," which I've always loved. The "Ben-Hurs" and "Ten Commandments" may have been bad, but they presented these incredible worlds that never existed in my life, coming from Minnesota.

"But I reached the point in my late teens when I became totally disillusioned with these great fantasy films, because the real world was something quite different. I went through a whole period of rejecting all that nonsense. The films that I then started making seemed to be a battle between the fantastic/incredible on one hand, and the pragmatic/mundane on the other. I can never escape from reality and just immerse myself in fantasy—it's always turning in on itself."

The new movie is a sprawling but coherent, visually astonishing comic spectacle. Its pleasures are frankly pictorial: Berthold (Eric Idle), the Baron's henchman, scorching the ground Road Runner-style as he chases—and catches—a bullet; the pomaded head of the King of the Moon (Robin Williams, who succeeded Connery) cavorting in space with his disgruntled body in hot pursuit; and the ghastly winged gargoyle reaching her hand into the Baron's body to pluck out his soul. Influenced by Mad magazine's Harvey Kurtzman and the French illustrator Moebius, Gilliam has never strayed far from grotesquerie.

"All the ideas in the film are contemporary, although certain 18th-century ideas remain. For example, it's a terribly romantic view because the Baron is chivalrous. This intrigues me because I think it's important to live life with a sense of style. The style might not be fashionable, but the Baron doesn't allow it to be compromised. He believes anything is possible within his parameters, and says, 'Fuck it—either join my world and we can do a few things, or stay here arguing among yourselves and the bombs will keep falling.'"

"More and more, it seems to me we get caught in a world that's marketed for us, and no matter how hard you fight against it, you begin to accept certain attitudes about what's possible and what isn't. I'd rather do the opposite and say all these things are possible. The Baron's adventures are a lie... but maybe they're not. They're not real, or reasonable, or likely—in fact, they're often bizarre and ugly and grotesque—but off we go and they all happen. I think this movie is fairly messianic: For those who believe in the Baron, the gates of the city are suddenly opened and the Turkish siege is gone. The idea of the fantasist as messiah is a terrible distortion of the original Baron stories, which never said that he was more than just the teller of incredibly tall tales, however logical. We just got carried away into turning them into something that's more about the victory of imagination."

—Graham Fuller



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bass shaded the pastoral imagery—secret meetings, seasons in cycle, making love in the grass. On some songs, suburban settings added the requisite reality gag. The greenery parts on "Earn Enough For Us" revealing a young man with a very unromantic worry: how to support his pregnant girlfriend.

Americans escape readily into English pastoral myth, with its royal overtones (the Stones' "Lady Jane"), medieval grandeur (Genesis' "Waiting for Supper"), sexy imagery ("Strawberry Fields") and faerie queens (Kate Bush, Cocteau Twins). But the cheeky double-entendre "Grass" (which links rolling in the clover and a marijuana high), or the profound "Man Who Sailed Around His Soul," didn't sell *Sky-larking*. "Dear God," a Partridge wild card, did that trick.

Originally a non-LP B-side to "Grass," "Dear God"'s chiaroscuro of innocence and active disbelief charmed the ears of radio programmers; many didn't recognize they had abetted a desecration until it was too late. No other rock song has philosophically repudiated religious power with such pop facility. But its angelic opening vocal, sterling acoustic guitar and brimstone preacher's list of world ill ended up testifying more strongly than "Dear God" renege. Partridge, a committed agnostic, regrets that "Dear God"'s dagger wasn't thrust more bluntly. "If anyone got offended by that song they must have such tiny brains. It wasn't chewy enough. I only had three minutes to take on such a big subject—don't get me started talking about religion," he warns. "It plays on basic

spinal column superstitions and fears, saying there's an aging English actor up here in a sheet and he's going to zap you with his rod if you don't put something in the collection plate and behave yourself. God is

"We invented [God] to keep other members of mankind and especially womankind under control. It's a protectionist racket. Humans can't live without magic—gods, pop stars, clowns, U.F.O.'s."

manmade. We invented this to keep other members of mankind and especially womankind under control. It's a protectionist racket. Humans can't live without magic—gods, pop stars, clowns, UFOs."

The sun falls over Swindon, and a pale pink green light slants down from the Wiltshire hills, softening the city's sharp corners. "I can hear the local papers already, decrying how Andy Partridge has insulted Swindon again. But this place really is a dump. Swindon is known throughout England as an awful, apathetic, unloving, cold, heartless black hole." Partridge's zesty condemnation contradicts a 33-year residency; he sounds like an old man berating the spouse he can't live without. The rest of XTC take hometown life in easier stride. While in Los Angeles recording *Oranges and Lemons*, Gregory commented, "The inspiration is still Swindon, Wilts, and we're not going to get away from that."

Marianne, the statuesque teenage sweetheart Partridge married years ago, scoops Holly away from the table and off to dinner. "Discipline, Andy," she reminds. In the next room, Harry kerplunks dad's guitar. Moulding and Gregory glance over the photobook of 19th-century firing range targets that inspired the sleeve for "The Mayor of Simpleton," *Oranges and Lemons'* first single. The new record takes its name from a traditional English nursery rhyme Partridge probably taught to his children.

"It made me feel that's what I'm here for—kids, to put them on a good path in life," Partridge allows. "It's a much more fantastic feeling than ever playing Madison Square Garden or getting gold albums. I don't walk around here with ostrich boots throwing cocaine around. I shuffle into the pub with my slippers on and drink a brew like anyone and they say, 'Well 'e's normal e'tent 'e.' I can't think of anything worse than having jets and fleets of cars. That's nothing, forget it. This is real. When I walk the dog, I get ideas."

Saint Joan

The Kerista Islanders, a polyfidelitous commune, worship Joan Jett. No really, they do.

Article by Bart Bull

Some people really like Joan Jett. The Kerista Islanders of San Francisco, for example, are crazy about her. In fact, they have a pamphlet called "18 Reasons Why We're Crazy About Joan Jett." They have another pamphlet entitled "The Moral Philosophy of Joan Jett." They have another publication, "Utopia 2—Blueprint for Heaven on Earth," that sort of sketches in the details of why a polyfidelitous Haight-Ashbury commune engaged in creative caffeination, junk food therapy, computer consultation and Gestalt-O-Rama would declare Joan Jett a saint. Sort of.

Last summer, the Keristas actually spoke with Joan, putting her on the speakerphone so everyone could gather around. When it came time to let Joan know she was a saint, they were kind of nervous. "You see," they told her, "we have this paranoia that you're going to think we're like Rastafarians and the way they felt about Haile Selassie." You can see how they'd be paranoid that way, right? But it's not like that at all, because even though Joan is a saint, the Keristas are totally into equality. "We've already gone through this in our mind," they explained, "before we became your fans. We know that all human beings are equal, even if they're astonishing artists like Leonardo. You're in the Leonardo category."

Who was Joan to disagree? "You guys are very articulate, and I don't get that weirdo vibe at all," she replied, practically the patron saint of graciousness.

"Great! We're the next wave of a hippie tribe that started the same year rock went mainstream," said the Keristas. "This tribe started in '56. In the late 50s it was made up of beatniks, and in the 60s it was made up of hippies." The Keristas laid out their whole communal genealogy and everything, but what they really wanted to hear was Saint Joan's Moral Philosophy.

Which, as you may have guessed, was pretty straightforward: "I do believe that rock'n'roll is special. It can keep you alive. I know it can, because it kept me alive. Maybe that's just my naive point of view, but that's what I believe, and if



that makes me happy and other people happy, I'll just keep thinking that way."

"No," the Keristas assured her, "your cause is our cause. We think of ourselves as a people's think tank. And so, the latest idea that we've come up with is to bring rock'n'roll to everybody in the world that wants it, so that there shouldn't have to be people who want rock that can't get real rock, high energy rock, 24 hours a day, in stereo, with

video option."

The Keristas are, after all, an extremely ambitious commune. Aside from sleeping with a different partner each night on the Balanced Rotational Sleeping Schedule, running a computer service, putting out pamphlets and two or three tabloid newspapers on a semi-regular basis, practicing with the communal band, SexKult, working through the Gestalt-O-Rama process, and doing

the dishes, they still plan to proceed with the universal stereo rock idea.

They had already guessed that Joan was into reincarnation, mostly because of the lyrics to "Black Leather." "Oh, I'm pretty much fascinated with anything metaphysical," she professed. "You know what I'm talking about?"

"Yes! So are we!"

"I started thinking about, first of all, everything—crystals, reincarnation—it just doesn't make any sense to me to think I'm only going to be here one time, and everything that I learn is something that's going to die, and I'm going to float around. Millions of souls are out there banging into each other! I read about that, I read about crystals, astral projection and all this stuff.

"If you know anything about energy, music is energy, and it's vibrations. The way it feels to me when I'm on the stage, especially when I'm having a really good show, I don't have to think about anything. All I'm doing is I'm not thinking, and it feels to me like a pure love with the audience. It's like a oneness, like rays of everybody's vibrations and energy level on your same one, and it's a weird feeling, it's love. It's sexual, it's not sexual . . . it's everything!"

In the face of so clear a statement, what else can the Keristas do but carry on with the good work of their Joan Jett Haight-Ashbury Fan Club? Their pamphlet puts it best: "As nonmonogamous people and people with unconventional lifestyles we like music that positively reinforces doing things the way you like to do them, even if other people don't get what you're doing because of their own dumb prejudices. And we like the idea that wimping out to stupidity is not the way to go. We don't know if there is anything fun we can do with other Joan Jett and the Blackhearts fans (Jettheads), but it just seems like a good beginning for something interesting and even entertaining . . . At the very least you might want to come to some of our potluck volleyball picnics or a rap group. . . ."

Maybe the Keristas' own computer graphic says it best of all. It's a Converse All-Star high-top, simple but direct, classic but cool. Beneath it, lovingly, the caption reads "Sneaker of the Saint."

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